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WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., EDITOR

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METHODIST REVIEW

JULY, 1914

CHINA

I. Outstanding Facts

Chinese Solidarity and Conservatism. The Chinese embrace nearly one half of the pagan world—and the stronger half. The Chinese have been slow in accepting the gospel because they are a strong-willed people and are bent on preserving their solidarity as a race; hence they have required a hundred years for their awakening to the advantages of Western civilization, and they yet imperfectly apprehend Christianity. Now that they are awake they will go fast and far, and in political and business matters they will seem to foreigners to move almost in solid phalanx. But Christianity penetrates to the very core of being; to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow; it demands too much to be accepted *en bloc;* hence it develops individuality and divides communities, and even households. Besides, the Chinese are so strong-willed, and under paganism they so distrust each other, that they are sure to break into parties and factions in politics and business and religion; hence we do not expect any widespread mass movements toward the gospel which shall be deep and abiding. We must rather look first for such strong individual movements as developed a Paul, a John, and a Peter in the early church, and bred heroes in the Reformation.

Return of Prosperity. As the development of a Christian civilization depends in part on environment, a review of business, political, social, and educational conditions in 1914 is necessary

for an estimate of Christian progress and prospects. Despite the revolution of 1911 and the rebellion of 1913, business conditions are more favorable in 1914 than they were in 1910. This is due in large part to the divine providence. The Chinese escaped general floods and famines in 1912 and 1913. It is also due in part to the irrepressible energy, courage, and patience with which the Chinese recover themselves and begin anew after every disaster. The customs returns show a gain in income of some four million dollars in 1912 over 1911, and a million more in 1913 over 1912. With a duty on imports of only five per cent this gain of five million dollars in customs receipts indicated an increase of more than two hundred million in foreign trade, which, in two years in a country so undeveloped as China, at a time of revolution and civil war, is a striking illustration of the unexhausted resources of the nation.

The Future of the Tropics. With the rapid settlement of the United States and Canada, the tropics present the last great undeveloped portion of our globe. Trade is rapidly shifting from the eastern and western lines, along which it has moved for two thousand years, to northern and southern lines, along which it will move for the next two thousand years. Malaysia presents a million square miles of tropical land. Java, which, under Dutch government, has preserved safety of life and property for a hundred years, now has a population of five hundred and seventy-five to the square mile, including many Chinese. But Java does not excel in natural resources the rest of Malaysia, and all of Malaysia is now under the control of Western powers which are preserving order. Besides, the United States has demonstrated in the Philippines, and notably in Panama, that modern science can largely banish disease and make the tropics inhabitable even by white people. Under better hygienic conditions and wise government we may expect that the million square miles of Malaysia within another century will sustain a population of four or five hundred million, as over against the sixty million now peopling these islands. Here, and in South America and in portions of Africa, are the unfilled lands of earth. If our government is wise it will not give the Filipinos political sovereignty before they are pre-

pared for it any more than a mother will give her nursing baby meat to eat. Our government will indeed be called eventually to practice the self-sacrifice of motherhood and set up the Filipinos in national housekeeping. But, if wise, she will promise self-control to each island as soon as eighty-five per cent of the population under sixty years of age can read and write, and at the conclusion of the process will make such treaties of alliance with this daughter-nation as may seem wise to both. Moreover, if the government adopts a wise policy, then the church, if equally wise, will establish an episcopal residence in Manila and will join with the other Protestant churches in maintaining Christian hostels in connection with the University of Manila, on the northern rim of Malaysia, and, above all, in establishing a Christian university at Foochow, also on the northern rim of Malaysia, near the bulk of our Methodist population in China, and near the sources of population from which millions are already moving into Malaysia.

II. Political Conditions

Evolution and Revolution. In view of the unprepared condition of the Chinese for republican institutions, many Americans advised them in 1911 to follow the method of evolution rather than of revolution; to advance their political organization from a despotism to a constitutional monarchy, and then aim, a quarter of a century later, to advance from a constitutional monarchy to a republic. But the time for evolution had been neglected by the Manchus, and the time for revolution had come. Moreover, the Chinese maintained that as much general intelligence was required for a constitutional monarchy as for a republic, and they thought it wiser to aim at their ideal while the revolution was in progress rather than stop with half measures which would necessitate another revolution a quarter of a century later. Hence we closed the episcopal address in 1912 with the figure of the Chinese people on the forty years' journey through the wilderness, and predicted that, like the Israelites, they would not permanently halt until they reached the promised land. Events demonstrate that the wilderness journey is well begun, and so far as human provision goes the Chinese have good prospects of reach-

ing the promised land of orderly freedom within the specified limit. Indeed, the events of the last two years have demonstrated again the fact that in times of national upheaval the strong men of China, as of other nations, emerge, and these events have shown the patience of the Chinese in enduring international humiliations until they can prevent them, and their ability to avoid war until they are prepared for it.

Rise of Chinese Nationalism. Everyone familiar with the political history of the nineteenth century recognizes that in the struggles of nations for the preservation of their life there arose a great strengthening of the central authority. Professor Seely, of Cambridge University, makes nationalism the key to the political history of the nineteenth century. It accounts for the merging of the twenty-five German kingdoms into the German empire; for the union of eight Italian kingdoms into the kingdom of Italy; for the triumphs of the national conception as over against State rights in our great struggle in the United States; and for the immense growth of imperial sentiment and imperial consolidation in the British empire. Surely the lessons of history make clear that the Chinese provinces must sink their local differences and speedily coalesce into a Chinese nation if China wishes to maintain her integrity in the face of foreign foes. To the credit of the instinct of national self-preservation perhaps as much as to Chinese statesmanship, the movement toward provincial independence which accompanied the revolution of 1911 was disappearing in 1913, and China, under the influence of railways, of newspapers, and of a new spirit of national patriotism, has moved farther in the direction of national life within the last two years than in the preceding century. Undoubtedly this progress has been attended with the temporary sacrifice, to a considerable extent, of provincial independence and the temporary dimming of the republican ideal. Three facts, however, must be borne in mind in our attempt to interpret the past two years, and especially to forecast the future.

Sun Yat Sen. First, while we are sure that many of the young men of China, including, we think, Sun Yat Sen, were influenced by good motives, nevertheless they were so lacking in

political experience and so radical in their theories of government that Dr. Sun and many others favored socialism and demanded immediate reforms which at the moment were impracticable; and on the refusal of their demands they started a civil war. But the attempted revolution of 1913, so far from securing greater independence for the provinces and the establishment of freedom upon a constitutional basis, resulted in the dissolution of Parliament and the concentration of power in Yuan Shih Kai's hands.

President Yuan Shih Kai. Second, while it is impossible to read the heart of Yuan Shih Kai, still, so far as we can judge by his public utterances and by reputed conversations with confidential friends, he dreams of being the father of a republic, after the manner of Washington, rather than the founder of a dynasty. If this estimate is true, the republican ideal will not permanently disappear.

Chinese Democracy. But the third fact, which is full of hope, is that the Chinese people have been accustomed to a large measure of local self-government for hundreds of years. Under the despotic organization of the Manchus and their predecessors the central authority extended from the emperor to the viceroys, judges, generals, and treasurers of the provinces, all of whom he appointed; to the prefects, whom he, with the advice of the provincial officials, appointed; and to the county officials, whom he appointed with the advice of the provincial and prefectural officials, but not below that division. Fortunately also, the bureaucracy was concerned almost wholly with two problems, namely, the collection of taxes and the maintenance of order throughout the empire. Thus the central government did not touch many of the most vital interests of the people, such as transportation, commerce, schools, and public hygiene. Hence the people very largely managed their commercial affairs through their guilds, their schools through voluntary associations, and controlled personal conduct through family and clan customs. Through this local self-control, therefore, exercised for centuries, there is a foundation for democracy in China possessed by no people in South America, and by few people, indeed, in Europe. When in addition to this we view the remarkable

awakening which a hundred years of missionary toil and increasing international commercial and political contact of the Chinese with foreign nations has inaugurated, when we see the multitudes of newspapers springing up on every hand, when we remember that the Chinese have now tasted of liberty on a national scale and that all the young men of the nation with any education are advocates of republican institutions, and that as the young men think to-day the nation will move to-morrow, and when, above all, we remember that God is watching over and guiding the destinies of the nation, we may rest assured that (whatever Yuan Shih Kai's inner aspirations or outward actions) this nation is moving toward political freedom—whatever may be its final form of government—as surely and swiftly as nations upon the European or American continents—as surely, indeed, as the gospel is moving toward the conquest of the world.

III. Religious Movement

The Mott Conferences. The first three months of the past year were spent in connection with the interdenominational conferences held in various parts of China under the presidency of Dr. John R. Mott, and composed of representatives of all the Protestant churches. The chief topic for consideration was that of making practical and more effective the plans for union and cooperation. The Protestant churches worked together in preparing the first translation of the Bible, and our joint mission hope to have a far better translation—the revised Bible complete and ready for publication—within the next two or three years. We have also agreed, partly as the result of conferences held not only during this year, but in the past, upon a common translation of a large number of standard hymns for use in the union hymn book with such additional hymns as the church using the book may desire. We have also agreed that, outside the great cities, we will, so far as practicable, divide the territory for hospital work, primary school work, and church work, so as not to duplicate effort or compete with each other, but combine to cover as large a portion of China as possible at the earliest practicable date. We are very glad that in order to improve our colleges and help set the

standard for higher education in China we will unite as rapidly as possible in all work of higher education throughout the nation. We are hoping to unite all Protestant forces in building up strong colleges at Foochow for Southern China, and at Peking for Northern China, as we have already united in building up strong Christian colleges at Nanking for Central China, and at Chengtu for West China. In order to help forward these measures of co-operation we have agreed to adopt a common name, namely, "The Christian Church in China." We further agree that each branch of the Christian Church in China, in reporting statistics, may report the entire statistics of all the Protestant work in its field, but in all cases where a branch or denomination reports the statistics of the entire church it must also report its own statistics, so that no contributor may be misled as to the amount of work which that particular branch is doing. A common name and a common use of statistics make it easier for one branch of the Protestant church to surrender a portion of the territory to another branch whenever the best interests of the work demand it. Lastly, in order to carry out our principles, we appointed a committee composed of representatives of all the Protestant denominations, called the "China Continuation Committee." This committee has selected an executive committee of fifteen members. It meets four times a year. We believe that our agreement upon a common name, a common policy for all churches, a common hymn book, and a common translation of the Bible, with a strong central committee meeting four times a year to carry out the steps adopted, and to devise additional steps for cooperation, will enable us to avoid most of the denominational rivalries which prevail in the United States and to use all the men and means placed at our disposal for the most rapid evangelization of the nation.

This policy has been tested out during this past year and it is evident that our missionaries are becoming encouragingly clear in their conviction that they were not called by God to reproduce in China the sectarian spirit which in America has put three or four churches of rival denominations in almost every town and village in the land. Our missionaries believe that by giving our Chinese Christian children daily instruction in the Bible and in

our church catechisms, hymns, and modes of worship during their twelve years in day schools and intermediate and high schools, as compared with the entire absence of religious training in American schools, we can pledge them to lifelong loyalty to our churches, and that four years of interdenominational, but still positively Christian, instruction in the college will better fit them for large and wise cooperation with other Christian forces in bringing China to Christ than an entire denominational career pursued in the isolation and more dogmatic atmosphere of a single church. It was on these pedagogical grounds that the Mott conferences favored separate and denominational, as well as Christian, instruction during the first eight to twelve years of school life, but unite in undenominational, but positively Christian, instruction during the four years of their college course and the three or four years of professional instruction. It wisely left the matter of union in theological work largely to be determined by the temper and wishes of the missionaries participating.

Union Education. Again, with the United States government providing $343,000 for the annual budget for our new Manila University in 1912, and increasing this provision at the rate of from $10,000 to $30,000 or $40,000 a year, with the Japanese government providing an annual budget of $650,000 for the University in Tokyo, with both of these universities located in the front dooryard of Asia, with the prospect that China will presently pour out money like water for higher education, and with an annual budget for a single institution of from $100,000 to $150,000 required for the maintenance of proper collegiate standards in the United States, it would require far more than our church is now appropriating to the entire work in China properly to maintain single-handed the colleges we have already founded. Indeed, the educational appropriations of all our Protestant churches will be required to maintain in China four or five Christian universities which shall furnish the molds into which the higher civilization and the spiritual life of four hundred million people shall be cast. Thus practical considerations unite with the teachings of the New Testament in urging us to preserve, on the one hand, the richness and the fullness of our contribution to the

spiritual life, while seeking to advance, upon the other hand, the unity of Christendom to a higher stage than it has thus far reached in Western lands. Above all, Christ's prayer in the seventeenth chapter of John, in which he repeats over and over again his desire that all his disciples may be one in order that the world may know that the God and Father of us all has really sent him to the earth for the salvation of all men, demands more believing prayer and more earnest efforts upon the part of all Christians to secure cooperation than have thus far been put forth. Thus the Christian church on the mission field is striving to lead in that movement toward larger cooperation which characterizes the entire modern world. Moreover, she is trying, in the sight of pagan millions, to make known only one sole Christ, in whom all things consist, and through him to proclaim "one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all."

Confucianism and a State Religion. The effort to make Confucianism the state religion deserves a moment's notice. We think the effort sprang in part from the conviction, on the part of many of the Chinese leaders, of the needs of the people, and that it owed part of its unexpected popularity and force to the recognition of the necessity for a more religious life as the only hope of the nation. So far as this consciousness of need animated the movers the movement was noble and helpful. Yuan Shih Kai has tried in a measure to comply with this national sense of need, and to compromise between the ethics of Confucius and a state religion by establishing certain religious ceremonies and by observing certain Confucian services. On the other hand, Yuan Shih Kai has feared that the movement was in part political and was aimed against himself by certain reformers who wished to discredit him with the nation. In case he refused to head the movement and to establish Confucianism as the state religion he feared the cry would be raised that he was disloyal to Confucius, whom all the nation honors almost to the extent of worship, and that this would lead to his downfall. On the other hand, if he yielded to the demand to make Confucianism the state religion he would be brought into conflict with foreign governments over the

treaty obligations of China to maintain freedom of religious worship, and thus would be discredited. We believe it has been pleasing to Yuan Shih Kai that the Chinese Christians have joined with an overwhelming majority of the Chinese secular newspapers and with large numbers of Confucianists in a protest against the imposition of any one form of worship upon the people by law. The whole movement may result in a temporary increase of Confucian zeal; it is not likely to result in the permanent establishment of a state religion in China.

The Revolution and Missions. The effect of the revolution upon missions has been on the whole helpful. The deepening of the sense of need, springing out of the national crisis, has led to an increased sense of the necessity of some sort of religion, and it has revealed a more widespread knowledge of Christianity than most of the missionaries were aware of. Repeatedly they have been surprised during the past two years over the boldness and frankness with which leading educators and business men, and even influential officials, have expressed the conviction that a stronger religion is necessary for China in the present crisis, and that that stronger religion is found in Christianity. We recall an accepted invitation to address a government college on an occasion at which a Confucian professor presided and perhaps a thousand students were gathered. At the close of the address, in which we presented a sketch of our own political struggles and tried to show how we had been guided by God to their providential solution, the Confucian president of the meeting abruptly asked how long we had been Christians before the Revolution. On my reply that Christianity is a personal religion and that by no means all of our people even now are Christians, but that Christianity had been brought by our Puritan fathers from the Old World and had influenced our civilization for a hundred and fifty years before the Revolution, he turned to the students and said, "You see how Christianity prepared America for her revolution; the only hope for China lies in Christianity, and the sooner we recognize this fact, and act upon it, the better for us all." We recall also an old man, who has not become a Christian because he is a polygamist, talking with us about the financial situation in China. On telling

him that the first treasurer of the United States advanced his own money to pay soldiers, and that later (the nation being unable to repay him for some years) he himself was put in jail for debt, this financier asked how long we had been Christians before the Revolution and, upon my reply, said, "Christianity is needed for the personal and financial sacrifices which made your republic possible."

Seventeen Million Portions of the Bible Distributed. In spite of the interruption of regular services in Central and Southern China on account of the revolution and of local uprisings, and in spite of depredations by lawless bands, there has been a demand for the Scriptures upon the part of the Chinese people, and of Chinese soldiers, unparalleled in our missionary experience. Mr. W. E. Blackstone has been a self-supporting distributor of Bibles, and especially of small portions of the Bible, in China for several years. He has acted as the representative of a benevolent friend in America who has paid for the publication and shipment to China of these portions of the Bible. The distribution began in a small way, and Mr. Blackstone and his friend felt that they had done a remarkable work when, through the cooperation of the missionaries, the free distribution of a million copies of the Bible and portions of the Bible was accomplished. But during the revolution the distribution rose by leaps and bounds, so that Mr. Blackstone had distributed by January 1, 1914, seventeen million portions of the Bible. While this free distribution outruns the sales of the American and the British and Foreign Bible Societies, nevertheless, so far from serving as a substitute for their work, it has simply advertised the Word of God, so that the sales of our Bible societies and the calls for Christian literature have never been so large as to-day.

Growth of the Church. According to the latest and most reliable data available, there are, under the missions of evangelical churches in China, 5,452 foreign missionaries, 548 ordained Chinese pastors, and 5,364 unordained Chinese workers, making a total of 11,364 engaged in the evangelistic work. There are 4,712 Chinese Christian school-teachers, 1,789 Bible women, and 496 native assistants employed in hospitals. The total evangelical

church membership is reported at 470,000, including both communicants and inquirers.

This gives one qualified Christian worker, either a minister, a pastor, or a teacher, for each 36,000 Chinese.

The position held by Methodism in the distribution of these forces may be gathered from the fact that we now have a membership of over 37,000. For the training of boys and girls under Christian auspices and fitting them for life by good education our church maintains 600 primary schools, with 12,923 pupils in attendance. In our colleges and boarding schools there are 6,335 pupils enrolled, thus giving us a great school system with a total of over 19,000 pupils enrolled. We maintain twenty-three hospitals, the second largest number of any church in China; the Presbyterian Church leading with twenty-eight. We have treated in the wards of these hospitals 7,900 patients, while the treatments to out-patients coming to the dispensaries number 112,884. So far as the figures have reached us our gains are the largest of any single year in our history. The North China Conference, with a membership of 9,000, reports an increase of seven per cent in members and probationers; the Foochow Conference, with a membership of 18,000, has an increase of fourteen per cent; the Kiangsi Mission Conference, thirty-two per cent; and the Central China Conference, thirty-seven per cent. These increases are unparalleled in the history of our work in China. The statistics, so far as they have been received at the office of the Christian Literature Society, show gains of between four and five per cent by the China Inland Mission; of sixteen per cent by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; of eleven per cent by the American Friends; and of six per cent by the English Baptists. While large gains in certain churches and certain sections of China will not be duplicated throughout the nation, nevertheless the crisis through which the Chinese have passed during the last two years is bringing grain to the ripening, and we are reaping larger harvests than ever before.

Remarkable Conversion of a Persecutor. As to the quality of the harvest, let the conversion of Brother Nieh and his family at Tsu Chai furnish an example. The Holy Spirit has never let

him rest since the martyrdom, in which he and his sons participated, of a humble Christian during the Boxer uprising. The Holy Spirit guided his pagan sons, out of love for their father, to investigate Christianity and bring back word that they thought it might bring him peace. The old man, with sixteen sons, nephews, and grandsons, started by cart early one morning for Changli to hear a very old man who was reported to have come from America to preach the gospel—the Rev. Jonathan Verity, of the Cincinnati Conference. In the eight days' services they were convicted of sin and soundly converted; they returned home with hearts filled with peace and joy unutterable and with hands filled with Bibles and Christian literature for their families; they started a night school or service in the home, that their wives and little ones and neighbors might learn the gospel. The old man said that as they had been spending fifteen hundred dollars a year for wine, tobacco, and gambling, surely they must not spend less for Him who had redeemed them with his own blood, and they fitted up two schoolhouses and opened a school for boys and another for girls, and then a church for divine services, and sent for missionaries to come and dedicate this property to the Lord and bring them teachers and a preacher. The old man has provided for the support of the widow of the martyr, slain fourteen years ago for Christ, and the third son, a second-degree man, who has also studied in Japan, coming to mission headquarters for a fresh supply of literature, pointed to the driver of his cart and said, "We will yet win him for Christ." What finer illustration could one ask of the growing democracy of a new convert, of the spirit of applied Christianity, and of the self-propagating power of the gospel! In this case, in the case of a banker at Peking under conviction since the Boxer uprising, but converted through the recent upheaval, and endowing, not a chair or a pulpit, but a messenger for the preaching of the gospel until the millennium, and in the case of Chang Po Ling and others, we are securing a new and stronger type of Christians. The harvest is not only large, but the grain is of fine quality.

IV. Needs

Return of Peace. Our pressing need for the Hinghwa Conference has been the establishment of such order as would enable our missionaries to return to their fields of labor, from which they had been excluded from May, 1913, to February, 1914. Possibly our long absence from this field as compared with our freedom to work in other fields, and especially with the freedom with which the English missionaries have worked in the Hinghwa field, has been due in part to misunderstandings on both sides and to some lack of judgment and undue zeal which often accompanies reform work. But the deep underlying cause has been, on the one side, the loyalty of our missionaries and of our Chinese Christians to the republic and to the opium reform, and to the inability of the government, on account of the rebellions of 1913, to reestablish order at an earlier date in that portion of the nation. All will rejoice over the settlement of our difficulties and the glad return of our missionaries to their field last week. If history repeats itself, the record of the reformers will be brighter fifty years hence than it is to-day and will shine like the stars for ever and ever.

Increase of Missionaries. Our deepest apparent need is an increase of missionary forces and of means for the carrying forward of the schools and hospitals and evangelistic agencies now beginning to bring such rich harvests. But even greater than our need of numbers is our need of the highest type of missionaries. We suspect that it is true in all mission fields—we are absolutely sure that it is true in China—that *no missionary* is better than a poor missionary. This is due to two facts: First, our great need to-day is leadership. It is hopeless to plan for Methodism, or for all our Christian churches combined, to Christianize or even evangelize the pagan world. The pagan world must be evangelized by its own people. We must raise up the rank and file of workers on the fields. The men and women who are sent to China must be leaders, capable of raising up bands of followers. Indeed, they must be the leaders of leaders—that is, men and women capable of raising up and training and guiding ministers, teachers, phy-

sicians, and the leaders in business and political and home life who shall teach and guide and inspire the lives of the countless millions of this nation. Second, the missionary in China, even more fully than our ministers or editors or college professors in America, is the ambassador of Jesus Christ. He is Christianity embodied, and he is the only Bible that multitudes of the Chinese ever become familiar with. Even on the part of Christians, and especially on the part of those who read the Bible without a Christian experience, Christianity is largely a mystery until they see it embodied in a missionary's life. His example counts for vastly more than his teachings. The missionary, therefore, must set the type of Christian living and of Christian civilization for the nation and the race; he must be the very best product of the Church at home. Splendid as is the heroism which inspires one to come to the foreign field, magnificent as are the sacrifices which inspire those who contribute to the support of the representatives on the foreign field, it were almost better to send no one than to send a narrow, dogmatic, unsympathetic, incapable man to such a land as China.

J. W. Bashford

COLLEGE STUDIES AND THE SOCIAL ORDER[1]

For some centuries Christian education has been based on a pagan literature. This is one of the anomalies of our educational history. Now it has become adjusted to a natural science which is neither religious nor irreligious, neither immoral nor moral. These two facts have an important bearing on the social trend of education through the modern age.

Historical religion has not undertaken to initiate and determine the whole manifestation of human life, however intimately our dim religious beginnings may have been bound up with the dim beginnings of all things else. Historical religion has taken human life as it has found it, with its varied directions and modes of development, and has proceeded to bring it into the ultimate unity of an eternal existence and kindle it with the profoundest personal emotion of which our humankind is capable. The more thoughtful Christianity of some centuries, accordingly, took human society at its highest pagan interpretation and undertook to add thereto a higher and more vital interpretation. The higher was not to supplant the other. It was not merely to supplement the other. The classical tradition, as the finest product of human endeavor beyond the flow of Jewish and Christian inspiration, furnished the finest cultural material over which that inspiration might play. So to many of the finest spirits this combination of classical and Christian elements in modern education presented no incongruity. Yet even down to our own time the sense of an inner contradiction remained, vaguely disquieting, among the undertones of an education directed toward an harmonious development of human faculty. What the poetry, the plastic art, the eloquence, and the philosophy of classical antiquity gave to mankind is an everlasting treasure. Their part in the making of civilization was a supreme achievement. While it is a thing that can never be done again, it is a thing that need never be done again.

[1] Address delivered at the Convention of the Religious Education Association at New Haven, Conn., March 5-8, 1914, by Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, Chancellor of New York University.

And nineteen Christian centuries, with well-nigh unanimous wonder and admiration, have pronounced upon it a verdict of "well done." What has added to that Christian judgment its disquieting sense of something lacking still is the conviction, more or less clear, that the all-round perfection of classical art and thought is, at one point or another, a perfection forced and unreal. Its view was not sufficiently elevated to apprehend the full measure of imperfection in its highest objects of admiration; in its *aristoi*. Accordingly, it could not discern the kinship of the highest with the lowest. It could not arrive at any fair appreciation of real democracy.

The charge against classical colleges, that they are aristocratic in their tendencies, is often made without good reason. There is, however, somewhat of subtle aristocracy attaching to classical studies which calls for correction from other sides of our educational program.

When the natural sciences first made their way into college curriculums it would have been difficult to foresee the influence they were to have upon our studies of man and of human society. They dealt with the physical aspect of the universe and were therefore necessarily inferior to the humanities. So it seemed. But the physical was found to have a more than symbolic relation to the spiritual, and the method of the physical sciences was found to be useful, and even revolutionary, in the study of human affairs; and before one could be fully aware of what was happening experimental psychology and the social sciences were bringing forth, in colleges and universities, a new humanism, far different from any that the ancient world or the world of the Renaissance had had to offer. It is not these sciences alone which have produced the newer humanism. They have, perhaps, played a subordinate part in a change which has been atmospheric and as wide as civilization. What a medley of influences have wrought together in producing this change! Revolutionary democracy, trade unionism, the rapid advance of mechanical invention, the newspaper, and the short story; naturalism, impressionism, realism, in literature, sculpture, and painting; the influence of a few conspicuous lovers of their fellow men. It is a wise student of contemporary life who can

disentangle causes and effects and mere coincidence in such a complication of social tendencies. But what has emerged is a very flood-tide of humanitarian sentiment, conviction, and activity. The love of man beyond the circle of one's own was once a function of our love of God. It seems in these days to be an independent emotion. We may believe that it is leading men back to a new love of God, but that remains to be fully shown.

In this overmastering tendency of our time, scientific studies may seem to have a minor part. An ancient cartoon represents Seneca as a butterfly sitting on the rail of a chariot to which he is driving Nero as a mighty dragon. Any merely academic influence would seem to stand in a like relation to the larger tendencies of the *Zeitgeist*. Yet science is a thing of power in this *Zeitgeist* of ours. And university science bears the responsibility of sifting, sobering, and correcting, as well as reinforcing that prevalent sentiment which is making for us a new democracy. It is a friendly service, for modern science in the main is proving itself an ally of the democratic movement. More than the elder humanism it regards nothing human as foreign to itself. Like our original Christianity, it calls nothing common nor unclean. Men of scientific training go out from our colleges and universities regarding every social manifestation as equally a datum for their observation. They may be even more interested in the tramp, the gang leader, or the sweat-shop worker than in the professional man or the millionaire, simply in the belief that they are nearer to the elemental human problem. But in the main the scientific interest is steadying and beneficial.

The main things in democracy are the effort of men to understand all sorts and conditions of men, and the effort to devise ways of getting every man into the place where he can do his best work for the common good. We are far from such a democracy now, but the sentiment and the science of social service are making many college men effective in working toward it. But when democracy shall have made it possible for every man to enter upon the discharge of that office, of whatever kind, in which he can serve society best, and so to be happier in his service—when democracy shall have reached that consummation it will be something

more than democracy. Let us see what such a forecast will reveal to us.

It may be that this is what shall come after socialism, if indeed it shall be found necessary to go the full length of socialism as a stage on the way to something better. I do not think so, for socialism seems conceived on lines too geometric for a working human society. But whether by the route of socialism, or by some course less favored of the radical and the doctrinaire, we may believe that we shall reach a form of society in which social functions shall adjust themselves freely and easily to the endless variety of native and acquired capacity. There will always be somewhat of opposition between the principle of democracy and that of social efficiency until this end is reached. What should be stressed particularly, however, is the fact that this adjustment of the individual to his society is not to be reached by carrying our education over, horse, foot, and dragoons, to the scientific side. Science alone lacks discrimination of values. The gambler, the gunman, and the imbecile may be objects of the highest interest from the standpoint of social pathology, but there are others who count for more toward the attainment of social ideals. The artistic civilization of Greece and Rome was partial, and even cruel, in many of its estimates of human values. But a fine and comprehensive sense of values there must be, for the good of our social life; and to that end the fine arts—including literary art, but including also more than literary art—must have a large place in the higher education of the future. A more complete development and organization of the æsthetic side of our programs of collegiate studies is, accordingly, one of the immediate needs of our higher education—not as displacing the natural sciences, which have shown themselves to be socially indispensable, but as providing what has been shown to be equally indispensable.

For social reasons, too, our professional and our liberal courses of education must come into closer articulation with each other. Science is helping us here immeasurably. As the professions become more scientific they become less selfish. They draw nearer to the ideals of liberal education. A thoroughly scientific practitioner of medicine, of engineering, or of any other pro-

fession, finds in his occupation an interest other than that arising from the income which it brings him. It is so much the easier for him to see in his occupation, not simply a means by which he may serve himself and his immediate family, but also the principal channel through which he is to serve the public good. It is an advantage to the social focussing of collegiate studies that professionalism such as this should invade the later years of the college course. But, referring to æsthetic considerations again, our art at its utmost reach cannot give us all that we need as regards social values and ideals. The need of religion lies all of the time in the background of all other needs. And who can doubt that this need, in the future as in the past, will come, now and again, to be poignantly felt and unsparingly expressed? The lasting ground of human brotherhood is the divine parenthood. And while the affirmation of this relationship inevitably carries us into regions dim with their infinity, this fact cannot lastingly repel the adventurous spirit of man. Instead it will be lastingly alluring, and the race will never be for long content with any organization of its experience and ideals which does not find this everlasting and eternal ground of unity. But that is not a subject for this paper.

Elmer Ellsworth Brown

WHY MINISTERS SHOULD STUDY SHAKESPEARE

It is perhaps true that there is nothing new to be said now about Shakespeare, and that it savors strongly of presumption for any ordinary mortal to write upon this hackneyed theme. Nevertheless, so far as can be ascertained, the precise topic named above has not been specifically discussed by anyone, and possibly a certain measure of freshness may be imparted to the matter by this particular line of treatment. It is certain that a very large number of Methodist ministers do not read Shakespeare a great deal, or at all, it may be; and if this essay persuades them that profit may be found in such reading, it will not have been wholly futile. We take it for granted that the old-time prejudice against the persusal of any sort of dramatic production is so far obsolete as to be a negligible quantity. The world has moved forward quite a piece since 1791, when the Rev. John Pawson, Wesley's successor at City Road Chapel, London, took advantage of his incumbency of the adjoining parsonage to remove, with misplaced zeal, what he religiously regarded as a blot upon the reputation of his leader, by destroying a fine quarto edition of Shakespeare's plays, the margin of which was filled with critical notes by Mr. Wesley himself. At the present time familiarity with the great lights of literature is not considered necessarily a drawback to any man's piety, and a plea for increased ministerial acquaintance with the bard of Avon will not be looked upon as at all out of place by anyone likely to read the Methodist Review. We purpose, therefore, to give seven reasons why ministers of the gospel should know Shakespeare. Not that these seven will exhaust the subject, but they will cover all the space it is fitting for us to occupy.

I. Because of his Supreme Place in Literature. Familiarity with books is one of the joys and privileges, as well as duties, of the minister's calling. That he may properly know his one textbook, the Bible, he must also know many other volumes; and among these volumes the dramatic works of Shakespeare, which have been fittingly termed the "secular bible," have a paramount claim upon his attention. They have such claim because their author is the

paramount man of all the centuries among those who have employed the pen. To this conclusion the best judges and the most expert authorities in such things have now for a good while been steadily coming. At the present day they are unanimous in putting Shakespeare at the head, in calling him the foremost poet and dramatist of the race; or, at the very least, in making him the greatest master of the language most widely spoken among men. They say such things as these: "His intellect is far greater than that of any other man who has given an account of himself by writing books"; "The finest genius in the way of poetic imagination that ever appeared on this planet"; "He holds undisputed mastery in three great ranges of production, as a creator of character, of imagery, of diction"; "Poet laureate of the race"; "There has never been but one Shakespeare in the history of the human race, and probably there never will be another"; "The largest and most comprehensive of those minds which have expressed themselves in literature"; "His unparalleled force and almost inconceivable fecundity have lifted him out of all comparison with any other writers"; "The greatest uninspired genius that ever lived, an intellectual miracle"; "No man ever came near him in the creative power of his mind, with such strength, such a variety of imagination"; "The greatest of the world's human teachers"; "The greatest writer of the ages"; "A source of instruction more nearly priceless than any except that which falls from the lips of Jesus of Nazareth"; "The matchless, the inimitable"; "The myriad-minded"; "Of all dramatists he alone endures, the idol of the educated world."

If there be an element of exaggeration here, if it be alleged that such easily made assertions are not susceptible of absolute proof, we may grant it without detracting in any important degree from the merits of the immortal William. It is very certain that his cult is not waning. It may be doubted if it has even reached its zenith. The stream of his popularity or appreciation started with a full head; for during his lifetime his plays were exceedingly well received, netting him large sums, and he was promptly recognized as much superior to his rivals. And with truth that can be said of him which can be so said of no other,

namely, that since the theater was reopened at the Restoration not a year has gone by which has not seen plays of his acted, and that no year now goes by without the performance of some of his plays somewhere. But it took fully two hundred years to bring him to anything like the acknowledged leadership which he at present enjoys. His international reputation was very slight during those two centuries, and even in his own country there were doubters and carpers who thought he had not sufficiently followed the ancient models, and that his plays might be greatly improved if they could be radically rewritten. Not far from the beginning of the nineteenth century, however, it came to be generally understood that in Shakespeare the English nation possessed a man of unequaled original creative power, one who could so put together in new combinations the primary elements of human nature that the characters thus made were alive, and their development could be traced with as much interest as could that of the people in history or in every-day affairs. They have been written about more than any historical personages with the exception of a very few, like Napoleon or Lincoln. It was near this same time that the Germans, led by Goethe and Schlegel, fully discovered him and became enthusiastic over him. Somewhat later the French adopted him, their best critics paying him high tribute. And within the last few decades he has entered on the conquest of Asia. More than half his dramas have been translated by native scholars into Marathi, Tamil, Hindustani, Bengali, and other Indian tongues, and numerous representations of his leading plays have been given in the largest cities of India. A Chinese version is announced as being under way, so that it will not be long before the Orient will have completely yielded to his spell. His empire is truly world-wide.

To what is due this ever-expanding and permanent influence? To a great variety of causes, some of which will appear as we proceed. It is due in part (it may be said just here) to his *comprehensiveness*. He grows to us in mental stature as our minds enlarge to take him in. The degree to which he can be taken in is no small test of the genius of an age or a people or an individual. He is at once the delight of the rudest artisan or urchin in the pit

of the playhouse and of the most skillful philosophers in their crowded libraries. He bears the stamp and wears the crown of universality. His poetry is "an expression of the universal." While in one sense a child of the Renaissance, of the revival of learning in that Elizabethan age which he adorned, and while much indebted to the particular century in which he was born—a transition time of the most stirring deeds and marked by the emergence of the English language in the ripe perfected form so well adapted to his use—in another sense he seemed to belong to all times, all climes, and to be able to enter into the most diverse situations. He was a kind of universal man, with little or nothing of even sex limitations; for no woman has approached him in the purity, sweetness, refinement, and elevation of his feminine characters, while his masculine ones are never lacking in the needed elements of virility. He has a power of vision and a faculty of thought wholly unexampled. He looks into the very heart of things; he grasps their inmost secrets. We are carried away with the rush, the beauty, and the inexhaustible vitality of his imagination. In fertility of fancy, in soundness of judgment, in depth of passion, in wealth of humor, in mastery of language, he has no equal. This, in part, is why his hold upon the admiring nations is deepening with the lapse of the centuries instead of diminishing. This is why no year goes by without some new volume about him being issued. This is why ministers, as well as other men of education and public position, owe it to themselves and to their work to acquire familiarity with his priceless productions.

II. Because of the Beneficial Effects on Style of Such Study. The minister is both a writer and a speaker—a writer in order that he may be an effective speaker, may know how to express his thought with clearness, beauty, and force. Whatever, therefore, enlarges his vocabulary or puts point and polish into his sentences is a distinct gain to his working power and emphatically worth cultivation. That familiarity with the King James Version of the Bible will do this is well known. A number of the best writers have repeatedly confessed their large indebtedness to this source. Shakespeare's plays were produced at the very same time as that translation and share in the merits of its style. The English lan-

guage just then, for various reasons, was in some respects at its very best. It had reached maturity; it was a marvelous instrument of thought. It excelled in idiomatic vigor, compactness, nervous effectiveness, simplicity, strength; and he who would possess these desirable qualities can acquire them better in no other way than by giving his days and nights to these two Bibles, the sacred and the secular. Their vocabularies, which are much the same, except that Shakespeare's is larger, show about forty per cent of Romanic or Latin words and sixty per cent of Saxon. While Milton has eight thousand different words, and Thackeray five thousand, Shakespeare uses fifteen thousand; a larger number than any other writer. Hundreds of these were of his own coinage, and other hundreds have been preserved to us only by him. He marshals them with wonderful skill; they move deftly, swiftly, easily, at his bidding. Where he got this power no one knows. It is an unfathomable mystery. But there is immortal music in his verse; and even in his prose a harmony that gives great delight. He has a felicity of phrase, a fullness and strength of diction, a copiousness and command of language most amazing. He cannot be imitated, as can lesser writers who have mannerisms; but he who wishes to cultivate his verbal taste, enlarge his vocabulary, and increase his ability to express himself with potency will find very important aid in the study of Shakespeare.

III. Such Study Will Also Furnish Much Matter for Illustration and Quotation. The degree to which Shakespeare's characters and utterances have entered into the common life of the people is astonishingly great, or would be if we did not reflect that they came directly from that life. They have so permeated our literature, and to some extent our ordinary conversation, that familiarity with them is essential to the understanding of what we read or what we hear. His thoughts and his ways of stating them have become household words. We talk unawares the language of Shakespeare. The colloquialisms that pass from mouth to mouth now were bandied about in large measure very nearly three hundred years ago, and were registered for us on the pages of the Stratford playwright. Here are a few: "as poor as Job"; "as merry as crickets"; "as sound as a bell"; "as quiet as a lamb"; "as true as steel"; "as

plenty as blackberries"; "cock-sure"; "hard luck"; "a charmed life"; "a wild-goose chase"; "death by inches"; "nine days' wonder"; "Tell the truth and shame the devil"; "The weakest goes to the wall"; "True love never did run smooth"; "Ill blows the wind that profits nobody"; "Make a virtue of necessity"; "Strike while the iron is hot"; "I know a trick worth two of that"; "not wisely but too well"; "Misery acquaints a man with strange bed fellows"; "The better part of valor is discretion"; "dead as nail in door"; "not to stand on ceremony"; "done out of house and home"; "weak, piping times of peace"; "I cannot tell what the dickens is meant"; "snatched out of the jaws of death"; "my salad days, when I was green in judgment"; "It beggars all description"; "He has won golden opinions from all sorts of people"; "They that touch pitch will be defiled." Some of these were his own creation, others no doubt were current sayings of the time, and still others probably had come down from antiquity. But they all, and multitudes more, which can be found in these plays, have passed into our common speech. Hence the more we peruse these pages the fuller will our own minds be of words and phrases that appeal forcibly to the public ear. And there is a special pleasure in finding these sentences or passages in the places themselves where very frequently they first originated. They gain much oftentimes in pertinence and meaning from the connection in which they stand, for they always occur naturally and spontaneously, are never lugged in by the ears or merely tied on as separate beauties. They grow in their places.

Shakespeare is a treasury of noble sentiments, acute observations, sage advice, and practical reflection. From his works may be gleaned a very complete collection of precepts adapted to every condition of life. Here will be found maxims of wisdom and goodness simply expressed, weighted with consummate experience, and marked by subtle penetration. We give here but ten such, samples of the hundreds which it were easy to supply: "The labor we delight in physics pain"; "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin"; "Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge"; "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings"; "Cowards die many times before their deaths; the

valiant never taste of death but once"; "How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done"; "And oftentimes excusing of a fault doth make the fault the worse by the excuse"; "Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt"; "And this our life, exempt from public haunt, finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything"; "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries."

IV. Because, Like the Study of all True Poetry, it Aids the Imagination and Kindles Emotion. And these things, of course, are of large importance to the preacher. Dr. Dryasdust is far from being a model pulpiteer. The man who would make other people feel must first deeply feel himself. He must be able to present the truth picturesquely if it is to catch and hold the wandering mind of "the motley, merchandising multitude." "Poetry, the finer spirit of all knowledge," is necessary not only for the interpretation of life, but for the forthsetting of its plain facts in the most thrilling and vitalizing manner. By imagination we penetrate to the core of things. The poet is a man of intuition and insight, an inspired man in a very real sense, magnetic to God, and a prime medium for divine communications to the world. He must have a great intellect to be a *great* poet, capable of apprehending the deepest problems of man's relation to the universe; he must also have a very exceptional susceptibility to impressions from all conceivable quarters, above, beneath, around, together with such a command of musical speech that he can easily turn these impressions into durable, beautiful, and visible, if not vendible, verse. Such, most emphatically, was William Shakespeare. His imagination worked with incomparable ease, spontaneity, elasticity, spirit. There is no small measure of stimulation in a vast number of his lines. They linger on the ear, they touch the heart, they stir the blood, they move the life. And he who cons them with care will find his own mind aroused to unwonted activity, his imagination quickened, his perception of truth clarified and broadened, and his power to declare it effectively much magnified. Is it not, then, a very manifest duty of all such

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as would acquit themselves manfully in the ministerial calling to give some portion of their time, so far as possible, to becoming familiar with the choice words of this choice writer?

V. Because of Its Close Relation to Bible Study. The connection of the two books, the sacred Bible and the secular, to which we have already incidentally referred, extends to various minor points of parallelism. In each case we have a library of many small volumes or pamphlets combined under one general head. Both in Scripture and in Shakespeare the familiar divisions are the work of later editors and not of the original writers. As the partition into chapters and verses, nay, the very division of the words in the Bible is a matter of quite recent times, so the separation of the plays into acts and scenes—done by Rowe and Pope—did not take place until after a hundred years, in the early part of the eighteenth century. Still again, there is no reason to think that either the Scripture authors or Shakespeare had any idea that their productions would pass on to posterity in the way they have done. They wrote, all of them, simply to meet the immediate need of the day in which they lived, with close adaptation to the particular people who would hear or read; but in each case God had for them a further mission quite beyond their ken in the centuries that were to follow. Scripture and Shakespeare are supreme in their special spheres, are treasuries of noble sentiments, are dictionaries of familiar quotations (so that when a phrase comes up people not closely acquainted with either are often in doubt in which source it originated), are perfecters of style, are revealers of human nature and promoters of pure morals. These last two important matters we will discuss more extensively later on. Just now we wish to make plain how thoroughly Shakespeare was conversant with the Bible, and what a large infusion of Bible words is to be met in his works. He was saturated with Scripture. No writer has assimilated the thoughts and reproduced the words of Holy Writ, none of his day at least, more copiously than Shakespeare; few have done so as much. The inspired Book, in the Geneva Version, was unquestionably in constant use in his early home; and from the age of eight to thirteen or fourteen he was under the tuition, in the grammar school at Stratford, of

Thomas Hunt, a well-known Puritan thoroughly qualified to train his scholars in Bible knowledge. It was a Bible age. Many scores of editions were printed. The presses did little else than print them, and they were read everywhere. So it is not surprising that as he grew up, who was to be the immortal William, his mind became stored with the immortal words which afterward he so freely poured forth—and a proceeding most necessary if he were to delineate accurately the talk of the people of that generation. Bishop Charles Wordsworth says, after giving the subject an exhaustive investigation, "Take the entire range of English literature, put together our best authors, who have written upon subjects not professedly religious or theological, and we shall not find, I believe, in them all united so much evidence of the Bible having been read and used as we have found in Shakespeare alone." Our limits do not permit us to give anything like a satisfactory presentation of this phase of the subject. Many volumes have been issued filled with citations proving Shakespeare's great indebtedness to, and large familiarity with, the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. Something like a thousand Bible parallelisms have been discovered in the plays. He makes ten allusions to Adam, two to Adam and Eve, four to Eve alone, six to Cain, two to Abel, three to Noah and the flood, six to Jacob, two each to Laban, Pharaoh, Job, Goliath, Jephthah, Samson, Solomon, one each to Japheth, Hagar, Sisera, Deborah, Jezebel, Daniel, David, Ahithophel, Nebuchadnezzar, and the Queen of Sheba. Of New Testament allusions seven are to Herod, five to the prodigal son, three to the rich man and Lazarus, two each to Pilate, Judas, Peter, Golgotha, and the legion of devils, and one to Barabbas. The other passages, which distinctly reveal a Bible source, or suggest at once a biblical equivalent, are multitudinous. In Hamlet alone there are very nearly one hundred such passages, in Richard III, 90; in Richard II, about the same; in Romeo and Juliet, 60; in Macbeth, 50; in As You Like It, 40; and so on. The very title of "Measure for Measure" comes from the sermon on the mount. He refers to the giving of the manna, the law of the inheritance, "the greater light that rules the day and the lesser light that rules the night," the celebration of "our Saviour's birth,"

"the world's ransom," "him that did betray the Best," "the weaker vessel," "the testimony of a good conscience," "the last trumpet." Various characters are made to say, "My offense hath the primal eldest curse upon it"; "What a piece of work is man"; "There is a special providence in the fall of the sparrow"; "he that doth the ravens feed," "to wash it white as snow"; "Charity itself fulfills the law"; "The devil can quote Scripture for his purpose"; "devils resembling spirits of light"; "What a goodly outside falsehood hath"; "Life is a shuttle"; "I shall be saved by my husband"; "The sins of the fathers are to be laid upon the children"; "How shall they hope for mercy, rendering none?" "Rude am I in speech"; "the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire"; "You know not what you do"; "full of grace"; "the law that threatens death"; "By ambition fell the angels"; "Mine eternal jewel have I given to the common enemy of man"; "Her body sleeps, but her immortal part with angels lives"; "his friend, that dips in the same dish"; "Man and wife is one flesh"; "Wisdom cries in the streets and no man regards it"; "Thou wolf in sheep's array"; "May Heaven requite it with the serpent's curse"; "The great King of kings hath in the table of his law commanded that thou shalt do no murder."

These are but the merest handful from a great harvest. The word God occurs over a thousand times, Christ, Jesus, and Jesu, 26 times; heaven and heavenly about 800; hell and its compounds, 175; paradise, 10; Lucifer, 6; blaspheme, 3; the day of judgment, 2; and so on. Side by side with the family Bible, and second only to it, perpetuated in part by this faithfulness to it, stand the dramatic works of Shakespeare. Very long indeed will they continue so to stand, the one as God's own Word, the other as the greatest book of man; the one as God's revelation of man's ultimate destiny, the other as the most complete picture of the varying phases of human character. This leads us to the sixth reason for the study of our poet.

VI. Because it Promotes Acquaintance with Human Nature. Human nature is the preacher's special field. He must, of course, know men if he is to move them. And since it is also Shakespeare's special field, wherein he excels all other writers, it

would seem to be a foregone conclusion that nothing in the book-line is so important to a minister as this. Many ministers have gladly testified that they have so found it. Dr. Hugh McNeill, the dean of Ripon, says, "Next to the Bible I have derived more benefit from the study of Shakespeare than from any other human author, for he so thoroughly knows the human heart." Dr. Milman, dean of Saint Paul's, Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Chalmers, the poet Keble, give very similar witness. Dr. John Sharp, one of the best men among the prelates of England, said, "The Bible and Shakespeare have made me archbishop of York," and although similar study may not give us similar promotion, it will be on other accounts well worth while, for it will give us, as almost nothing else can, an accurate, exhaustive knowledge of the workings of the human mind.

Shakespeare was not an inventor of incident, but a creator of character. There are more than six hundred distinct persons in his mimic world, and every one of them gives us clear intimation of what went on within the circle of his breast. And none of them are the same when we leave them as when we found them, provided any considerable time has elapsed; for they have developed one way or the other, developed in the only way that could commend itself to us as natural, or, indeed, inevitable. The result worked out is always true to life, although not always to poetic justice; it is as mysterious oftentimes as the course of Providence itself. The poet seemed to know intuitively how every faculty and feeling would unfold in every conceivable change of fortune. Both men and women, people of every sort—good, bad, old, young, wise, foolish, rich, poor, merry, sad, the king, the peasant, the general, the clown—yielded their secrets to him. No aspect of life is left unexplored. His genius illuminated in turn every phase of humanity that presents itself on the highway of earth. Each of his characters gives voice to thought or passion with an individuality and a naturalness that arouse in the reader the illusion that he is overhearing the unpremeditated speech of real personages; and the more closely the words are studied the completer this illusion grows. We are given insight into actuating principles. The world of motives is laid bare to us. We are shown how variously

different dispositions are moved by the same cause, and how the same results are often achieved in greatly differing ways. In these tragedies and comedies, which are a world in miniature, we see man as he is in the white light of truth, uncolored by spleen, unbiased by prejudice, adjusted and related in manifold complications; in groups acting and reacting upon each other, groups constructed with consummate art thus to react, and in the process to exhibit the springs of motion, the hinges of destiny. Man is surveyed and charted—in his heights, in his depths, in his possibilities and actualities, in his thought, in his speech, in his book-language and his every-day words, in his loftiest lyric passion and in his lowest loathsome degradation. He is searched out, explained, exploited. Shakespeare had a strength and sweep of imagination which enabled him to place himself readily in any situation in which the personages might be found, whom he sought to portray, and to share their feelings, think their thoughts, speak their words. He seemed to be able to live at will among all peoples in all times. "He lived," it has been said, "a life more crowded with ideas, passions, volitions, and events than any potentate the world has ever seen. He projected himself into almost all the varieties of human character, and in imagination lived the life of each. No other man has ever seen human life from so many points of view. He condensed ages into days and lives into minutes. He takes certain persons, mere commonplace sketches of humanity, and transforms them into self-subsisting individuals more real to the mind than the men and women we daily meet." He personally included what he created. He had a most amazing sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men. This as much as anything explains his power. He built no barrier between any class of humanity and himself. He entered into the joys and sorrows of all. It was this wide-reaching sympathy that gave wings to his intellect and rendered its flight so easy. He knew what was in man because he felt it in himself; because he had in his own nature the germs and tendencies of the very elements he described. His house was close beside the road and he was the warmest of friends to whatsoever in the shape of humanity might pass along. He was the most observant of men, and also the most reflective. He was

at the same time both actor and spectator; able equally to enter into the souls of these hundreds of people and also to regard them critically from without. He knew the society and the manners of different centuries. His tone of mind was cosmopolitan and perennial. He had a full knowledge of men and things as well as a knowledge of man and truth. He so fashioned the ongoing of events in his dramas that nothing seemed improbable or out of the way. The means he most skillfully adapted to the ends, and the ends justify themselves to our sense of fitness. In a word, he was the master reader of humanity. He does not so much paint individuals as he individualizes classes. The more acquaintance we have with his theme, human life, the better we enjoy him, and *vice versa*. More than anybody else he has added to our knowledge of ourselves and of our fellows. His study tends to the enlargement of the soul and the schooling of the judgment, to increased tolerance of thought and greater candor of opinion—yes, and to added practical wisdom as well. He was a philosopher no less than an artist, a poet and a dramatist. There is much of speculative thought in his writings and much of everyday common sense. Nowhere perhaps does his true greatness more fully appear than in this latter quality. The helpful precepts that can be culled from his writings form a marvelous collection. We instance just a very few out of very many:

> Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
> Corruption wins not more than honesty.
> Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
> To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
> Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
> Thy God's, and truth's.
>
> Beware
> Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in
> Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
> Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
> Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
>
> This above all—to thine own self be true;
> And it must follow as the night the day
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

VII. Because of His High Moral and Religious Tone. Such tone might fairly be inferred from what has been said—from his supremacy in the world of literature, from his ever-expanding fame, from his large infusion with the Bible, and especially from his holding up, with such exactitude, the mirror to human nature. For this is a moral universe. Its King is on the side of righteousness. Under his beneficent sway all things tend toward the triumph of virtue, and unless the dramas of the Stratford bard had the same tendency he could not be a faithful, trustworthy delineator of human character.

It is not claimed that he was a spiritual seer, nor even a philanthropist. There is no reason to suppose that he ever sought directly to reform either himself or anybody else. Nor did he write with a direct moral purpose. He has given us no character in which religious sentiment or passion is dominant. The new song is not put in the mouths of sinners, nor any expression of confidence in God's righteous dealing. He was not in any way a theologian, neither was he specifically either churchman or sectarian, and it may be doubted if he had any deep religious convictions. He was an observer and an artist, incapable of partisanship; his business was with men as they were, not with man as he ought to be. Efforts have been made to show that he was a Roman Catholic, an agnostic, or a positive unbeliever. None are at all successful. There is a clear preponderance of evidence that he adhered, more or less actively, to the Reformed Church of Eng-

land. He was baptized in that communion, it is known, as were his children, married by it, and lies buried in the parish church of Stratford. He stood as sponsor, or godfather, near the close of his life, 1608, to the new-born son of a friend. His will began, "I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator; hoping and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting."

It is not denied that there are to be found here and there in the plays licentious allusions. For he was a child of his age, the Elizabethan, which was in no way squeamish or delicate as to sexual matters, did not indulge in the euphemisms of the present day, exercised, indeed, very great plainness of speech, as we see in the Authorized Version of the Bible. It was an age given to freer manners, more nudities and crudities than are common now. And Shakespeare, of necessity, somewhat caters to the playgoers of that day, whom he aimed to please; but in nothing like the same degree with his contemporaries. There are no indelicate situations, no innocent adulteries, there is no virtuous vice. He does not render that likable which religion and reason teach us to detest. He does not excite passion. There is no moral taint, nothing that can debauch the mind of the innocent and modest. There is nothing insidious or meretricious, no poison dipped in honey. Vice is shown in its true colors and brings its own antidote.

In short, though he has certain defects and though he deals only with this world, not with a future one, never setting himself to propound dogmas or defend creeds, though he is not precisely a gospel preacher, nevertheless it can be fearlessly affirmed that he is one of the greatest and safest of ethical teachers. He was pure in his moral influence and singularly sound in faith. In his ethical judgments he never makes a slip. "He is as sure-footed as a Swiss mountaineer." He reverences religion and sacred things. There is a peculiar tenderness and solemnity in all his references to Christ: "Those holy fields over whose acres walked those blessed feet which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed for our advantage to the bitter cross"; "All the souls that were forfeit once, and He that might the vantage best have took

found out the remedy"; "The Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins"; "The death of Him that died for all." The voice of conscience always rings clear in Shakespeare. He is never weary of recognizing and enforcing the inexorable reign of universal law, the law of right, vindicating itself in the smallest facts of life and the largest events of society, moving to its great ends unthwarted by the ill. The constant impression which he creates is that doers of evil must inevitably meet punishment, must reap precisely as they sow, and that the good, though they may not always have outward prosperity, will have that which is better, added strength and nobility of soul. He is always on the side of virtue and truth, always leaves us with the feeling that it is best to be good.

The Christianity which he inculcates is necessarily undogmatic, in no way narrow or technical, but its vital truths—the existence of God and of supernatural beings, the atonement of Christ, a place of punishment, and an abode of bliss—are indirectly taught and shown to underlie the thought of the main persons of the dramas. And religion, on the whole, in these works has a more positive and dominant position than, under all the circumstances, we might fairly expect, far excelling that in most of his contemporaries. The life of the time was not a particularly religious one. Pre-Puritan England was not much concerned about its soul, talked very little about sin and salvation and the risk of perdition. The ceremonies of the church were the main thing. Shakespeare strikes quite often a much deeper note. For example, we hear him saying, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will"; "The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to plague us"; "I have within me a peace above all earthly dignities, a still and quiet conscience"; "Even-handed justice commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice to our own lips"; "There is some soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distill it out"; "He hath a daily beauty in his life"; "Gave his pure soul unto his captain Christ, under whose colors he had fought so long"; "My words fly up, my thoughts remain below; words without thoughts never to heaven go"; "How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in

a naughty world"; "We, ignorant of ourselves, beg often our own harms, which the wise powers deny us for our good; so find we profit by losing of our prayers"; "Heaven doth with us as we with torches do, not light them for themselves; for if our virtues did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike as if we had them not."

But isolated passages and quotations of this sort cover only a small part of our moral indebtedness to Shakespeare. A weightier matter is the profound ethical meanings conveyed by separate scenes and by the plays taken as a whole. We must not particularize, but all careful readers of the great poet will understand whereof we speak. These meanings are unequivocal and thoroughly wholesome. The good laws of the world, again and again we are shown, can never be overthrown by the boldest aggressor nor evaded by the most cunning trickster. The doctrine of an overruling, supervising Providence is made very prominent; the retributive principle in the universe comes forward continually; we are made to feel that the deed always returns upon the doer, if not outwardly, then inwardly. Worth engages our loyalty and love; vice of every kind is made repugnant and hideous; purity and heroism are held up to our admiration. Justice and mercy, charity and severity, are well balanced. All the higher truths are carefully, impressively taught; all the relations of life are illuminated, all duties enforced; the whole influence exerted is on the side of the things that are honest, pure, upright, and of good report. The priests are treated, in nearly all cases, very differently from what they are in other writers—treated gently and reverently, in such a way as to carry with them our love and respect; while proud, ambitious prelates are rightly held up to rebuke and indignation. We may say, then, that while he was not a theological or ecclesiastical partisan, being too broad for that, while he cannot be labeled or classified in any precise way, and while he was not exactly or formally a preacher, but an artist, he was really a prophet; a man inspired by God to teach in his name. Although he was undoubtedly a man of the world, who managed a theater for gain, he had a tolerance, a breadth of sympathy, a charity for evildoers which is too frequently lacking among God's people and in many orthodox divines. He had a religion which quite pos-

sibly corresponded as fully to his light as that of some of the rest of us; and it can fairly be affirmed that he leaves us wiser, happier, and more in love with goodness than he finds us. We may well be thankful that one who stands as high as he in the literary world has so helpful an influence in matters of morality and religion, is so decidedly a Christian poet.

In what language can we possibly sum up the indebtedness of the English-speaking world to William Shakespeare? In a very few years we shall celebrate the tercentenary of his death, for he departed this life April 23, 1616, aged exactly fifty-two years. His physical family became extinct in 1670, his only granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall (Lady Barnard), dying then without issue. But the children of his brain, his intellectual family, show no sign of exhaustion; they are dowered with immortal youth. A monument in Westminster Abbey was reared to his memory in 1740, but a far more enduring monument rises perpetually in the hearts of those benefited by his labors. If Robert Browning in "At the Mermaid" has touched the matter rightly, his fellow poet, "the gentle Will," had as little concern in regard to his reputation and indulged in as manly an independence as Browning's own. He had no care to be "next poet" or to be made "chief," refused to "proffer his soul" or expose his heart for the sake of pelf and fame, shut his breast to peepers and pryers, barred his inner portal, leaving his work outside to be tried on its merits, and wholly willing "to waive the present time and wait some new age" for fitting appraisement of that. Well, the appraisement has surely come, and this man, who simply, for a little more than twenty active years, did with all his might the work given him to do, takes his imposing, imperishable place at the head of the writers of the race.

James Mudge

"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE" IN EVERY MAN

The term dualism involves an ancient and profound belief and controversy which in different ages ramified into many branches and covered many departments of life and thought. Indeed, it extended into such various and abstruse problems and such complex discussions that the whole field can be entered only by experts. The essential features of the subject, however, can be made simple and clear.

The word dual is but another form of double, or twofold; dualism therefore is twofoldness—a term which suggests that a twofold distinction of some sort runs through the universe, or may be found in some of its departments. As applied to theology and philosophy, the Persians and other nations formulated the doctrine that two opposing forces, two contradictory beings, maintained incessantly a struggle for mastery everywhere. According to Zoroaster, two great opposing deities ruled in the world, Ormuzd and Ahriman, representing respectively the elements of good and evil. This belief was divided and subdivided and modified in so many ways that no one but a life-long specialist in philosophy can indicate or apprehend all their ramifications, but throughout all these modifications one principle remained characteristic: the theory that things were twofold, and that from age to age a dual conflict was carried on between light and darkness, flesh and spirit, matter and mind, good and evil. These ancient sages pictured two immortal gods in eternal warfare, and producing something like a balance of power in their conflict. Two eternal principles of good and evil contending in the arena of the universe, all things animate and inanimate being included in the realm of contention—this, in a single sentence, was from time to time the belief of the ancient schools of philosophy. And, while many phases of their philosophy have long been obsolete, yet with a little inquiry we shall find many indications of a dualistic principle yet remaining in nature and in human nature which will repay study.

Among the distortions and perversions of this belief a strange phase appeared when the gospel began to take hold of

one of the ancient nations which could not at first entirely give up its old faith in two opposing deities, one good and the other evil. Accordingly, the people for a time carried on a dual scheme of worship, offering sacrifice to Jehovah on one altar, while at another altar in the same sanctuary they brought oblation to another deity, of supposedly equal rank, called the Black God. They held that the good souls came from Jehovah, while the Black God was the author of the wicked. Another fruit of ancient dualism became the basis of the monastic life and the foundation of all ascetic notions; among them the belief that the body is radically and essentially evil, that all sin is lodged literally in the flesh, and that salvation comes by the administration of discipline and penance to the physical nature, and that by means of fasting, scourging, and self-inflicted tortures one may climb to sainthood. Men thus came to fancy that what was called the world, with its activities, was opposed to the spirit and life of piety, and accordingly they sought the desert, the cave, and the monastery wherein they might carry on their fight against their worldly and fleshly foes. But this is no time or place for the rehearsal of the errors and weaknesses into which men were led under the spell of ancient dualism. What I have in view, rather, is to indicate that sort of dualism which enduringly inheres in human nature, that sort of dual personality which oftener than we at first opine exists among us, those elements of a double nature which are lodged in all of us, and which are fraught with most subtle perils and with fatal tendencies unless arrested and overcome by the efforts of the human will, the help of lofty ideals, and divine grace.

The fact that man is a doublet, a twin, with a dual personality, so far as his body is concerned, may not be questioned. The brain, for example, has two lobes, the one directing the activities of one side of the body and the other lobe having in charge the other side. There is a duality about the heart, with its auricle and ventricle on either side, while the right side of the body has its counterpart in the limbs, the eye, the ear, and the nostril of the other side. A mere glance, therefore, at the anatomical structure of man shows that he is made up after the pattern of duality. Now is there any corresponding quality of duality in man's spir-

itual nature? Are there signs of a dual personality in the soul and its experiences? Is man's spirit a unit, or are there in the inner life tokens of a double nature, the one part warring with the other so that he has literally his moral ups and downs, living a seesaw existence, now the better elements predominating, bearing him upward toward the sky, and again the lower and earthly tendencies holding sway over him and bearing him down toward perdition? Was the great preacher George A. Gordon correct in his diagnosis of human nature when he said, "The image of God is in partnership with the brute in all men, and it is the great question as to which of the two is the head of the firm"? These are the problems which emerge for consideration at the very outset as we face the dualistic theme before us.

What has the Bible to say of these matters? What does the Word teach as to these dual experiences and this dual nature? It needs but a glance at the New Testament to assure us that there is a sense in which it is unquestionable that, according to Scripture, there are two radically distinct and battling principles or elements at work within the soul. Peter's admonition (1 Pet. 2. 11) hints at this situation when he cries out, "Beloved, I beseech you as sojourners and pilgrims to abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul." Here is pictured as by a flashlight from above an inward contention, a spiritual battle, a tumult and warfare within, for which we must be equipped and against which we must be warned. Paul is clear and decided in treating of this doctrine again and again. In Col. 3. 9, and following, he portrays these two warring elements as though they were two distinct and contradictory personalities: "the old man, with his deeds," which is to be "put off"—the sinful, erring, drooping nature, degraded and carnal, which is to be discarded, beaten, cast off by the aid of grace—and "the new man," in which the soul is transfigured into resemblance and relationship with Christ, with new hopes, aims, purposes, and experiences, which is to be "put on." Furthermore, this apostle indicates in other passages that these two natures, side by side, often carry on their conflicts within the breast, the "old man" still struggling to live and thrive and the "new man" struggling for the mastery—the beast which

exists potentially in every soul fighting for supremacy over the higher and nobler personality. The annals of sainthood are marked through the ages with the tears and blood, the records of heartaches and soul-throbs and desperate contentions, out of which at last has come, after the long conflict has almost torn soul and body in twain, the final victory, in which the higher and nobler and ideal man has emerged "more than conqueror."

The entire seventh chapter of Romans is devoted to a rehearsal of some phases of this inward battle, this warfare between the good and evil elements in the human soul. The utterance in that chapter, "To will is present with me; but to do that which is good is not present; for the good that I would I do not, but the evil that I would not, that I do," is almost exactly what Ovid, the Latin poet, wrote before Paul was born: "I see and approve that which is good, but I follow that which is evil." Thus Paul in this chapter and elsewhere pictures two warring personalities: his true, higher, nobler self, with its aspirations after God and truth, its ideals of obedience and heroism, and his other self, his condemnable and outcast self, his forlorn and despised and yet often dominant twin nature, battling within his breast. He sees and longs for, admires and strives after, the good; but nevertheless he does the evil things which he hates. Whether this picture is entirely a narrative of his experience before conversion, or whether it also sums up later experiences of struggle in the temptations and battles of the Christian life, we cannot now stop to argue, but that he gives us a typical presentation of the dual nature in its struggles and tortures and defeats and victories cannot be questioned. In another passage he applies the scenery and conflicts of the gladiatorial arena to himself and his struggles (1 Cor. 9. 27), and in a graphic phrase, which brings out vividly the urgent and exigent nature of the battle, pictures his higher and lower natures fighting together: "I buffet my body, and bring it into bondage: lest by any means, after that I have preached to others, I myself should be rejected."[1]

[1] A child heard this text cited, from the ordinary version, "I keep my body under." After returning home from the service she broke out to her father, "Now I know what that means: to keep the soul on top." She had caught the exact meaning, with a child's insight.

An ancient Athenian story illustrates the principle in question. A stranger one day appeared in Athens who claimed to be endowed with unusual gifts for reading character by means of the lineaments and expressions of the face. In order to test the sojourner and put his boasts to the proof some of the pupils of Socrates induced their master to accompany them to the stranger's studio. "Here," they said, "try your gifts on this man. What do you make out of him?" The master of physiognomy studied the face and appearance of the great philosopher and after due consideration pronounced his judgment: "This is a clear case: this man has all the marks of a thief, a liar, and a glutton." The friends of the accused man were astounded and indignant, and made angry protests, urging their confidence in their master, who was, they declared, the pride of Greece, a man in high honor everywhere in the land. The student of faces, however, stood by his first decision and declared, "His face tells a different story." Then Socrates spoke: "The stranger has told the truth. The faults which he has diagnosed and uncovered are all mine by nature; they are the innate, inbred, constitutional defects and tendencies of my early life, against which I have had to wage a daily and nightly warfare. He has presented to you the Socrates whom the evil deities would be glad to have prevail. But the daemon whom I am trying to follow, my guardian spirit, the better spirit whom I am striving to keep in command of me, and to keep in charge of my ambitions and my life, he is trying to develop and make immortal the better Socrates whom my disciples follow and whom my friends cherish with affection." This incident and these utterances, it seems to us, fitly chime in with the teachings of Saint Paul, although, of course, the latter uses a verbiage of his own, calling into his service the terms—as opposing phrases—flesh, spirit; the law of sin and death, the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus; the law of the mind, the law of the members; and still other terms with which he pictures the conflict which goes on in the soul.

Of course the word "flesh" in Paul's usage of that term does not mean simply the human body or the appetites lodged in it. The word is used, as the terms world and worldliness, to suggest the

composite forces which are arrayed in the world against the human soul and its best interests, the powers of darkness which oppose the authority and sway of Jesus Christ in the human heart and in the universe around us. In our modern phraseology the forces on the one side may be indicated as the human conscience enlightened and energized by the gospel, the lofty ideals which ennoble and purify the imagination, the strengthened will-power which accompanies the reign of our Lord in the world, the new examples created by the regenerating power of the Spirit, and the wooing influences of the Spirit himself as he strives with men to win them into the path of obedience; these on one hand, and on the other side, in opposition, illicit passions, carnal incitements, a perverted imagination fraught with vicious enticements, a soul demoralized in manifold ways by sin, the personal ministry of Satan, and a moral nature deceived, imbruted, divided, and in part unhinged. Here we have the warring elements of the conflict which we have but dimly outlined. No man, indeed, has thus far fathomed its depths or unraveled its intricacies, although Bunyan in his account of the Siege of Mansoul portrays some of the phases of the campaign in his marvelous style.

Some masters of fiction have done effective service in this field. Edgar Allan Poe, for instance, in one of his weirdest tales portrays the tragic history of William Wilson, one of his fancied characters, whom he allows to tell his adventures in autobiographic fashion. As a lad he was self-willed, capricious, a prey to the wildest passions. He chanced to meet in his school life his counterpart even in name; a lad of higher mold and stronger virtue and more commanding type, who in the narrative turns up from time to time to give a word of warning, to whisper an admonition, and to arraign the reckless youth and, if possible, stay him in his mad career. At last, after years of waywardness, the first William Wilson in mortal combat meets his rebuking, counseling, pleading rival and counterpart, and slays him with the sword. Then, upon looking in the mirror, he finds that it is his own self, apparently, who has received the mortal wound, his own features which are contorted with dying agonies, his own body which has been smitten unto death. Horrified, he turns once more to get a view of the

silent, motionless body on the floor, and there he finds his own body, face, form—while the lips unclose and cry out, "You have conquered, and I yield; yet henceforth thou also art dead—dead to the World, to Heaven, to Hope! In me didst thou exist, and in my death, see by this image, which is thine own, how utterly thou hast murdered thyself!"

Thus Poe—who might be taken as the victim of his own plot—pictures the crime of self-murder that comes when a man starves out or maims or otherwise destroys his better self, his conscience, his moral ideal, which God has made to shine before the inner eye in order to arouse aspiration, awaken noble ambitions, and portray to a man what sort of a life he should lead!

Striking as is this picture by Poe, however, it remained for Robert Louis Stevenson to produce the masterpiece of this sort of fiction in his matchless novel, The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. He lays the scene in London and brings to view first the attractive and seemingly noble character of Dr. Henry Jekyll, a professor, a man of high attainments in medicine, an experimenter in psychology, with a good name, admiring friends, and widely known for kindness and fidelity. And yet this man had been leading a double life, although hiding his excesses with great skill even from his closest intimates, who deemed him a type of honor, wholesome manhood, and high ideals. In his life of duplicity he would work for weeks assiduously at his profession, and then would be missing for a time from his home and office while he was engaged in dissipation and vice, but in both aspects he was a torment to himself as he realized more and more how vile and faithless he was. Meanwhile he began a series of experiments which finally enabled him to change his own body at will for another—an outward framework fitted for a career of vice and self-indulgence. Into this body he would project himself when his sensual appetites became masterful and the routine of an outwardly semivirtuous life became intolerable. This, therefore, is the plot of the story. In one form this man was Dr. Henry Jekyll, a pattern of dignity and excellence, without an apparent blemish, engaged daily in his laboratory and in ministering to the poor, and holding fellowship with his friends, and held in esteem by the

whole community. That was one side of this strange dual character. Then the scene would change, and Edward Hyde, the counterpart of this composite being, would appear—a dwarfish, snarling creature, the suitable tenement for a soul that had become bestialized, demonized, lost! In this form the man committed all manner of excesses, became a murderer and outlaw, hid from the police, and went through desperate adventures in carrying on his dual life, back and forth, through a long period. In due time he found it more and more difficult to make the change from one body to the other; his drugs failed to work; and at last he found his program failed altogether: he could not change himself back from the outlandish shape of Mr. Hyde into the courtly and elegant form of Professor Jekyll. He had become naturalized in his infernal environment. In advance of that crisis he had passed again and again through the narrowest chance of disgraceful detection before he could make the change. It is in the quick passage from one phase of his nature to the other embodied aspect that the extraordinary dramatic skill of the novelist appears. We venture to aver that nothing equal to this phase of the novel has ever before been written in this vein.

Behold, in the story, the benevolent and industrious Dr. Jekyll, his presence winsome, his face the seat of noble emotions, his personality stamped with refinement, culture, and kindness. That is one picture. He goes to the laboratory, swallows his drugs, goes through his contortions, and emerges—what is this creature, this contorted, brutish form, this snapping, stunted, broken thing, half-maniac, half-devil, the incarnation of hate, vice, appetite, and passion? What hideous being is it that now has taken the place of the friend of the poor, the helper of humanity, Dr. Henry Jekyll? Ugliness, moral deformity, bestiality, all these had existed in the soul of this man, but now they come out in the body, and Edward Hyde now appears as the embodiment of a forlorn and hideous devotee of all manner of iniquities!

At last the finale of this tragedy comes when in Dr. Jekyll's room Edward Hyde is found, in the agonies of death, a suicide. He had lost the power to change himself back into his better form; *he had been Edward Hyde so often and so long that he could not*

be anything else! And in that horrible climax is lodged one of the inevitable lessons of the story. Let a man give play to his worse nature and allow it to tyrannize over him, let him permit his worse self to reign, and he will go from bad to worse, and in due time the power to live as Dr. Jekyll lived will perish within him and there remain only the power to wallow and glut and perish.

In addition to the practical lessons already evolved in the discussion there are others which speak for themselves, and in addition two which should be stressed: 1. There are, for instance, some heroic and noble possibilities of character and achievement suggested by the conception of a dual personality wrapped up within each one of us. That is, the better part of the man, the ideal partner, the godlike personality, rather than the monstrous element in the case, may be developed in splendid mastery. William James, of Harvard, the greatest psychologist of our time, has a hint bearing on the matter just here. In a remarkable article, written shortly before his death, he showed that there are subconscious depths to the soul which are sounded and developed only in emergencies; capacities for exertion, for suffering, for heroism, of which we never become cognizant except in presence of some unforeseen crisis; then the hidden strength, the gifts that have lain dormant, the powers that have until then been asleep, suddenly come into play—as in the case of the fireman in his work; the soldier in the battle; the surgeon in the very crisis of a dangerous operation, facing something altogether uncontemplated and never treated by him before; the poet conscious of an extraordinary afflatus; or an orator spurred by his quickened emotions, or the situation in which he finds himself, or the rapt feelings of his audience, to a mastery of his powers and his materials never known by him in other hours. Then the long-hidden, higher, abler, larger self becomes emergent, to win its never-before-won victory!

The lesson here suggested is clear: Be not satisfied with the large things already done; prepare for bigger things yet to be achieved, nobler trophies yet to be captured. Give your larger self a chance from time to time! Thus you may once in a while give your hidden faculties, your subconscious powers, their chance for a liberty and a flight they have never known before.

2. The Bible has many illustrations of this duplex nature from which we may take both instruction and warning. How full of side lights is, for example, the career of Solomon. So full of beauty in his youth, a model of modesty, in due time the wisest of his time, the heir of a vast empire, aware of magnificent opportunity, cultivating aspirations after piety, the favor of the Almighty, and true wisdom—how noble is the picture. That is the Solomon we admire and would emulate in our visions. But behold him in the companion picture, when the other part of his nature is in the ascendancy. He has gathered his multifarious harem about him, has sold himself into the service of strange gods, has turned from the worship of Jehovah and gone after the deities of Tyre and Sidon and Moab and Damascus, and as thus the shadows of a lost eternity gather about him, and his life goes out in the darkness, we may well be admonished by the pictures thus flashed upon the canvas to consider what awful capacities for a dual life there are lodged in the heart of man!

John Foster, the great English writer and thinker, in dealing with this theme of a divided, warring, baffled soul, torn with the conflicting elements within him, once wrote this prayer for himself in such a situation, and for other smitten and needy ones in the crisis of the battle. Let the petition serve our needs as we draw this treatment of a great theme to an end:

O Holy Spirit, infuse into the convictions which thou hast presented to me, and into the motives which are present to play upon my judgment and my will, thine own omnipotence. Here is a solemn consideration which glimmers in my mind: make it lighten. Here are the motives which thou hast sent: but there is something between them and me. O make them break in upon me. Here is a languid, unavailing strife of the better principles against an overpowering force. O arm these principles with all that there is in heaven which belongs to them, and then my deadly oppressors will be drawn away. Here is a wretched, corrupted nature, averse to all that is good. O lay thy new-creating hand upon it, and it shall be forever thine!

Jesse Bowman Young

FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE

To-day we reached Bâle, and I am thinking of Nietzsche. Yonder is the university to which he came as a young professor, where he served for ten years and which pensioned him when ill health caused him to resign. Here is the house in which his mental coruscations began to assume definiteness, and upon these streets he walked with abstract gaze and open notebook. People who knew him say that he was reserved and proud and sensitive. I am thinking to-night of Nietzsche, and in my reverie his career unrolls before me.

There was a time when a man of personality and power could stand in the midst of the stream of men's affairs and by sheer determination or great ability halt the current for a moment or send it into a kind of hesitating whirlpool. Especially was it so if his voice or philosophy was not in accord with orthodox religion. Mill and Schopenhauer and Heine and Darwin were events, not individuals; because of which the march of the race hesitated and parleyed before continuing in its former course. But the day is past when open unbelief or honest doubt or philosophic speculation can stampede the church or its adherents. There are always questioners and deniers giving voice to mental creations, but nowadays the wise world barely notices them and does not lose a single step. Of those who thus have failed none has been more pitifully noteworthy than Friedrich Nietzsche. His life was as a summer's day which opened with sunshine and the sweet promise of blessing to things that wanted to grow, but which became cloudy, and misty, and destructive with its storm. One cannot but weep as he contemplates the proud and brilliant youth, with the light shining fully upon him, turning aside from the tried course and losing himself in a wilderness of egoistic vagaries. He had power, even genius, and had he chosen to be constructive he could have attained a rare place and a happiness which he did not secure. But somewhere in his youth an influence twisted and tortured his life, distorting perspective and clouding disposition.

It is difficult to believe that he was normal. It is easier to

believe that either his use of drugs or his overwhelming egotism gave his mind that turn which made him eccentric in thought and manner. Sometimes, too, a subject of study is pursued with attention to but one of its phases, with the result that this assumes undue proportions and, with a youth especially, so enlists approval that he finds his entire life in the grip of a philosophy which he cannot escape. One cannot say what caused the child of two generations of clergymen, on the side both of his father and of his mother, to lose his early faith and to become a violent opponent of Christianity. It was unfortunate that his brother died in infancy, for until Nietzsche went away to school his companionship was almost exclusively with his mother, grandmother, two aunts, and a sister. He was also left much to himself, and the boy became sensitive, introspective, and devoted to music and poetry. At fourteen years of age he became a scholar at Pforta, a school almost cloisteral in its somber regulations and quiet. He was here for six drab years, during which he steeped himself in Byron and Schiller and meditated wonderingly upon the higher criticism taught by two of his professors. He kept a diary, and in it one follows the development of some phases of his mentality: the intensifying of his morbidness, his self-scrutiny, and his pride. When twenty years of age he entered the University of Bonn and for some months gave himself to the riot and wickedness of reckless student life. He soon turned from it with disgust, but the marks of sin and doubt had been made and the man of twenty-one found himself so disturbed in his beliefs as to be unable to partake of the communion. After a year at Bonn he went to Leipsic, where he heard Ritschl and Curtius and became fascinated with Schopenhauer. From this time his separation from Christianity was complete.

At the early age of twenty-five Nietzsche became professor in the university of Bâle, giving his inaugural lecture in May, 1869. During the twenty years following he produced more than a dozen volumes, mostly upon philosophical subjects. In 1879 he resigned his professorship because of ill health and thenceforward became a wanderer in various parts of Central Europe. He never married, although he twice sought to do so and was two

times refused. He had not the faculty of making friends, and the lack of them increased his morbid sensitiveness. In January, 1889, he went violently mad. He imagined himself to be immensely rich, or the king of Italy, or God, and in 1900 he died at Weimar.

It is difficult to analyze the writings of Nietzsche, certainly not easy to express his philosophy in small compass. He seldom wrote connectedly, and he delighted in the aphorism. He often wrote before his ideas were fully matured and never hesitated to change his opinions. When a student in the university he discovered that Theognis, a Greek poet, used the words "good" and "bad" in the sense of aristocrat and plebeian. It was a suggestive thought to Nietzsche which fixed itself in his mind and later caused him to inquire, "Under what circumstances and conditions did men invent the valuations good and evil?" In seeking an answer he observed that mankind has always been divided into two classes: those who have and those who have not, the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, the well and the sick. There has always been a struggle between these two classes; the one class seeking to retain what they have and the other class trying either to dispossess the fortunate or to discover treasures of power for themselves. In this warfare the strong have called themselves and their actions "good" and have named the weak and their actions "bad." Each class of people formulated a moral code which justified their course of life and condemned that of the other class. The moral code, therefore, was a weapon in class warfare, a warfare that had Power as its real object.

Nietzsche does not believe that the love of life is the chief motive of organic being, as do most thinkers. He finds the deepest motive to be "the will to power," the desire of a man to increase his feeling of power. And the two moral codes are named by him as master morality and slave morality. Since they affect conduct he considers it a matter of utmost practical importance to discover which produces the better type of men. He unhesitatingly pronounces in favor of master morality, and with equal emphasis declares that slave morality should be destroyed. It is here that he comes into conflict with Christianity and democracy, because

both favor the development of slave morality. The moral code of Christianity is that of the weak and burdened and commonplace, not that of the strong and self-sufficient and dominant. Therefore it does not encourage the growth of a desirable type of man, and it should be destroyed. He discovers that Christianity is simply a scheme of the physiologically inferior people to protect themselves. They devised this standard to suit and to protect their own inferiority; appealed to fear and reward as motives, crowning all by the invention of the doctrine of eternal life; thereby luring "all the bungled and botched, all revolting and revolted people, all abortions, the whole of the refuse and offal, over to its side." Looking at the human products of Christianity, he finds no word strong enough for its condemnation. Christianity destroyed Greek and Roman culture and power just as they were ready to make the race glorious. Instead of man exalting strength and dominion he is encouraged by Christianity to adopt the soft policy of love and meekness and peace. The system protects the weak and lets them live; blesses the meek and persecuted; condemns the man who is high-spirited, who dominates by his power. The result is a dethronement of greatness and the elevation of mediocrity. As he thinks of this Nietzsche says of Christianity, "I call it the one immortal blemish of mankind." In like manner he denounces democracy for its foolish encouragement of the lower classes. He finds that men are not equal, and all statements concerning equality and liberty and fraternity are intoxicating battle cries intended to enlist the masses against Power. There must always be masters and slaves; there must be slaves in order that there can be masters, and there must be masters if the race is to advance. Democracy seeks to do away with social differences, and in so doing destroys the world's one chance of being enriched by the noble, wise, and strong.

All this has been pointing to Nietzsche's fetish and shibboleth, the Superman. He borrowed the term from Goethe and made it the conjuring word of his philosophy. He would have the race always look toward and seek the Superman. Man can and must transcend what he now is. As the ape appears to man now, so will man appear to Superman; and Nietzsche's continuous appeal is

for man to spend everything and sacrifice anything in order to create the Superman. This is the main argument in Nietzsche's philosophy; and the most cursory of his readers will agree that he is not a logician, that he does not write consistently, and that his conclusions are not supported. His philosophy is based upon the unverified declaration that morality has no permanent standard, and he is obliged to assume that man invented all valuations of good and evil. Any reasons for this belief must be *a priori,* and if it be thus examined one immediately sees its weakness. For our knowledge of morals from the earliest times to the present shows that the decrees were most incisively applied to the persons who are supposed to have invented them. If, as Nietzsche says, the moral code is a weapon of warfare to be used against an enemy, it surely would not be so inexorable with its friends, the inventors.

It is not possible for anyone to say what the dominant motive of organic life is, but there are few persons who will agree with Nietzsche that it is the desire for power. In the face of the evidence for the theory that the basal motive is the support of life, Nietzsche's statement is little less than a dogmatic declaration. His opposition to Christianity is based upon misconceptions. He finds that its morals are those of the infirm and unfit and that they tend to preserve an inferior race. He fails to take account of moral courage and moral strength, he has no idea of valuing the heroism of the spirit. He is unable to get far under the skin of man, and therefore his ideal is the Greek or Roman. That Christian morals were devised by the physically inferior is gratuitous. He is especially unfriendly to Paul; and while it is true that Paul was small of stature, and had a "thorn in the flesh," he yet lived to a good age and was able to give a proper account of himself against beasts, hunger, wrecks, and vengeful men. Clearly he is not to be despised for his intellect; and so far as one knows, the other early Christians were not inferior men, but, as shown in the writings of those who wrote, were leaders in their times. Nietzsche's idea that Christianity tends to promote a weak race is justified only when he notes a single function of its work and neglects to attach value to its other elements. Of a truth it values human life and does try to prevent suffering and death. It has created a sentiment

which forbids the Tarpeian rock, the arena, the river, and the caves. But alongside this is the fact that the length of life has increased under Christianity, that it has encouraged medicine and its related sciences, that on behalf of chastity and temperance, the two best angels of physical excellence, its voice is like thunder.

Nietzsche did not expect his doctrines concerning democracy to be any more acceptable than his ideas of Christianity, but his reason therefor is not sound, namely, that people are too wedded to pleasing notions to be willing to accept the truth. The real reason for his views lies in his failure properly to understand what democracy is. Of course, all people are not created equal, and democracy is not based upon such an idea. It is, however, rooted in the belief that there are certain rights which should be possessed by all. Nietzsche is wrong in thinking there must be slaves in order to have masterly men. Nietzsche's thought that mental powers are transmissible by heredity led him astray. But it is only another instance where he ignores facts in his pursuit of a theory. Wherein, then, lies the strength of Nietzsche? In three or four things. The term Superman, around which his theories revolve and which he opportunely emphasizes, is striking, appealing, and suggestive. His loud call for a better type of man, for a saner appreciation of parenthood, for rational and applied eugenics, is noble and timely. Futhermore, Nietzsche is a master of choice language and of frequent epigram. Much of his "Thus Spake Zarethustra" has been likened to the book of Proverbs. A great deal of the beauty of his language is lost in translation, yet even in English he delights those who can forget some of his sentiments. Finally, I think the tragedy of his life invests his writings with an interest which they would not otherwise have. It has always been "Poor Keats!" and we read him with tears. So it is "Poor Nietzsche!" as we gaze upon the broken silver cord, see the fragments of the pitcher at the well, and hear the mourners as they go about the streets.

Carl F. Dowey

THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY

The greatest among all the doctrines of the Christian faith is the doctrine of the Trinity. As Fuji San towers above all the other mountains of Japan, so the doctrine of the Trinity towers above all the other Christian doctrines. As the grace and glory of all the mountains and hills in Japan are gathered up in Fuji San, so the grace and glory of all the doctrines of the Christian faith are gathered up in the doctrine of the Trinity. All thinking Christian people constantly should find it a welcome task to explore more profoundly this great, comprehensive Christian doctrine.

1. In every discussion of the doctrine of the Trinity there are certain crude mistaken attitudes toward the doctrine as a whole which must be cleared away. A few words are sufficient to remove them.

To some the Christian doctrine of the Trinity is simply a blank mystery, and the blank mysteriousness is a sufficient argument against its reality. At least the mysteriousness prevents them from accepting the doctrine with any heartiness. But all the facts of life are so mysterious when we begin to think deeply about them that we should surely expect greater mystery when we begin to penetrate deeply to the source of all life. The simple fact is that the Christian doctrine of the Trinity is no more mysterious than a thousand common things all about us which we constantly accept as true. There is, for instance, no blanker mystery possible to conceive than the interaction of mind and matter. But it is a common fact of our daily psychology that mind and matter do interact. To others the doctrine of the Trinity is much worse than a mystery—it is a contradiction. No thinking man can accept a contradiction as true. But there is no contradiction in the Christian doctrine of the Trinity. The Christian faith does not try to say that three persons are one person or that three gods are one god. It says that there are three persons in one God. There is no contradiction in such a statement. There is no contradiction in saying that there are three divine personalities in one divine organism, or in calling that divine organism one God.

But the mistaken attitude toward the doctrine of the Trinity which is perhaps most common among Christian people is the feeling that the doctrine is a burden on Christian belief; a doctrine which must be accepted as true, but it is impossible to be understood and impossible to be appreciated, and it is a drag on other Christian beliefs. It forms a dark and impenetrable thicket in the otherwise sun-clear fields of Christian belief. This feeling causes many Christian people to dislike and shun the doctrine of the Trinity. It is a totally and sadly mistaken attitude and feeling. The doctrine of the Trinity is not only not a burden, it is an illuminating help in the understanding and acceptance of the whole range of Christian belief. It lights up and gives a meaning to whole stretches of Christian truth and Christian fact and it makes it possible to accept as true most important Christian truths which would otherwise vanish into impossibilities. As we shall see later, the eternal love of God itself, without which the Christian religion would lose all its supreme and distinctive glory, is logically incomprehensible without the doctrine of the Trinity. Not only is it an illuminating help in distinctive Christian theology, but the Christian conception of a Triune God goes outside Christian theology and helps to solve a great problem in philosophical theism.

The statement so often made that the doctrine of the Trinity is an outworn thing, belonging to the seventeenth or thirteenth century more properly than to the twentieth, is an ignorant fling at the doctrine. Equally ignorant and superficial is the contention that the doctrine was constructed in the interests and in the atmosphere of speculation and has no vital relation to actual Christian experience. The doctrine sprang directly out of the new religious experience that the New Testament established in the hearts of men. When men began to enter into religious relationship with Jesus Christ as Saviour, that revolutionary relationship brought new and startling facts into their religious consciousness and into their thought about God. The doctrine of the Trinity is simply the attempt of Christian men to think their way through these new and startling facts and to bring them into harmony with their previous monotheistic conception of God. The doctrine of the

Trinity does not belong to any particular century and it is not built up on nonreligious speculation, but is the natural effort to think clearly and consistently the facts of Christian experience.

2. The doctrine of the Trinity is commonly thought to be purely a Christian affair. It is commonly thought that the doctrine was built up and is now maintained in order to meet the exigencies of the Christian revelation and has no meaning outside the distinctively Christian realm of thought and belief. This may be true historically, but at the same time there is an interesting line of argument in philosophical theism itself which leads straight to a demand which is met perfectly by the Christian conception of a Triune God, and met in no other way. In other words, the Christian doctrine of the Trinity solves perfectly a difficult problem in the philosophy of theism. The line of argument is something like this:

In distinction from pantheism, theism demands that God be an absolute, and, therefore, independent, Personality. Such a God cannot depend upon the world for the elements of his essential life. If God is not complete in himself, if he does depend upon the world for the essential elements of his own existence, then the world is an eternally necessary part of God—and we have passed from theism into the philosophical and ethical bog of pantheism. Knowledge and love and moral experience are three essential elements in complete personal life. The full theistic conception of God as a perfect Personality is the conception of a being who possesses the attribute of knowledge as an eternal attribute and in whom the ideal of moral perfection is realized. But these elements of complete personal life all require the distinction between subject and object. This is not a speculative requirement only, but a practical requirement which any one's common sense can readily recognize as a fact. If God is a solitary Person, it is impossible for us to conceive how he could have knowledge or love or moral life in actual experience apart from the world. There is room perhaps for argument over the possibility of a single solitary person possessing the attribute and experience of knowledge. By a verbal shuffle we may say that such a solitary person could know himself. But no verbal shuffling will make it possible for us to

conceive how a solitary person can love. Our whole ethical idea of what love is is outraged by such a thought. And no actual moral life could be possible to a single solitary person. As Professor Bowne says, "The nature of the moral life implies community and has no meaning for the absolutely single and only. Love without an object is nothing. Justice has no meaning except between persons. Benevolence is impossible without plurality and community."

The Christian conception of a Triune God, a Godhead in which there is a community of Persons, perfectly solves this theistic difficulty. With the Christian conception of God knowledge and love are eternally possible in God himself and the ideal of moral perfection is eternally realized in God. God is thus not dependent upon the world for the perfection of his essential life. The totality of personal life is possible and actual in the Triune Godhead. The only other alternative is pantheism, in which God finds the eternal and necessary object for his knowledge and love and moral experience in the world. The unitarian conception of God is the one conception which is utterly impossible in clear thought.

This leads us to an interesting reflection on the relationship between the Christian conception of a Triune God and the modern extraordinary emphasis on the social element in our personal and moral and religious life. The modern change of emphasis from the individualistic to the social phase of human life is tremendous. We have come clearly to see that the completion of personal and moral and religious life is not possible along individualistic lines alone. The community is being given its rightful place alongside the individual. The social consciousness and the racial organism are recognized as actualities. How does all this modern extraordinary social emphasis color our conception of God the perfect Source of all life? Is there any possible way to fit this new realization of the profound social meaning of life into the unitarian conception of an eternal single solitary divine Person? How can we conceive of such a God as the Source and perfect Pattern of our intensely social and profoundly racial life? Such a unitarian conception of God has no possible relation to the personal and

moral and religious ideals of our life and no possible relation to the intricate and profound and essential social interlacing of our actual life. It is a thoroughly closet-made conception of God and morally and religiously cold and barren. A modern man who feels the race-blood in his veins, who feels the social tug in his heart, whose supremest joy is the joy of being a part of a racial organism, cannot but shudder at the unitarian conception of a solitary God. But the Christian man who worships the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost and who is lost in the contemplation of the wonder of the ineffable fellowship of the Triune community in the eternal Godhead—he knows that all the profound social implications of life, and all the high social ideals and aspirations of life, and all the dim persistent longing after the perfected social joy of a perfected community to come, all find their perfect Source and perfect Pattern in God himself. The Christian man knows that the imperative ethical law which drives him out of himself into the fellowship of the community is not a temporary and arbitrary thing, but a law grounded in the divine Fundament of all life.

3. But though the Christian doctrine of the Trinity thus helps to solve a problem in philosophical theism and meets the modern emphasis on the essentially social character of life, still the doctrine is distinctively a Christian doctrine and the real argument for the truth of the doctrine should be found in the facts of the Christian religion. It was constructed to fit the facts of the Christian revelation. The Christian argument for the doctrine of a Triune God may be stated as follows:

There is a threefold revelation of God in the Bible. The natural explanation of this threefold revelation is that there is back of the revelation a corresponding threefold distinction in the Godhead. This is but a general argument and does not reach the heart of the matter. The profound peculiarity of the Christian religion is its revelation of the costly sacrifice of God himself for our redemption. It is this redeeming love of God, a love which actually caused God himself to suffer for man, it is this utterly amazing love of God which gives to the Christian religion its supreme motive power in reaching and revolutionizing the hearts

of men. But all the costly sacrifice of God, all the redeeming love of God, all the suffering of God for men revealed in the Christian religion, are all revealed in Christ. When we try to set forth the redeeming love of God we set forth Christ, and when we think with our broken hearts of the suffering of God for our sakes, we think of the suffering of Christ. It is all concentrated and revealed there in Christ. But this loses all coherence and all meaning if we separate Christ from God. If Christ be outside the Godhead, then there has been no actual revelation of the redeeming love of God and no actual suffering of God for men. It is all second hand. And second hand love and sacrifice and suffering are meaningless and leave our hearts cold. If we wish to keep the profound peculiarity of the Christian religion we must put Christ inside the Godhead.

This leads us straight to the heart of the matter, to the supreme argument for the doctrine of the Trinity, to the real reason why the doctrine of the Trinity was ever constructed and why it is maintained. It is to find somewhere in the realm of existence a proper and permanent place for Jesus Christ the Saviour. In the first place, Jesus Christ is a person in himself. He is not the shadow of another personality with no personality of his own. He is not a temporary person who lived out his day and vanished. Surely when we come up against Jesus Christ we come up against a distinct, complete, permanent personality. No more distinct, complete personality can be found in history. But in the second place we know that Jesus Christ in his fundamental being is not a man like other men. We know that he lived an actual human life, but we know just as surely that in his fundamental being he does not belong in our class. His moral perfection, his redemptive work, and his own consciousness of his person and mission put him outside of our humanity. In our actual Christian experience and actual Christian life we Christians do not treat Jesus Christ as a man. We cannot treat him as a man and not utterly violate our whole Christian thought and feeling. Even those who hesitate to put him in the Godhead treat him as though he belonged there. The only consistent solution of the problem made by these two facts—that Jesus Christ is a permanent person in himself and that

he is not a man—is to find a personal place for him in the Godhead. We cannot put him inside our humanity. If we try to put him there theoretically we cannot do it practically. And it is no help to put him among the angels or archangels. And we cannot let the personality of Jesus Christ the Saviour vanish or be swallowed up in the solitary personality of Jehovah. The only possible solution is to find in the Godhead a community of Persons and to know that Jesus Christ the Saviour is one of those Persons. It will be no permanent help to find in the Godhead a distinction of "modes" or "principles" or any other impersonal distinctions. Our Saviour is not a mode or principle or any other impersonal thing, but a personality in himself. Who is a personality if he is not? We must find a personal place for him in the Godhead. Thus the Christian doctrine of the Trinity was made and thus it is maintained. Christian men built the great doctrine of the Trinity that the Saviour might at last have a place to lay his head.

4. The chief Christian difficulty in the doctrine of the Trinity is to bring it into harmony with the monotheistic conception of God. Monotheism is embedded in the fundamental theology of the Christian religion and cannot be torn out. The rigid monotheism of the Old Testament was inherited by the early church and it is part of the warp and woof of the Christian faith. But, practically, does the Christian doctrine of the Trinity violate any real monotheistic demand?

From the philosophical standpoint the monotheistic demand is that the universe must have a unitary first cause. The universe is found to be by science and philosophy alike profoundly and essentially a unitary organism. The philosophical argument is that such a universe could not come from a plurality of causes, but must come from a unitary causal ground. This demand of philosophical monotheism is met in the Christian doctrine of the Trinity in the fact that the will of the Father is the supreme originating will of the Godhead. Though the Son and the Holy Ghost are coeternal and coequal with the Father in the divine attributes, yet the clear revelation of the New Testament is that the Father is Father and his will is supreme and original in the Godhead. In the Christian conception of the Triune Godhead there is no pos-

sibility for conflicting wills, and so no violation of the monotheistic demand for a unitary first cause.

From the religious standpoint the monotheistic demand is that our total worship shall go in one direction and that there shall be no creature worship in our religious thought and feeling. Neither phase of this demand is violated in the slightest in the Christian doctrine of the Trinity. No member of the Trinity is a creature. The three divine Persons are coeternal and equally divine, and there is no trace of creature worship. And when we worship the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost our worship is not confused and it is not scattered in three directions. The moral entanglement of the three divine Persons is so absolute that our worship has no element of divided loyalty when we worship the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. For two thousand years Christian people have been worshiping three divine Persons. Yet there is no distraction or divided loyalty in that worship. It is a profoundly unitary worship. Judged thus pragmatically, the religious demand in monotheism is met perfectly in the Christian conception of a Triune God.

The reason why the Christian conception of a Triune God does not violate any philosophical or religious monotheistic demand is because the three divine Personalities have never been considered to be three divine individuals. They have always been considered to be one individual God—that is, a God who cannot be divided without losing his identity. The early church said that the three divine Personalities were one substance. The word substance has become a worn-out term in our philosophical thinking, and we must use another. The three divine Personalities form one organism. They are so fastened together in their essential fundamental nature that they together form one organism—an organism so absolute and so unitary that the Persons forming the organism could not exist apart from each other. It is a unity not merely of the will of the divine Personalities, but a unity in the underlying plan of their existence. That profound and essential unity of the organism makes God one God. And still there are the three divine Persons, each a distinct complete Personality. So in the Godhead there is an ineffable personal fellowship, an eternal per-

sonal intercommunion. Thus the Christian doctrine of the Trinity makes it possible for us to think that the fundament of all being is not selfish and individualistic, but ethical and social. And there in that personal life inside the Godhead we have a place for Jesus Christ the Saviour. And the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation is not just a beautiful sham, a mere play on words. The Incarnation is an actual event because there was Some One in the Godhead who could be incarnate. The coming of the Son of God into the world was an actual event because there was a Son of God to come.

When a man becomes a Christian he opens his heart and his conscience and his will wide toward his Saviour. He loves the Saviour and he obeys the Saviour and he follows the Saviour. Because of the doctrine of the Trinity a Christian man also can let his mind loose toward his Saviour. Because of the doctrine of the Trinity a Christian man need not be afraid to think about his Saviour. He need not fear that if he peers behind his Saviour he may find him to be a piece of our humanity or that he may, far worse, find him vanishing into the shadow of another personality or degraded into a mode or principle. Because of the doctrine of the Trinity a Christian man can always see back of his Saviour the Godhead Home from which he came.

RELIGION AND IRRELIGION IN WAGNER'S OPERA

When Richard Wagner consummated his artistic career as an advocate of Buddhism and Vegetarianism he cast a spell of mildness over an æsthetico-religious system which in its day had fed on stronger food, as it had also expressed something more ferocious. Would his Siegfried have enjoyed the vegetable menu could he have been converted to the amiable doctrine of Nirvana? Swords and love-potions, fire and the dragon, were the favorite impedimenta of Wagner's earlier art, and it was only at a later period, with its twilight reflectiveness, that Wagner thought to introduce the motives and moments of Oriental passivism. Yet both the wild, Germanic "yes-saying" and the calm Hindu "no-saying" have their place in the complete Wagner; these are its positive and negative poles. Wagner was never wanting in a certain kind of Oriental pessimism, with its quieting effects, just as he never wholly freed his art from the barbaric and willful peculiar to the primitive German. In this manner Wagner was ever the religionist, ever the irreligionist, although it was the passivism of religion which was destined to preside over the finalities of his musical art.

At this point the Wagnerite is likely to hear a protest from the music-loving, Wagner-loving grand-opera subscriber who has the feeling that Wagner had no philosophy of religion at all. These semi-Wagnerites are content to enjoy their Wagner as a music-maker, scene-framer, and poetaster; they will indeed heed now and then the oft-recurring leitmotif and contemplate the superb scenery, but they warn us that we must not be so pedantic as to read ideas into the *mise-en-scène*. With such Wagnerites the performance is always peripheral, never central; the opera begins and ends with eye and ear; the brain it leaves undisturbed. If Wagner were Verdi, if Wagner had not had his Hegel and his Schopenhauer, if he had not played the part of revolutionist, this naïve interpretation of the master might pass unchallenged. But the case stands otherwise. Wagner was interested in his ideas. Having a profound interest in problems of economics, ethics, and

religion, his genius demanded that these should find their expression in the art of music. For this reason the art of Wagner becomes cerebral and reflective.

Much can be gathered when one reviews the opera of Wagner, as Bernard Shaw has done, from the political point of view. Shaw saw much, too much, in Wagner's musical metapolitics, but this is not to say that Wagner failed to express himself on the subject of the state or that he was not bristling with philosophical ideas. A more comprehensive view of Wagner is made possible when one considers his opera as the opera of religion, for the author of the Ring was ever the *religieux*, and, like many post-Hegelians, he was not averse to entering the theological arena; then, owing to his spiritual organization, Wagner ever felt the need of a Within, a Beyond, an All. Wagner was not always possessed of the same religious mood, yet in the midst of his contradictory states of consciousness the artist never departed from the ideas of pessimism and redemption. Lohengrin and Tannhäuser, Siegfried and Wotan, Tristan and Parsifal, to mention only males, were one in their attitude toward these ideas, even when their specific reactions upon life and their private emotions may have been quite unique. Upon the ideas of striving and suffering, the pessimistic and the soteriological, the Wagnerian system of religion was constructed; that is to say, in other words, Wagner's religion was never ameliorative and social; such sociological secularism, to which we to-day are victims and from which we are called upon to suffer so much bathos, was beneath the genius of Richard Wagner. Sociological dwarfs may prowl about Valhalla, but the æsthetic gods, Villiers de L'Isle Adam, Huysmans, and George Moore, look down upon them from the Rainbow Bridge of Wagnerism.

Wagner as musician composed his Lohengrin and Tannhäuser in charming innocence of theologico-political ideals; far from indulging in the atheism and anarchism which boasts its *ni dieu ni mâitre*, Wagner allots to both God and the magistrate their due part. Moreover, the music is lyrical, for the rash harmonies of the Ring had yet to be sounded. In the case of Tannhäuser it is undeniable that Wagner strikes the note of sinful paganism, but he does not think to sanction the Venus-music which sounds so

strident in the midst of the Pilgrims' Chorus. There is immorality as such, but none of that repudiation of the moral law which at a later period is to constitute the immoralism of Wagner, as it had marked the most characteristic principles of Blake, Beyle, and Emerson. Authoritarian religion is supreme, so that the ideal of Papal pardon consummates the opera, which turns out to be a moralic comedy. Tannhäuser feels the enormity of his sin and in penance craves pardon, while Elizabeth realizes another Christian ideal when she suffers vicarious death for the belated sinner. In Lohengrin likewise did Wagner see fit to indulge in no ideals but those which should be Christian and Catholic. With the king on his throne and God in heaven all is well in the Wagner-world; the king exercises authority, the Deity answers prayer, so that it is a long way from the sweet story of Lohengrin to the career of his father Parsifal; between these two peaks lies the deep valley of irreligion which shelters the tetralogy of the Ring. With the appearance of the Ring it was seen that Wagner could be a revolutionist, that he could use his artistic will to repudiate all law.

In the pursuit of his romantic opera Wagner seems never to have suspected that his characters might not represent Man, but with his acceptance of a certain kind of Hegelianism the artist works under the impression that, so unhumanized is the race, that Man has not yet appeared upon the planet, nor can he come until he wills himself into being. This will-to-humanity is thus the underlying principle of the irreligious philosophy of the Siegfried drama. Up to this time Darwin had not indulged in the scientific wickedness which was to assert that man was only the result of naturalistic forces working in the world. Wagner, however, did not wait for naturalism to show him how man had become man; Wagner's æstheticism led him to see that man was to become Man by his own effort and in opposition to all exteriorizing principles of law, political and moral. Hegelianism and Humanism! There is where Wagner began. Stirner found it necessary to repudiate the Hegelizing attempt to subsume all individuals under one conceptual head, for Stirner seemed to feel that he had gained little by the exchange from the general conception of Divinity to

the equally general notion of Humanity. In the case of Wagner, however, it was not so much the intellectual individuation of the ego as it was the generic expression of humanity which was to become significant in the elaboration of his Siegfried, since Siegfried was to be more of an elemental force than a self-conscious ego. And then, did not Turgénieff, the first of Russian nihilists, employ his Hegelianism to the same end? Wagner longs to see supreme Humanity enter the scene; if this end is to be reached by means of the self-assertion of the individual ego, then egoism shall be the means; but with Wagner individuation plays no such part as with Ibsen; individuation with Wagner is but a means to an end.

To all purposive intent, the Ring is devoted to the decline of Wotan, the representative of the old order, as also to the rise of Siegfried, apostle of the new. Wotan is religion, Siegfried irreligion. Siegfried is not an irreligionist in the sense of one who, having measured the meaning of such institutions as morality, marriage, and property, resolves to repudiate these as impediments to the highest personal development of the individual; Siegfried is an irreligionist after the manner of a primitive who has never thought to assume any religious attitude at all, just as he has overlooked the ethical distinctions which mean so much for the average man. Thus Siegfried knows none of the fear which usually accompanies the act of transgression, while he is singularly devoid of that dramatic conscience which is supposed to make one cowardly. Siegfried is not on this account to be called a "defective"; rather does he appear to be a healthy, happy young man, whose experiences in the woods and instruction at the hands of a dwarf have not been calculated to inculcate that ethical instruction adapted to the youthful mind. Siegfried is social in the sense that he finds bears and birds companionable, while he seems quite anxious to imitate the mating-tendency which he has observed among wolves and warblers. Out of such soul-stuff in the brain of his Siegfried Wagner hoped to make his irreligionist, his atheism.

That the four operas of the Ring were written in reverse order is well known among Wagnerites, but the significance of

this regressive tendency in the development of the *libretti* is not always appreciated. The last thought of the Ring, then, has to do with the religious despair of Wotan, the god, the symbol of religion. It would sound strange indeed if we were to say that, according to Wagner, men are better than gods, especially when we recall that Homer was content to raise men to the height of the divine and reduce the gods to the level of the human in such a manner as to make the reader of the Iliad inquire whether the particular character whose deeds are being recounted is human or divine. In delineating the character of Wotan the religionist, and in leading Wotan to express the fond hope that one higher and stronger than the gods will appear, Wagner is but expressing the social idea that the period of religion in Europe may be followed by something superior in its humanism. In Ibsen, whose Julian the Apostate longs for the coming of the "Third Empire," this same desire to supersede Christianity receives similar treatment. Yet, since Wotan is not at all certain of his ideas, the atmosphere of the Ring is more skeptical than atheistic. Although Wotan never negated the principle of Law, in either its political or ethical form, his action tended to neutralize the work of the Law; so that since he is conscious of what he is doing, as Siegfried was not, Wotan was more Wagnerian than was Siegfried; aye, Wotan is the hero of the Ring! The Ring is a Wotan-drama par excellence. Not until the first and stronger half of the work is completed does Siegfried make his appearance, and then it is by the will of Wotan. In the conspicuous absence of Siegfried from Rheingold and Walküre Wotan attempts certain revisions of the economic and ethical codes which were to mean so little to Siegfried. Yet Wotan did not seek the ultimate repudiation of those laws of private property and personal virtue which he as god had ordained; Wotan simply temporizes and tampers with these laws; and so confused does he become, in the midst of saying "Yes" and "No" at the same time, that there is nothing left for him to do but to resign in favor of Siegfried, become a Wanderer, and wait that "twilight" which shall blur all sharp distinctions and at last afford rest for the weary casuist. Thus it is not the charge of complete irreligion which can be laid at the

door of Wotan at Valhalla; it is rather a skepticism of which he is guilty; for in the "dusk of the gods" neither the light of faith nor the darkness of denial envelops him; rather is it the light-shade of religious uncertainty which gathers about his weary head.

Wagner was of the opinion that the contrast between his Wotan and his Siegfried was none other than the Schopenhauerian conflict between the passive intellect and the active will; others see in the duel of the opposed pair the conflict between the old order and the new. The result is the same, for where the intellect so permeates the fixed law as to make it weak and ineffectual the will breaks the limiting circle and inaugurates the new. Blake saw this when he expressed his preference for the "tigers of wrath" and the "lion" rather than the "horses of instruction" and the "ox"; Emerson likewise knew how to postulate antinomian strength in place of the weakness of conformity; Wagner does no more than they when he makes the "bad" equivalent to the strong, the "good" to the weak. The intellectualizing, law-fearing Wotan seems to stand for the real Wagner, while the volitional, law-ignoring Siegfried can be none other than the would-be Wagner. Now, Rheingold does not offer sufficient socialistic sentiment to encourage a Bernard Shaw, if he ever needs encouragement, to read that libretto in the light of a treatise on economics, although Wagner was not blind to the problem of property when he took up the subject of gold as a matter of private possession. There is also the suggestion of a socialist theory of class-conflict in the giant-proletariat, the dwarf-bourgeois, the god-capitalist, just as there is the further hint that the tool-owning financier holds the lash over the employee, while the working out of the plot, according to which Wotan steals the gold, tends to make Wagner declare, "Property is theft."

But in the midst of these analogies it must not be overlooked that Wagner's interest was not in the giant-proletariat whose labor seems to have entitled them to the much-discussed gold; Wagner's concern is for the Valhalla-builder, the man of culture and religion. According to Wagner's presentation the economic evil does not arise because the wrong people possess the gold, but because

the gold is possessed at all; because it was ever taken from the cool depths of the Rhine. It seems, then, that Wagner is contending for culture against commerce; since the possession of wealth, it matters not by whom, is sure to involve the renunciation of things spiritual, the joy of life, love, art. Wagner is thus upholding the perfection of the individual within rather than the progress of the race without; he is advocating the intensification of the individual in opposition to the extensification of the mass. The Rhine-Maidens warn the greedy man that to have gold is to lose love, while Brunhilde's farewell to the world emphasizes the same lesson; it is love that should rule, not gold which purchases pomp and property. The supremacy of interior life, which the erotic Wagner sees fit to express in the form of the superiority of love, is the most obvious lesson which the study of the Ring can convey. Wotan is not so easily converted to such æstheticism; and yet it must be said in his favor that his original object in seeking the gold was for the purpose of paying the debt on Valhalla, although it is not until the elemental Erda has warned him against the perils of possessing wealth that Donner can clear the financial atmosphere. It is obvious that the laborer has no æsthetic right to the gold, and that because he does not know how to invest it; the giant will build no castle, but will first kill his brother, then turn himself into a dragon who hoards the wealth in a cave. Up to this point the irreligion of Wagner has consisted in nothing more than an august form of spiritual life whose only form of external aggrandizement consists in building a castle of noble proportions. This castle shall be idealized, it shall become a Valhalla; at the same time the consecration of Valhalla is fraught with some suspicion, inasmuch as the edifice is destined to become the seat of law-defying Valkyries and law-breaking Volsungs.

The internal affairs of Valhalla were ethical as the external history of the structure had been economic; to build it Wotan had found it necessary to ignore the principles of property, and to maintain it he was forced to indulge in operations which were inimical to the moral law. The morals of Valhalla, as depicted in Walküre, place the religious Wotan in a light where he seems

to have less and less faith in his inherent self, more and more desire to witness the coming of the Superman who shall be the true Hegelian Humanist, the new Adam, the man of the future. In the delay incident upon organizing the world so that it shall afford a place for the Man, Wotan spends his time in the congenial society of Valkyries and Volsungs; the rays of light which herald the dawning of Siegfried, the true child of the sun. As the Volsungs are Siegfriedlike in their deeds of valor, the Valkyries are significant for their superiority to good and bad. The Valkyries have physical prowess too, but it is their interesting contempt for fixed statutes which seems to make them engaging in the eyes of their father, Wotan. If the Volsung, Siegmund, was naïve in his attitude toward the principles of matrimony and eugenics, the self-conscious immoralism of Brunhilde was calculated to make even a more profound impression upon his perplexed brain. With his world-anxious god, once thwarted, but now flanked by these immoralists, Wagner enters the field of higher casuistry. Like Duns Scotus, the Franciscan, he will contend that the good is good because God wills it, not that God wills it because it is good; or as the Franciscan asserted *voluntas superior est intellectu,* Wagner will contend that the ethical norm reposes in the active will rather than in the passive intellect.

In the religious and would-be irreligious consciousness of Wotan two instincts stand out with painful preeminence: fear and sorrow; from them Wotan cannot be cleansed. Brunhilde, the first of Valkyries, knows neither of these human limitations, so that her counsels are most assuring to Wotan; but the kingdom of the strong can come only as the will of Wotan in heaven is done as a deed on earth. For the purpose of realizing his will-to-power Wotan has begotten and ordained the Volsung Siegmund, but Siegmund is only half a Superman. Complete in courage, which leads him to oppose both his enemies and their moralic laws, he is lacking in the gift of joy; and where he, like his father Wotan, would call himself Joyful, he is so constituted that his brow must bear the stamp of Woeful. Now, the Woeful One cannot inherit the kingdom of power, be he ever so brave; whence the failure of Wotan's Volsung, who falls before the spear of his mean, law-

abiding enemy. Equipped as to hand with a magic sword, Siegmund is not weaponed within, and no amount of love and song can bring to his heart that Wagnerian joy which is supposed to be omnipotent. The ethical principle here involved, while presented quite uniquely by Wagner, is one of the older moral ideals. Known as far back as the days of Aristotle, the ideal may be called "eudæmonistic energism," a doctrine to the effect that pleasure means power. Where a staid psychology informs us that pleasure raises the tone of life, thickens the muscles and swells the veins, Wagner's art advises us that great human work may be performed only under the auspices of great joy. For enjoyment is more than interesting experience; enjoyment is so much energy.

Wotan-Wagner's conception of the ethics of the higher eudæmonism may be gathered from the second act of Walküre, into which Wagner crowds practically all his irreligion. In the first scene this irreligion attempts to combat the traditional morale so readily offered by Wotan's spouse Fricka; in the second this wounded irreligion vainly seeks relief at the hand of the emancipated Brunhilde. Wotan's apology for the incest and adultery of Siegmund may seem somewhat naïve, although it was convincing to the god, who had premised joy and freedom as the categories of his new ethics. Siegmund had done no more than respond to the seductions of springtime, while no law which opposes love may be deemed holy; anyone who, like Fricka, takes an opposed point of view is obviously guided by mere statutes. From her ram-car Fricka insists upon the supremacy of the old statute, while she further points out that the glory of the gods is gone the moment they countenance the new morality. Thus the Fricka who had criticized the economic theories of her husband is no less stringent in her attitude toward his ethics. As for Wotan, his position, paradoxical in itself, is quite clear to his own mind. Siegmund has broken Wotan's own laws, but that is the very thing that Wotan desires; himself unable to transgress his statutes, he longs for the coming of the man who will do the deed which is dear to the gods, even when the gods themselves are unwilling to perform it of their own volition. When the half-gods go the gods may come in.

If Fricka is no *exaltée,* the necessary ethical emancipation will be found in Brunhilde, to whom Wotan turns for furtherance and consolation. What, now, is Wotan's real plight, his essential fault? In the attempt to be candid with himself and with the child who had sprung full-armed from his brain, Wotan makes no confession which shall imply lack of wisdom or virtue, even when his economic and ethical notions seem to show a certain want of intellectual and moral earnestness; Wotan's confession of imperfection is to the effect that he is wanting in freedom and joy; he is of all his creatures *der unfreieste, der trauerigste.* Brunhilde, the *immoraliste,* appreciates her father's plight, but thinks that all problems can be solved, all woes averted, by the simple act of seconding Siegmund in his approaching duel with the grim champion of the old law. If Wotan wants a transgressor he is here—in the hero who held so light the principles of eugenics and ethics; moreover, this hero has the advantage of being one who wills himself. Unfortunately Wotan has not the will to the deed; he confesses that there is a strain of passivism in his blood, whence he is essentially Schopenhauerian and will-less. His Siegmund is only a bit better off for the will-to-power, for his sword is resistless before the touch of Wotan's spear. Even in this victory over irreligion Wotan seems dissatisfied, whence he grimly awaits the coming of one like Siegfried, who, in the quest of his bride, will fear not the point of Wotan's spear. This true transgressor will be the friendly doer, in that he will of himself work out the irreligious deed for which Wotan himself has the wish but not the will.

The banishment of Brunhilde, preluded by the music of the Valkyries' Ride, postluded by superb Fire Music, emphasizes the æsthetic quality in an operatic work whose philosophical ideas are here being analyzed; nevertheless, the art does not overcome the thought. Brunhilde justifies her act in defending Siegmund by pointing out that she was loyal to the wish, if not to the will, of Wotan, and so cogent is her irreligious logic that Wotan consents to her wish that, as a mortal, marriageable woman, she be so fenced with flames that her woes shall be heroic enough to brave the forbidding fire. With the promise of his coming, the freer-than-the-

god, who shall fear neither spear's point nor fire's flame, Brunhilde consents to her fate.

In the midst of this flourish of irreligious arms Wagner refuses to depart from essential principles of religion as such; the Siegfried who is superior to both Siegmund the anxious and Wotan the scrupulous is still religious in that his chief function is that of Redeemer. Siegfried's work, with its signs of strenuosity and ferocity, may be a strange one, but at heart it is a world-deed of redemptive worth, *eine erlösende Weltenthat.* In dramatizing the deed of Siegfried, Wagner may have felt the inherent limitations of the Saga which elsewhere serves his purposes so smoothly, or he may have lacked the mental energy to perfect the character of the man of the future; at any rate, the treatment of Siegfried is far from satisfactory. As Ibsen has little to say about that civilization of the future which is to characterize the "third empire," except that the founder of it comes into being as "the man who wills himself," so Wagner finds it impossible to tell us just what the irreligionist of to-morrow will be like. Siegfried does mend an impossible sword, slay an irresistible dragon, kill a decrepit dwarf, and defy an aged deity; but have these performances anything of the world-redemptive about them? It is admitted that the same Siegfried was not wanting in spiritual qualities, for he could learn the language of birds, was contemptuous of gold, was "large of love and lacking in malice." At this point the Messianic vision of Isaiah seems more august, more authentic. With the spirit of counsel and might, with a girdle righteous and faithful, the Messiah so smites the earth as to tame lion and leopard, pluck the fangs from asp and adder, and establish a kingdom of peace and power.

In departing from Christianity Wotan is ever nearer Buddhistic nihilism. After the banishment of Brunhilde, Wotan is no longer a worker, but only an onlooker in the world-scene; when Siegfried breaks his sword the annihilation is complete, and the god's only concern is how to grapple with the metamalaria of care. As for Siegfried, in casting about for those exploits which shall authenticate his character as irreligious Superman he is as much the Wanderer as Wotan himself. Was Wagner beginning to feel

that the cause of anti-Christian irreligion was lost before it was won? His Siegfried can think of nothing better than hunting; he is easily duped when his newly made acquaintances offer him suspicious drinks; he forgets his beloved and his vows of loyalty and finally falls before the meanest of his adversaries. Brunhilde likewise seems to have deteriorated since she left Valhalla and quit her couch of flame; she becomes the jealous, vengeful woman who does not hesitate to plot with a base Hagen for the death of her husband. Perhaps she atones for all this when she sacrifices herself upon the funeral pyre of her ill-starred mate, the one-time representative of master-morality; like Wotan, she has become a nirvanistic pessimist, for her enlightenment leads her to renounce the world, release the ravens of renunciation, and counsel Wotan to seek rest in the eternal nothingness of a ruined world. Thus it was a complete oblivescence, prefigured in Siegfried's temporary lapse of memory, which becomes the symbol of the final opera of the Ring.

Wagner was always religious, as Renan was *toujours séminariste* and Nietzsche somewhat Christian. The pessimism and redemptionism of Tannhäuser and Lohengrin did not depart from him even when his Wotan makes his bravest attempts to come out from under the law. In Tristan and Isolde much of the old forcefulness of the Ring reappears; indeed, Wagner went to work upon the later opera, with its Buddhism, before the earlier and more irreligious work was completed, so that the strength of the Ring goes forth into Tristan and Isolde, while the weakness of the latter is anticipated in Wotan's pessimism and passivism. In the case of Tristan, Wagnerites are in the habit of threading their way through the ideals of the drama guided by the symbolism of light-darkness, life-death, as though the poet, convinced of the futility which accompanies all human striving, were advancing the claims of negation. Much of Wagner's meaning may be gathered from this simple method of hermeneutics, but not all. If the intention of the lovers was to drink the fatal cup, *der Todes-Trank*, it was the love-potion, *der tückische Trank*, which actually touched their lips, for which reason the pessimism of the play is strong and fiery while the submission of the lovers is joyous and affirmative.

The character of this religious submissiveness appears again in Wagner's conception of the World-All into which the lovers would rashly plunge; now, the Wagnerian interpretation of the All may hardly be called orthodox Buddhism. It is undeniable that Wagner's art as such was possessed of the negativistic, renunciatory ideal; the gold must be cast into the Rhine, life and love thrown into the whirlpool of the World's-Driving; but to renounce gold is not to repudiate love, and to negate individuation is not to obliterate passion. The surging flood which invites Tristan and Isolde seems a bit warm and tropical, while the amorous sinking and drowning is more an intoxication than an annihilation. The quality of Buddhism was such as to enlist the sympathy of Nietzsche, who meted out to Tristan the praise he had bestowed upon the Ring but could not allot to Parsifal; in Nietzsche's mind the "renunciation" of the love-pair, far from being that of Nirvana, was so much "orgiastic self-annihilation." Nevertheless, there is something like pure renunciationism in this opera; the German of Wagner responds to it, hence we observe such expressions as *Welten-entronnen, Ur-vergessen, Welt-Athem,* and other pantheistic terms. With the Slavonic mind both language and life accept the nihilistic invitation of the Sanskrit mind, and if Wagner could not come closer to the elder religion it was because his national genius placed him two removes from its source. To enhance the Buddhistic ideal of pessimistic renunciationism, Wagner makes good use of the contrast between night and day, whence the lovers condemn the day as hateful, malicious. Lovers in operas and dramas have a habit of doing this, as in the well-known case of Romeo and Juliet, who condemn the lark-heralded dawn, but the Wagnerian duo denounce day because its light stands for life, while they are devoted to death and night. If they still cling to each other, and thus refuse to enter the Naught alone, they are willing to suffer together a common annihilation; in one consciousness they seek a death in which they shall be divided—*ohne Nennen, ohne Trennen.* The ethical import of this poetic nirvanism appears in the nonresistance adopted by Tristan when he is attacked by the king's servant; King Mark shows his Buddhistic idealism when he refuses to harbor resentment toward

the pair who have so wronged him. Even the rapacious Siegfried was enough the Buddhist to be wanting in malice—*ledig des Neides*. Wagner is thus the religionist in the midst of both his skeptical irreligion and his pantheistic nihilism.

From naïve religiousness revealed in Tannhäuser and Lohengrin, the atheism and anarchism of such characters as Wotan and Siegfried, Wagner advances to a semi-Buddhistic conception of self-effacement as revealed in Tristan and Isolde. The consummation of his religious philosophy appears in Parsifal, where a fragment of his older Christianism is welded to a more complete notion of Buddhism. The three acts of Parsifal indicate as many world-orders: the first is Christian and Germanic, the second Buddhistic and Hindu, the last seems to synthesize the ideals of the two orders when the hero returns from the Oriental world to realize his new ideals in the Christian order whose ideals he had not at first understood. In place of the Buddhistic ideal of Nirvana the ideal of sympathistic enlightenment is now in the foreground. If the idea of Parsifal, the Pure Fool, was taken from Christian tradition, the education of the youth was brought about Buddhistically, even when a study of Christ and Saint John might have worked to the same intellectual end.

In the midst of the mild qualities of the Unenlightened the more vigorous qualities of his constitution are often overlooked, yet a careful consideration of Parsifal's attributes will not fail to reveal him as a second Siegfried. Where Siegfried knew no fear Parsifal knew no pity; these two primary passions which, according to Aristotle, are to be cleansed by means of tragedy, were thus the property of the two Wagnerian ideals. If one is inclined to think Parsifal weak because he killed nothing more than a swan where Siegfried slew his dragon, let it be remembered that while the killing of the Wagnerian *Wurm* may have involved more physical courage, the killing of a suffering swan demands more immoralistic strength, a more profound sense of cruelty. The "foolish" quality of Parsifal, then, is to be understood in the light of a youthful consciousness which knows no pity. In the same manner Parsifal's failure to comprehend the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is due to nothing else than an inherent hardness

which has no ideational capacity for the notion of suffering. To enlighten the Pure Fool, the Pure Fool must himself feel sorrow; then through sympathy he may become enlightened.

With Parsifal both intellect and will must know sorrow; then both enlightenment and redemption will follow as natural consequences. Always a pessimist at heart, Wagner has changed from a wistful belief in the optimism of joy to a firm faith in the supremacy of sorrow. Wotan fails because he knows not joy: Parsifal succeeds the moment he learns sorrow. If pleasure spells strength for the flesh, pain means power for the spirit. Wotan is ineffectual because his veins are not swelled with joy; Parsifal has no work because his soul has not felt the mystic touch of sorrow. In all his operas Wagner clings to the idea of vicarious salvation. Elizabeth saves Tannhäuser; Senta, the Flying Dutchman; Siegfried, Wotan; Brunhilde, Siegfried. Now, according to Buddhistic eschatology, the salvation of the individual soul is to be accomplished by the soul itself; the "saviour" may instruct and inspire, but salvation is the work of the self upon the self. With Kantian Christianity, with Goethean pantheism, the ipsesistic ideal of salvation obtains, although with Faust Womanhood Eternal is not wholly removed from the act which redeems the hero. In the New Testament both ideals are indicated, and while the greater weight of emphasis is laid upon the idea of vicarious salvation, the teaching of Christ and the preaching of the apostles did not fail to inculcate the maxim, "Save yourselves from this untoward generation." For Wagner the vicarious ideal was supreme, so that the Buddhistic principle of sympathistic enlightenment received a Christian application.

In the case of Parsifal the opera would work more convincingly had not the hero taken up the role of redeemer. Amfortas and Kundry did, indeed, stand in need of superior assistance, but was there anything in the experience of Parsifal which was calculated to qualify him for such a severe task as that of vicarious salvation? The touch of sorrow which Parsifal acquires at the woman's lips was scarcely calculated to acquaint him with grief, while the all-curing spear was no "Roman's spear from Golgotha." With the vinegared sponge thrust to his lips and the spear in his

side, the Galilean makes a more august impression than this dilettant in suffering. At the same time, Parsifal works out his theology with such rapidity that he has no opportunity to indulge in that deep reflectiveness which meant so much to Gautama. Perhaps Wagner was satisfied with his "redeemer," but it is doubtful whether Parsifal could have solaced the religious sense of want peculiar to Dante or Milton, to Strindberg or George Moore.

Shall we not conclude, then, that Wagner's pessimism is lacking in power and logical consistency? Furthermore, will not the Wagnerite be more likely to prize Wotan and Siegfried than Tristan and Parsifal? But in spite of the fact that Wagner's religion is inferior to his irreligion, we can only be thankful that, in his attempt to effect a return to faith, he did not prate about social salvation, or indulge in the falsetto of "altruism." Wagner was true to the individual and his inner life, and where he introduces the sympathistic it is with a sense of something Buddhistic, Christian, Russian. And, if the artist felt called upon to express a certain kind of economico-ethical nihilism, his negations never aimed at the destruction of that which is superior in man as such.

Charles Gray Shaw.

HEREIN IS A MARVELOUS THING

The pioneers of this settlement were avowed infidels. And in fairness it should be chronicled that they were very decent people. But nearly all of the second and third generations were pretty wild and lawless. I fell in with several of the younger set one winter morning at a wolf hunt, and I rode home to dinner with the one who proved to be the accepted leader of the crowd in their excesses. His name was Oscar Randall, and he was the eldest of five stalwart sons living with their parents. Mr. and Mrs. Randall had come out from Kentucky, and with their grown-up sons made such a group (or rather herd) of human animals as is rarely on exhibition. The seven, with at least as many dogs, were housed in a two-roomed log cabin, while the stock—except their favorite horses, kept in a thatched stable—stood shivering behind straw stacks or under low, open sheds. My acquaintance widened until it embraced the whole community, nearly all of about the same type. And the acquaintance ripened, finally, to such friendliness that in the following spring I established a preaching appointment in the schoolhouse. They brought in a little, old, decrepit melodeon, and I contributed a package of second-hand Gospel Hymnals, and every fortnight through the summer on Sunday afternoons we had a really enjoyable service.

All the while my heart went out with increasing longing to lead these people to a saving acquaintance with Christ. With this in view, at the approach of winter I announced that, on my next regular visit, I would begin a "protracted meeting," holding "revival" services every evening. I requested them to bring lanterns to light the room, and said that there would be a collection every evening to pay for fuel. As soon as the congregation was dismissed an old gentleman took me aside and told me that I had made a mistake. The young men would resent any attempt to "get them converted." On two former occasions they had broken up meetings; in one instance treating a Roman Catholic priest to a coat of tar and feathers, and at another time putting a Baptist

minister through the ice into a shallow pond. I reminded him of my friendly relations with the "boys"; but he replied that, while they liked me, and enjoyed coming together and singing on Sunday afternoons, he was certain that they would not permit me to conduct a regular revival service there. He advised me by all means to withdraw the appointment, but I finally closed the interview by telling him that, while I appreciated the kind intent of his counsel and warning, I had already given the subject very deliberate and prayerful consideration, and I saw no way now, having publicly committed myself to the project, but to put their good nature and my Master's good will to the test.

The test came on the first Tuesday evening. As I entered the schoolhouse I found it filled, mostly with young people, and for the first time there was a strong odor of tobacco smoke. I walked forward to the little platform, and as I turned about I faced Oscar Randall, with a young woman, on the front seat. The little bench was not over eight inches high, and his right knee, crossed over the other, was nearly on a level with his chin. Without taking the big black cigar from his lips he addressed me in the most profane and obscene language. I paid no attention to him till I had opened the Bible. Then, stepping to the front of the platform, within four feet of him, I said, "Oscar, this is God's Word, and while I read it I want you to keep quiet." While he felt for his revolver he poured out a perfect torrent of threats and abuse, but his long body was so doubled up that he could not draw his gun, and while he was untangling his legs and getting upon his feet, the young woman at his side, thinking that I was also armed and had him at a disadvantage, threw her arms about his neck and begged me not to kill him. This was very embarrassing to the desperado, and I took quick advantage of the situation. "Oscar," I said, "this young lady wants you to be quiet. Don't you, Miss Roscoe?"

"Yes! yes!" she cried. "Oscar, let's go. Please take me home!"

He took her by the arm and dragged her down the aisle. As he encountered the gaze of a score of his companions, among whom he was the acknowledged leader, his face flamed with mortifica-

tion and resentment. At the door he rallied, and, interspersed with the most awful oaths, shouted his defiance:

"I am going to take this woman home. When I get back, you may have your choice between being ridden on a rail or anchored out in the creek."

A half dozen of his comrades followed him out. I have no recollection of what filled the next three quarters of an hour. My mind, of course, was occupied with this dilemma in which I had placed myself. I was, in fact, at my wits' end. I knew that band of ruffians had so terrorized the community that there was but One who could possibly help me. I wanted to get his ear before Oscar got back. I wanted to get my ear so close to his lips that he could whisper to me. There was one chance for me to slip, for two precious minutes, into a "secret place." There was a solitary professor of religion in the room. I had never heard his voice in prayer, but as the last hymn was being sung I turned to him and asked him to close the meeting with a short petition. What passed his lips I knew nothing about. I crept up to the Mercy Seat with my own affairs. And now there was no answer so long as these affairs were mine—so long as my feelings, my reputation, my prospects, or even my life were in my thought. But the instant that, at the suggestion and by the help of the Holy Spirit, I cast these aside I was assured that God had the situation in his own control. Nothing could intervene now to defeat his purpose to save these people. Whatever came to me, he was to be glorified in it. Then I had one of the spiritual triumphs of my life. I was endued, certainly, with the real "martyr spirit." I did not care what might come to me. Indeed, I rejoiced at the thought that I might be found worthy to suffer torture and shame, and death perhaps, that through me his glory might shine forth. I arose with my spirit at perfect rest, but with my faculties singularly alert. Mr. Randall was there, and remembering the generous hospitality of which these people make a practice and a boast, I stepped up to him and told him, quietly but decisively, that I was going home with him. He was a rather well-meaning man, of that rough sort; but he did not hesitate to put in very strenuous objections.

"Why, after what Oscar has said and done, that would be like putting your head right into the lion's mouth."

"No, Mr. Randall," I answered, "I could not escape if I tried, and I would not try if I knew I could. I am not going to fight, and I am not going to run away. I will not involve you in this affair, but I want the chance to show these boys, if they insist upon carrying out their designs, how a Christian man may face such things."

While we talked the company had dispersed, and we mounted and rode, alone, out to his cabin, two miles away. We found the four younger boys sitting with their mother about the big sheet-iron stove. They had evidently brought tidings of the trouble, and her surprise was great as I entered the room. But I "made myself welcome." "All I needed was a blanket on the floor in a corner, and, as it was getting late, we had best have family prayers right away."

That was too presumptuous for any of them to submit to, and as I knelt at my chair I heard the five men spitting on the hot stove to express their contempt of the proceeding.

Mrs. Randall having brought me a thick blanket, the parents and two of the sons passed out into the other apartment. The two who remained showed no inclination to retire, and for the next half hour we sat in a group talking about dogs and horses, deer and buffalo, foxes and wolves, and other such edifying topics. There was a creaking step at the door. That was what I was waiting for, and I heard it without a conscious flutter of excitement. I had no doubt that they had come for me, and I listened for other steps, for voices. There was a jerk at the latch string, the door swung open, and in stepped Oscar—alone. He was covered with snow. As he halted to stamp his feet I gave him a cheerful, friendly greeting: "Hello, Oscar! Is it snowing?" I could have knocked him down with a feather—with a snowflake. He had not known that I was there.

He sat down where the big stove hid his face from me and answered not a word. My wits were at work. There were two beds in the room, and I guessed that Oscar slept alone. I *could* sleep on the floor, with my head in my saddle, but, at the same

price, my habit was to lie in a bed. Indeed, I had become possessed, suddenly, with a very strong inclination to sleep that night with Oscar Randall. "Oscar," I said, "you and I are such good friends that I think we might sleep together. Which of these is your bed?" There was no reply; but one of the others, who sat facing me, winked and pointed to the front corner. Then I knew that I had a friend there. Perhaps hardly that, but the big brother had bullied the whole family until it had become monotonous, and this one, now, was enjoying his humiliation. I got up, so as to look over the stove at the grim and silent man, and said, "Come, Oscar, let us go to bed." As he did not respond, I felt of the two beds, and of course selected the one that I knew was his. I knelt down beside it and "said my prayers," like a good Christian. (But this was mostly to show them how good Christians are supposed to behave at bedtime.) I slipped off my outer garments, crept in over against the wall, and fell asleep. Awakening later, I found that he was my bedmate.

There were two feet of snow in the morning, and more coming. The house was in an uproar—the five sons bombarding their father with curses and he firing back oaths as from a gatling gun. It was some time before I discovered the cause of the turmoil: they had no big sled for hauling wood and other stuff on the snow, and it was the father's fault. They had cut a set of "natural crooks" of elm for runners, but he had neglected to have them framed up; and here they were, with a terrible snowstorm on, and the wagon shop two miles away. The only way, now, was to dig through to the village and carry the runners on their shoulders. Hence all this warm-hot conversation.

But I proposed a better way: "Put the runners together ourselves." "What?" "Yes, without a bolt, or spike, or nail, or screw." "No tools."

Axes they had, of course, and a buck-saw, and we found a three-fourth inch bit. After breakfast we cleared the room for a shop, piling one bed on top of the other and the table on top of both. Then, with pieces of wood and timber picked up about the premises, we went at it. Here is where my early training with tools availed. Everybody "worked," even "father." We set the

"bobs" up; put in the "reach," and in good time before dinner we ran the firm, serviceable sled out into the snow and put in the "pole" from the big wagon. All with wooden pins. Not a bit of iron except the "king bolt." We were so pleased and so proud of our "Yankee bobsled" that after dinner we drove to town to show it off; digging our way through the snow banks. Not one word was spoken, by anyone, of the incident of the night before. How long ago it seemed!

The first person to be gloriously saved was Mr. Randall, who arose the following evening and confessed that he was seized with a conviction of his sins as he spat on the stove that night to show his spite and scorn of religion. And when, three weeks afterward, I organized a society there, I appointed Oscar, with whom "old things had passed away and all things had become new," the leader of the class.

Henry E. Wing

GARDENS AND A GARDEN LOVER

The greatest things that ever happened in the world happened in a garden. It was thus the world began. God made a man and placed him in a garden which he had fitted for him, and we call it Paradise. Jesus and John paint pictures of what lies at the end of human pilgrimage, and they tell us that when we brush the dust from travel-stained garments and wash from our eyes the sleep of death in the cool waters of life's crystal stream, it will be in a garden in a sinless and painless land which they call Paradise. There are the leaves of balm which are for the healing of the nations; there are the rivers of delight, there the trees of life. Garden of peace and rest, of bloom and fruit, of joy and life, thornless and painless and happy, swing thy gates for me!

Every nation has its own garden, with its characteristic plants and flowers and gracious order. Among the seven wonders of the world were the gardens built by Nebuchadnezzar two millenniums and a half ago. They were his tribute of love to his home-sick queen. From Media he had brought her, and her heart yearned for the hills and flowers of her own land; so he raised the famous pensile gardens in the midst of the crowded city, where they rose, terrace on terrace, one hundred feet above the level of the street, supported by massive piers. The builder's art gave them grace and beauty and rare plants and flowers delighted the beholder with color and fragrance. Reservoirs were supplied with water from the river and from fountain and rills the pearly drops trickled down to nourish the plants under the beating sun. The politicians and money-changers plied their crafts in the great, cool corridors beneath, and Dr. Wheeler reminds us that for once the husbandmen and farmers were "on top." Will you ever forget the glorious gardens of Damascus as you saw them first from the slopes of Anti-Lebanon and later passed through them under the shadow of the great damask rose trees and enjoyed the perfume of the wondrous flowers of the East? There they stand on the banks of the Abana, and it is small wonder that when Mohammed first looked at them he wheeled his horse and, turning away, said, "It

is given to man to enter Paradise but once, I seek my Paradise above." Have you ever walked in the gardens of Egypt? No one who has roamed along the paths of the Khedive's garden can ever forget their charm. The smell of the clambering jessamine comes across the years like the perfume of Araby the Blest, and if one could bask in that sunshine and be bathed in that perfume he would almost be willing to pay tribute to the Khedive. What gardens are found in the "Flowery Kingdom"—gardens of infinite variety of hill and valley, of rock and grotto, crowned by the glorious chrysanthemum. And there are the Dutch gardens, with their detail and ornamentation. Strange that a Dutchman should grow lunatic over a flower—and yet they are the men who pay two thousand dollars for a tulip bulb and scatter blossoms to the end of the earth. You have seen the German gardens, where fact and fancy grow side by side, where the practical and the æsthetic rub shoulders; and you have marveled at the Italian gardens, where lilies and marbles stand side by side and where the gardener's shears prune off the excesses of nature until even the flowers look as though they had passed under the sculptor's hand. Under the shadow of the Alhambra lie the Spanish gardens planted by the old Moors, half Asiatic, half African, wholly beautiful and magnificent. Yonder are the English gardens, with greensward two centuries in the making, and box lining the gravel paths, and a little house keeping watch by the road on which was spent what money was left after the garden was done!

I hope you have had at some time in your life an old-fashioned garden with a sundial in the center, with regal hollyhocks and sweet perennials and gay marigolds and nasturtiums. I hope it was the garden of your childhood, and that you are still able to say,

> I remember an old garden with its lilies fair and tall,
> But the saints who walked within it I remember best of all

I hope that there you learned lessons of the providence of God which you will never forget. Thomas Edward Brown sings, in that little poem we often quote,

> Not God! in gardens, when the eve is cool?
> Nay, but I have a sign;
> 'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

One can appreciate the spirit of John Fiske when he tells us that as he walked among his flowers he often thought of Linnæus, who as he saw the unfolding of the blossom of a rose bowed his head and said he felt that God was passing by.

There is no business quite as satisfying as the cultivation of one's garden, and no word of six letters that concentrates more of health, comfort, and satisfaction than the word garden.

What a lover of nature Jesus was. There is a great contrast between him and Paul. Paul was city-bred. He got his education and did his work in the great centers of population and trade. He almost never draws an illustration from nature, and when he does he is not so successful in his application as to make us wish that they were more. But Jesus was cradled in Nazareth and as a boy frequented the white chalk cliffs of his native town and roamed among the beauties of Esdraelon. Jesus was not a scientist, and he does not seem especially impressed with the immensities of God's power. He never said, "When I consider thy heavens, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him?" But he did talk of the birds and the flowers, of the patient care of the shepherd for his sheep. He praised the lily for glory passing Solomon's.

> The scarlet martagon decks herself still,
> Mindful of his high words, in red and gold
> To meet the step of summer. Cyclamens
> Lift their pale heads to see if he will pass;
> And amaryllis and white hyacinths
> Pour from their pearly vases spikenard forth
> Lest he should come unhonored. In his paths
> Still, as of old, the lowly crocus spreads
> A golden carpet for him; and the birds—
> Small almoners of heaven, as once he said,
> Who fall not unregarded—trill their hymns
> Of lively love and thanks in every thorn.

We should not get the reason of his love for nature nor his message to us out of it if we did not halt for a little to listen to his teachings out of the garden. He teaches us in his own life the helpfulness of nature. When the burden is more than he can bear and the crowds oppress him sore, he goes apart from the city and the crowd into the mountain fastnesses or to the pebbled

beach. He reminds us that nature is our mother, that she takes us like little children and feeds us. We do well to remember the great lesson that the wealth of the world is not made by its factories or its merchants, it is the gift of God. The prosperity of our country is not settled in Wall Street, but in the cornfields and wheat fields of the West. Let no man who walks a garden or a pavement fail to remember that for the city and country, youth and age, there is Christ's law of the harvest. We grow impatient, but nature should teach men to wait. Oaks do not grow in a night, and it takes God a thousand years to grow a redwood tree. Let your ambition be cooled, and quiet your maddening haste, as you remember how God waits for his harvests. It is first the blade and then the stalk and then the full corn in the ear. Look at the lilies, they do not weave their own coats nor dress their hair, but the looms of God are weaving for them purple rarer than Solomon knew. And then he teaches patience in the certainty of the harvest. The seed cast into the furrow may seem to be thrown away, but one day it will pay its debts. The farmer casts his corn into the earth and he has faith. Jesus said of himself, "There shall be wonderful dividends out of my life." The corn will not grow except it die, and he could wait for the great harvest of his flesh.

Nothing seemed quite so comforting to him who loved the garden as the blessed fact that every flower and every bird was under his Father's care. The flowers he nourished and the birds he fed and guided on their trackless way, and shall he not care for you, O ye of little faith? So it comes to pass that He who loved the garden is the lover of men, and He who nourished the life there is fain to make every flower and every bird a minister of inspiration, of comfort, and of faith.

E. L. Goodell.

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY PROPHET AND APOSTLE

Silvester Horne, M.G., M.P.

I. In Boston papers, 19th September, 1911, this dispatch was published:

> M——. The liquor interests in this town have such control that they cannot be dislodged, according to the Rev. —— ——, of the Methodist Church here, who to-day announced that he will give up his fight to prevent the sale of liquor on Sundays. . . . "Business men have come to me," he said, "and said that if I antagonized liquor men I would ruin their businesses. . . . I have appealed in vain to the selectmen, and I am weary of the whole controversy."

Having been threatened by the Gates of Hell in the name of "Business," the man of God succumbed. Called by the Omnipotent to fight the devil and all his works at least within the bounds and precincts of his "charge," the preacher unbuckled his armor, laid down his sword, weary of the whole controversy. Doubtless the Methodist Church in M——— had been too much disturbed by a preacher who "meddles in politics." People had resented criticisms of this parson who prostituted his pulpit to denunciations of official anarchy and who made insistent demands for enforcement of laws against the saloon. Too many antagonisms had been aroused by his sensational preaching. The "selectmen" had protested against interference with their functions. Their argument was this: "You can't enforce law against public opinion"; adroitly ignoring two facts: first, that the law is the crystallized and organic expression of public opinion; second, that they have sworn to enforce law and maintain order in M———. They were like poor old Aguecheek in the comedy, or a pile of salt in a rainstorm, or chaff which the wind drives away, and the citizens of M———, terrorized by the "liquor interests," had not nerve enough to impeach them, and, robbed of their powers inherent in the name of "representative government," had not the right to recall them. Civil government in M——— had bankrupted; there was nothing left for the benefit of creditors. The mob had handcuffed the magistrate. Authority had been reduced to zero.

The pulpit having been silenced and the magistracy crushed, one asks, "By whom?"

By "Business."

Bankers, grocers, dry-goods merchants, furniture dealers, tailors, and all other vendors for profit combined with the liquor interests to thwart assaults upon the saloon. A subtle commercial panic spread. Foundations of the town's trade were threatened. The economic and industrial superstructure swayed. Catastrophe hung imminent in the September skies. Poverty—pauperism—grass in the streets—decay—rags! Stores closed. Assignments!

How was this coup accomplished?

By the banks. The "liquor interests" have representatives on boards of bank directors. They combine to shake credit of a "temperance" man; threaten to do business elsewhere. As banks cannot do business without other people's money, the directors of the M——— banks advised the Rev. Mr. ———'s supporters to withdraw from the campaign for enforcement of Sunday closing laws. These "supporters" were dependent upon the banks. Unable to do a great deed, speak a great, heroic word, and least of all able to endure suffering, the business men of M——— bent—crawled—groveled. They were Christians, but they could not "stand"; Protestants, but they could not "stand." They waited upon the minister and reported the banks' alternative. When Savonarola was offered a red hat he scorned the Pope; when threatened he turned his face full upon the foe. The problem was to turn this adamant into clay—to compel this virile soul to emasculate itself. Savonarola, regarding himself as a prophet, deemed it his duty to "stand." The minister in M——— was not a "prophet." His "standing in Conference" was imperiled. Besides, there were his wife, his son in the university, his daughter at college, his insurance premiums. If "changed," where could he go? Prudence demands concessions. If "business" in M——— is imperiled by a Quixotic assault upon the liquor interests, it is the evident duty of a rash pulpit to abandon the fight—to withdraw from a controversy which means disaster to "trade."

The preacher surrendered, forgetting "the gates of hell shall not prevail."

II. In contrast with his fiasco put the career of Silvester Horne, minister of the gospel in Tottenham Court Road Church, and Member from Ipswich in the Imperial Parliament. Light is accentuated by shadow!

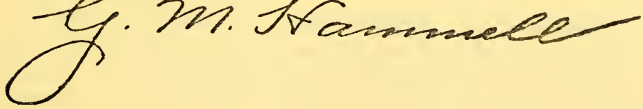
When Mr. Horne became minister of Tottenham Court Road Church—Whitefield Memorial—its policy had culminated in a debt and paralysis. The debt produced death. How to remove the debt? How to restore the church? To understand the situation Mr. Horne commenced his work by a series of pastoral visits at night, under protection of the police. He saw—hell upon earth, terrific, defiant, dominant, under the shadow of his own church, in spite of a thousand years of Christianity in England. Hell protected by the police; for he observed that his guide and protector saw—or did not see—but made no arrests. Hell organized and in possession. He saw certain "coffee-vans" on the pavements; apparently harmless, but in the shadows of each there were robberies, assaults, murders. One of these vans stood on the pavement in front of his church. The van occupied the church's pavement because the church was asleep. Thus also the police authorities. But Mr. Horne was awake. He threatened a campaign of publicity and the vans all along Tottenham Court Road vanished. Opposite the church stood a public-house which ministered to appetite for drink and animal passion. Mr. Horne organized a system of espionage from the towers of his church and the public-house went out of business. Horne's heroism became magnetic; it created a constituency of brave men who were also good. All sorts of reforms were undertaken and accomplished. Whitefield Church had became "militant," a fighting church; a terror to evil works. It entered the lists against the liquor traffic; against a parasitic landlordism; wherever it saw the uplifted head of a wrong it delivered a blow. Of course the preacher was threatened. Anonymous letters in red ink flowed in through the post. He was advised to go slow, very slow; to create no antagonisms, to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ and administer the sacraments in the congregation, to visit the sick and bury the dead, to solemnize mar-

riage and teach the children the catechism. "You can't make men moral by law. You can't reform men by statute—least of all, the police. You can't control appetite by ordinance." It was impossible to deny the truth of these deterrent observations of the ultraconservative. Mr. Horne did not attempt to controvert them. He was called to do battle with the Gates of Hell in the name of God, and he continued to fight, although the police finally withdrew and the authorities became inert.

There was this difference between the minister of the church in M——— and the minister of the church on Tottenham Court Road: one forgot "the gates of hell shall not prevail"; the other remembered. One forgot the mission of the church; the other remembered. One thought of himself; the other thought of the kingdom of God. Perhaps personality counts for much. If Silvester Horne had been appointed to M——— he would have fought the liquor interests until the bishop removed him. There would have been a "place" for him somewhere, some "Bethany" where conservatism had gone to seed. In the meantime he would not grow weary of the "controversy." Horne himself accounted for his success on the theory that he preached a gospel which is simple and definite. When he undertook a campaign he distributed thousands of copies of the Gospel according to Matthew. This contains the sermon on the mount, the manifesto of the kingdom of God. It is better for such a campaign than the whole Bible; infinitely better than the Song of Solomon, which bears the seal of Venus; or of Job, which suggests doubts. The ministry of the pulpit became a ministry of the hustings. Having preached politics in the pulpit, Horne preached the gospel on the stump and went into Parliament as a citizen who was a preacher; a minister of religion who was also a minister of civic rights. In America he would have lost caste as a minister. In England he was the idol of the people. As "M. P." he was no less honored than as "M. G." But in England a Right Reverend Father in God is a lord spiritual and member of the House of Lords; as minister of a free church Mr. Horne saw no incongruity between serving the people as maker of laws and serving the people as preacher of the gospel. Indeed, he felt that he could not preach the gospel

unless he could also make laws. For him the goal of preaching was identical with the goal of government, the establishment of the kingdom of God: universal equity, justice, and right; free play for the exercise of all capacities, faculties, and powers of men in the spirit of human brotherhood.

It is not necessary to discuss his theory of the church, nor yet his theory of the state; it is only necessary to say that he stood for government by the governed, politics for the people, a cooperative commonwealth, a Christocratic democracy. He believed that government proceeds directly from the people—its powers being granted by the people and directly exercised for the general welfare. He had no personal ambition, for in a democracy the people rule. He was a representative of the people, not of any "interests." He was fond of alluding to himself as the last of the Calvinists and saying that the political ideals of the Papal church are right; for he believed that politics ought to be moralized. In the United States he would be *non grata* in the dominant political parties, for, though the Bible is recognized as essential to the administration of the oath of office, it has no place in the caucus. For him the nation was a "moral organism," and he was a prophet of the nation because he was a prophet of the church.



CHILDE ROLAND TO THE DARK TOWER CAME—AN INTERPRETATION

More than one great English poem has been inspired by some fragmentary utterance of Shakespeare. It is as if genius needed but the touch of genius to set the poetic torch aflame; as if the one poet finished the thought of the other. "Mariana in the Moated Grange," that classic of loneliness, is one of such. From the brief words, "There, at the moated grange," Tennyson has conjured a marvelous picture of utter desolation and decay; a perfect expression of absolute misery. Of similar origin, but greater from its heroic quality, is Robert Browning's "Childe Roland to the dark tower came." Beginning with the words of Edgar's snatch of mad song in "Lear," in this short poem he gives magnificent voice to all the nobility of all the heroes who have ever recklessly surrendered themselves to the truth that he who would save his life must lose it. Vainly does man strive to gain his life and keep it. In vain shall he listen to the sweet world-voices that cajole and flatter. They call him knight, and hero, but he knows that each applauded quest is not *the* quest. The dragons he slays are undoubtedly dragons; but he has not slain *the* beast. He has not yet met the monster with which the noblest of his peers fought their last and bravest fight.

When, at last, after fruitless or meagerly fruitful adventure, he turns to the real, essential quest, the world's applause is changed to sneers. Did he attack social evil, intemperance, corruption in government, or what not, he received his meed of applause. But when he turns aside from light quests, and inquires the way to the dark tower of his own heart's sin, he becomes aware that the world's applause has ceased and in the hush can hear the evil chuckle of "that hoary cripple, with malicious eye," who impersonates all the sneers and all the bitter scorn of the Spirit of sin. The devil was not perturbed when the quest was outward; but now, when he turns his steps toward the very stronghold of sin, which is his own heart, he is chilled by the simulated glee of the evil powers, who are too wise to warn the knight of his danger, lest his courage be increased.

And what a wretched country does this knight discover his own heart's depths to be! "Such starved ignoble nature!" No scene of beauty relieves the horrid barrenness of that plain. "As for the grass, it grew as scarce as hair in leprosy." Doubts of the quest come like hornets to torture him. To his fevered mind come visions of friends of other days; noble men, but men who—was it that they were too wise?—never went on such desperate quest as this.

> I fancied Cuthbert's reddening face
> Beneath its garniture of curly gold,
> Dear fellow, till I almost felt him fold
> An arm in mine.

Had it not been better to have followed Cuthbert? But to what end came Cuthbert?

> Alas, one night's disgrace!
> Out went my heart's new fire and left it cold.

But still the Tempter speaks:

> Giles, then the soul of honor—there he stands
> Frank as ten years ago when knighted first.
> What honest man should dare (he said) he durst.

Yes, Giles was noble. But—

> Good—but the scene shifts—faugh! what hangman hands
> Pin to his breast a parchment?

The test of a knight is his constancy to righteousness; Cuthbert and Giles had endured—but not to the end.

> Better this present than a past like that;
> Back, therefore, to my darkening path again!

Better had Cuthbert known the evil of his heart; better had Giles searched his soul for sin!

More horrid grows the way; the "sudden little river" that flowed by,

> So petty, yet so spiteful! All along
> Low scrubby alders kneeled down over it;
> Drenched willows flung them headlong in a fit
> Of mute despair, a suicidal throng;
> The river that had done them all the wrong,
> Whate'er that was, rolled by, deterred no whit.

Was ever such a country of Destruction since Christian ran from it crying, "Life, life, eternal life!"

All adventures heretofore had ordered paths leading in and out; here was no path. The world has no map for the depths of the soul; only a sneer for "mystics and pietists" who would fain explore it. Yet here is the veritable country which no man has surveyed.

The dusk of evening thickens; and in the gloom the knight can discern encircling hills like great beasts resting on their haunches as if to mock him. And look: there in the midst, shrouded in gloom, ugly with all the horrid sin of all the generations of men, stands the tower itself:

> The round squat turret, blind as the fool's heart.

Now has the knight, after a life of struggle, arrived at his supreme moment. The mockery and warnings of the world come to him like the ringing of a mighty bell; peal upon peal, increasing to deafening noise, rings its doleful tolling:

> Names in my ears
> Of all the lost adventurers my peers—
> How such a one was strong, and such was bold,
> And such was fortunate, yet each of old
> Lost, lost! one moment knelled the woe of years.

All the world mocks him; tells him of the noble souls who, though noble, had not dared this quest. Shall he hope to win? Was ever man able to conquer the stronghold of his own heart's secret sin? But this knight is of the true chivalry; he will not be frightened from the quest.

> I saw them and I knew them all; and yet
> Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
> And blew: *"Childe Roland to the dark tower came."*

In the battle of life the final and culminating quest is that of holiness; the conquest of the citadel of sin. To this battle the earnest soul must surely come. The world scoffs and leers at us and prophesies our ruin. "Is anyone perfect? Fools, that would engage in so impossible, so chimerical, so forlorn a quest!" Yet are we true mystics; knights of sanctity; and shall we shrink from the conquest of the Dark Tower?

Geo. H. Willett

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE OLD BOOK AND THE NEW MAN[1]

The Bible is an old book. In its earliest portions it is a very old book. Without entering at all into questions of historical criticism, it is safe to say that certain sections of the Old Testament were written at least fifteen hundred years before the birth of Christ, while the latest portions were produced several centuries before the dawn of the Christian era. The latest books of the New Testament were certainly written before the close of the first century after the birth of our Lord. The Bible, therefore, belongs to the oldest literature of the world. Not only is the Bible a very old book, it is an unchanged and an unchanging book. The Old Testament, the sacred Scriptures of the Jewish nation, was preserved in its integrity with peculiar care. Following the Babylonian captivity a special order came into existence, the Order of the Scribes, whose function and duty it was to preserve the sacred text with fidelity and exactness. The rules under which these trained copyists worked were so stringent as to reduce mistakes and errors to the minimum. The detection of the slightest error on a page of the copyist's work was sufficient to cause the entire page to be rejected. Under this system the sacred books were preserved as perfectly perhaps as could now be done through the modern art of printing. And as to the New Testament, we have such a wealth of early manuscript for comparison in producing our modern versions that in all essentials we are assured that we have the writings of the original evangelists and of Paul, the great apostle to the Gentiles, as they came from their inspired pens. Nothing has been added to the sacred canon, and nothing will ever be added to it. It is an unchanged and an unchanging treasure of divine truth. Now over against this Old Book, this very old and unchanged and unchanging Book, stands the new man, the man of to-day; new not simply in the sense that he is the latest man, but new in the elements of his thought and life. That we may see in what sense and to what extent the man of to-day is a new man it is only necessary for us to consider him in two or three aspects:

[1] By the late Dr. John T. McFarland.

I. The man of to-day is a new man in his intellectual life. The proof of this may be seen in the very subjects which constitute our modern education. The curriculum of the modern school includes many important subjects which were unknown to the ancient world. The whole body of material science is essentially a modern product, and these sciences now constitute an essential part of modern education. They have transformed the thought of the man of to-day and have made for him, as compared with the man of antiquity, a new heaven and a new earth. The world of antiquity was a very different world compared with the world in which we now live. It was a vast body resting upon mythical foundations, its surface an extended plane terminating in an encircling rim beyond which there was only depth of darkness. The modern science of geology has changed all this. The modern man has gone down to the foundations of the earth, he has traced the marvelous history of its development, and he turns its mighty strata as one turns the leaves of a book; and on their faces he reads the marvelous story which tells how the earth was made.

And what a transformation has been wrought by the modern science of astronomy. It would be hardly possible to exaggerate the influence upon the human mind in the enlarged conception of the universe which this regal science has introduced. The sky that closed down over the man of antiquity was narrow and cramped. It was to him only a crystalline vault set with many points of light the nature of which he did not understand and which were only a few leagues above his head. Modern astronomy has dissolved this imprisoning vault and let the thought of man out into unlimited ranges. To the new man the earth is no fixed center, but a majestic globe moving about a sublime orbit: and the stars which to the man of antiquity seemed only lights set in the ceiling above him, and only a little beyond his reach, have been resolved into far-off and almost immeasurably gigantic suns, each one a center of a revolving system and all bound together by the laws of a universe the confines of which the mightiest telescope cannot determine. And not only has the material universe to the mind of the new man been made indefinitely great in its extent, but matter for him has taken on an intensive meaning which it never had to the man of antiquity. Modern chemistry is as wonderful in its revealings of the internal mysteries and wonders of matter as astronomy in its unveiling of the unlimited magnitudes and distances and motions of the stellar world. To the modern man matter has ceased to be merely crass and common and coarse; the

merest clod is charged with a significance and mystery that is unfathomable; the microscope reveals a whole world of beauty in a grain of sand or in a drop of water, and the earth under our feet throbs with mighty forces of which the human mind only a few centuries ago had no faintest dream. We have only to call the list of the modern sciences which constitute so large a part of our modern education to see how true it is that the man of to-day, in his intellectual life, is a new man, who by the transfiguring power of his better knowledge lives in a new earth and walks under a new sky.

II. But the man of to-day is also a new man in his political life. We live in a social atmosphere quite different from that of antiquity. The modern man is controlled by new ideals, exercises a new range of freedom, and feels the uplift of new social aspirations. Perhaps nothing will more strongly indicate the contrast between the modern man and the man of antiquity in this respect than the statement that the man of antiquity was politically simply a subject while the modern man is a citizen. The ancient conception of government was that of despotism. Authority and power were lodged with the king. He ruled; others served and obeyed. In the great empires of the ancient world there were no citizens. The citizen is a modern character. The citizen of to-day is the source of authority. His will is expressed in constitutions and statutes. Kings, and presidents, and parliaments, and congresses are his servants. All the machinery of government is of his construction and for his service. He levies taxes, organizes armies, builds navies, declares war, concludes peace, and makes treaties. The modern man is not simply a part of a great inert mass, but is an individual, a person, clothed with inalienable rights, conscious of his power, awake to his responsibilities. The political life of the world has been changed by this conception and experience of citizenship. Under its influence ancient barriers have crumbled, ancient prejudices and racial hates have disappeared. The sense of universal brotherhood has developed, the sense of common interdependence has deepened, and the nations have come to the understanding that there is such a thing as world-life and that the prosperity of all depends upon the welfare of each. How in contrast with this was the political life of the ancient world, in which patriotism even in its narrowest sense was not possible, in which rapine and robbery prevailed among the nations, when might trampled on all rights, when the weak were the helpless prey to the strong! In what a larger, wider, higher way does the citizen of to-day

live as compared with the subject of antiquity! In the political new man humanity is coming into social self-consciousness.

III. In the third place, the man of to-day is a new man in his industrial life. The modern man is the master-mechanic of the ages. How marvelous and mighty are the engineries of modern industry! The new man through his mastery of newly discovered forces of nature has multiplied his power a million-fold. The railroad is his, with the steel rails of which he has banded the continents; the steamship is his, whose queenly feet break the oceans into foam; the telegraph is his, whose lines go out into all the earth and over which his voice is heard to the ends of the world; electricity is his, that invisible spirit of fire which throbs through cables and breaks into dazzling lights which turn the night into day. We need only to turn to any department of industry to see how great the contrast is between the modern man and the man of antiquity. This is an age of machines which man employs in the production of the manifold commodities required by his enlarging life. Our ears are filled with the roar of factories, the thunder of Titan forges, the rush and clangor of mighty wheels, the volcanic thunders of explosives by which the granite hills are riven. The fabled genii of ancient times were but pigmies compared with the industrial forces and appliances which the man of to-day commands. And the effect of this increase of industrial power and this expansion of industrial activity has reacted mightily upon the social life of the world. Life has become increasingly complex, its needs and demands have been indefinitely multiplied. The common man of to-day enjoys advantages and indulges himself in luxuries which a thousand years ago were not possible to a king. The drudgery of labor has been steadily lightened, the crushing loads have been lifted from human shoulders, and the slaves of to-day are not men and women under the lash of the taxmaster, but the unfailing and tireless and uncomplaining machines which men and women employ to do their work and through which they are able to vastly multiply their industrial productivity. And the industrial life of the modern man has mightily affected his political life. All the world has been turned into a mighty market for the exchange of the products of every nation and of every clime, and questions of trade have come to be the larger problems of statesmanship. The wars of the future are not to be of the battlefield, but of the market.

Now this new man—new in his intellectual, in his political, and in his industrial life—stands over against this old Book which we call

the Bible; a book large portions of which were produced in remote antiquity, written when the eldest literatures were coming into existence, and the latest syllables of which were penned nearly two thousand years ago; a book written by Orientals, in languages which have long been dead; written by men and addressed to people who knew nothing of the most characteristic things of our modern civilization; men and peoples who lived before the very vocabulary of our modern education was coined, to whom our modern sciences were unknown, to whom the problems of our modern political life had not been even suggested and to whom our modern industrial agencies, if described, would have seemed an impossible dream. And this new man, facing this Old Book, is asking himself whether that book is adequate to minister to the present needs of his life. Is this book of antiquity adapted to the religious demands of this marvelous new age? Must the man of to-day for his religious instruction turn back to writers who lived two thousand years ago, some of them more than three thousand years ago, whose very dwelling places are almost forgotten, and whose knowledge and the conditions of whose lives and whose problems stand so remote from the thought and life of this intense and conquering age? Does not the Bible belong simply to the antiquity which produced it? May we not reasonably demand that something better and more adequate should take the place of this Old Book to give instruction and guidance in religious matters to the man of to-day? May not the Bible be regarded with reverence as the consummate contribution of antiquity to the religious knowledge of mankind, but not as representing the final and the supreme word of truth to the human soul? Is it reasonable to suppose that no teachers have arisen in more recent years greater than Moses, greater than Isaiah, greater than Paul? Is not the new age entitled to a new Bible?

These are not new questions which I am raising for the first time. They have been asked by many others and for many years, and they are being asked at this hour by thousands of thoughtful men and women. There are multitudes of Christian ministers standing in the pulpits of the Christian churches who are asking these questions with deadly seriousness and with profound sincerity. Opening this book on the sacred desk, and looking down into the faces of living men and women, the minister must ask himself whether there is not some greater book to which he could turn for the instruction and soul-feeding of those who turn to him as their spiritual shepherd. The teacher in the Sunday school who faces his class representing the young life of this

new generation must also ask the question, Is there no later and better textbook for religious instruction which we can put into the hands of our children? These questions have been asked by many who have unhesitatingly answered them adversely. They have said to us, and they are saying to us, that this Old Book must be relegated to the past; that it may be turned to along with all of the stored wisdom of antiquity, but it has no claim for preeminent authority at the present time. The new man, we are told, faces forward and not backward, and he cannot be required to accept as the supreme law of his life an old book which has come down to him from almost forgotten ages. The Bible, they tell us, is not a closed canon; that it is not a book of the dead, but of the living; that it is being written even now, and its writing will continue through all the coming years. The new man, it is insisted, will be forever turning the leaves of a new book, because he is forever going forward into a new and an unfolding life.

In reply to these questions I do not intend to enter upon any general argument in defense of the claims of the Bible to be an inspired book or of the divine character of Christianity. I only wish to point out a few general facts which may help some one toward the solution of the problem which these questions present.

1. In the first place, I would say that the new man has not exhausted the resources of the Old Book. Two or three years ago I happened to be for a few days in the great coal fields of Pennsylvania. Beyond the ravine from the point where I was stopping I saw piled up debris of what must at one time have been a very productive mine. The dump heaps looked almost like the foothills of the mountains. But there were no signs of activity in connection with it. The tracks leading into its opening had been torn up and all machinery had been removed. I was told that a few years before several hundred men were employed in operating this mine. The great shaft had been sunk and the tunnels had been extended in every direction, and rich veins of coal had been opened and worked through many seasons, multiplied thousands of tons of coal had been taken out and shipped into the market, many thousands of dollars, year by year, had been paid out to the laborers in wages, and large profit had been reaped by the owners of the mine. But finally the veins had been worked out to the utmost limit. The deposits which at first seemed unlimited were exhausted, and a day came when it was evident that it would not be profitable any longer to operate the mine. Then the workmen were called off, the machinery was removed and sent elsewhere, the tracks were torn

up, and the mine was left deserted and silent. It was an exhausted mine. At one time it was exceedingly rich, but the miner with pick and shovel had followed up its veins until nothing was left. Then it was abandoned because it had ceased to be productive.

Now what I am saying is that the Bible is not an exhausted mine. No mine has been worked so long or so persistently and earnestly as this. The seekers after truth, not simply for a few years or for a few centuries, have gone down into its depths. They have gone out along all the levels of its great deposits; they have sunk great shafts of inquiry and have wrought unceasingly in its veins of wisdom. But they have not come to any limits of its wealth. If we are justified in inferring out there in the coal fields that a certain mine is rich and productive because of the daily employment in it of hundreds of miners and the hundreds of carloads of coal being steadily shipped from its tracks, and from the willingness of capital to make continued investment in its operation, we are equally justified in inferring that the Bible is not a worked-out mine of religious truth, for never in the course of history have so many been engaged in its study as at the present time; never were so many of the best minds of the world engaged in investigating it, in expounding it, in following up its great veins of suggestion, in drawing out and applying its teachings to the problems of the present time. There is nothing concerning which the most intelligent and competent men and women of the world are so agreed as that the study of the Bible is still in the highest degree worth while. The greatest educators insist that any scheme of education that leaves it out is hopelessly defective, and during the last twenty years, when some have been asking these very questions which I have stated and have been demanding that the Bible should be cast aside as worn-out and unprofitable, the colleges and universities of the world have been introducing its systematic study into their courses of instruction. More books have been written concerning it during the last decade than during any similar period in the past. New versions of this Old Book appearing in recent years have been the monumental sensations of the literary world. Never has there been so much money invested in printing the Bible as now, and its annual sales dwarf into insignificance those of the most popular books of the best-known authors. Evidently if the Bible is a worked-out mine the best intelligence of the world has not yet discovered it. This great fact has become more and more manifest, that the Bible is stored with material adapted to the needs of every time. It was written, indeed, by

Orientals and for the immediate use of Orientals and in remote antiquity, but its value was not limited to Orientals and ancient life. It holds in the scope of its purpose the needs of all people and of all ages. It dealt directly with the problems of the Jewish people in the times of David and Solomon, of Isaiah and Jeremiah, but every nation has discovered that the Bible provides for the solution of the latest and most urgent problems of modern life. In its great storehouse of truth the Bible has held unsuspected wealth until the needs of life called for it. When the new problem presents itself men have been surprised to discover that the Bible anticipated it and provided for its complete solution. In this respect the material world furnishes a very instructive analogy. This old earth contains a thousand things of which the men of a thousand years ago never dreamed. The great coal beds had not been uncovered; the great deposits of iron had not been touched upon; the subterranean hidings of petroleum, which now plays so large a part in their industrial world, were undiscovered; the potent possibilities of steam had occurred to no one, and the mighty and mysterious agency electricity remained to be brought out by a far-off generation. Some wise man of a thousand years ago may have fancied that there remained little to learn concerning the material world. But as a matter of fact the great material sciences which now hold so large a place in our modern knowledge had not yet been born; and we have the shrewd suspicion that there remain a great many things yet to be learned concerning this old earth. It has hidden away surprises for future generations as great as any that it has sprung upon us. The fact is that God made this old world for the uses of men not simply in ancient times, during the medieval ages, but for men of to-day and of to-morrow and of the ultimate generations of the future, and consequently he stored it with materials sufficient for the uses of men so long as it should be their habitation; just as the master of a great ship stocks it with reference to the needs of its passengers throughout the entire voyage. Apparently it has not yet occurred to the new man that the old earth is not adapted to him. We would simply smile at the folly of anyone who in the conceit of his perfect wisdom should demand that the present generation should be given a brand-new world; who should declare that this old earth was adequate to meet the needs of past generations, but that now its resources are exhausted and it has become too narrow and cramped for the larger life of humanity. The impression prevails that the possibilities of the earth have not yet been exhausted. Until that view changes the human race will not

be justified in demanding a new world. Now there may be something of the same kind of conceit in the demands of the new man for a new book to minister to his religious needs. That demand cannot be justified until the resources of the Old Book have been exhausted. But that point has not yet been reached. We know that the religious progress of the past has consisted in the development of unsuspected elements of truth in the Bible. Every great movement in the religious world has had its origin in the discovery of hidden meanings in the Bible. The Old Testament at the time of Christ may have seemed to many to be an outgrown book, ready to be put aside, its full meaning having been drawn out and declared. But when Christ took up its interpretation and poured upon it the light of his understanding, great depths of truth were revealed of which the greatest of the rabbis had never been aware. And not only with regard to the Old Testament, but the same has happened in the course of Christian history with the New Testament also. When Luther proclaimed the doctrine of justification by faith, which was the heart of the Reformation, it was not the discovery of a new truth, but the bringing forth of a truth which always lay in the structure of the Scriptures. He found it there and proclaimed it as a part of the teachings of the Old Book. "The just shall live by faith" was the old truth, but it had been lying there unrecognized and unknown, deeply buried under a mountain of formalism and false doctrine. Its discovery and its declaration introduced a new era in the spiritual life of the world. And when John Wesley began preaching the glad evangel of conscious salvation, and the witness of the Spirit of God to the human heart concerning its acceptance and deliverance from sin, it was not a new doctrine, it had always been there in the Word of God. Somehow the eyes of men had been holden and they had failed to perceive it. But there it was all the time, and when at last it was proclaimed and entered joyfully into the experiences of men, it sent a new thrill of spiritual power and hope to the heart of the world. And so it has been with reference to every doctrine that has entered into the spiritual progress of the world. Men have discovered things in the Bible, not outside of it. And we may be very certain that we have not discovered all that the Bible holds for the spiritual uses of humanity for the future. We also, without doubt, read it and our eyes are holden that we do not see great truths which really lie upon its surface. By and by another generation will be stirred and quickened by the discovery of things which we did not perceive, and the world will start forward on a new era of higher life.

At the present time social problems are occupying a large space in our thought. We have coined for ourselves a word in which apparently we take a great deal of pride, as if it stood for some new moral discovery. We speak of "altruism," and we like the sound of the term, and we roll it under our tongues as a particularly pleasant morsel. It is sonorous and impressive; and in using it we fancy that we recognize things unknown to the past generation. And yet, what is altruism? After all, is it not the simple principle that every man shall bear the burdens of all, that every man shall look, not upon his own needs, but upon the needs of others, and that he shall deal with his fellows as he would have them to deal with him? That is a principle as old as the Decalogue, and its statement can never be made more luminous than that which we find in the teachings of Christ. All the maddening social problems of the present hour must find their ultimate solution in the principles of the gospel. The quarrel between capital and labor, the controversy between employers and employees, the feud between the rich and the poor, all must be settled by the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." Let that principle be recognized and carried into practice and all the discords and enmities and fightings of the social world would come to an end. Do we need something better than the Old Book to help us in the solution of these most modern and crying problems?

A little while ago, when we were engaged in the study in the Sunday school of a series of lessons which included the book of Nehemiah, I received a letter from a man telling me that he had been a student of the Sunday school lessons for many years and that he had observed, as about once in seven years the studies came around again to the book of Nehemiah, the fifth chapter had always been jumped. And he wanted me to tell him why it had been done. I turned at once to the chapter in question, and I understood why the man was asking almost with indignation why in the arrangements of the lessons this chapter had been leaped over, for it deals with a very vital social problem. If you will read the story of the book you will find that Nehemiah was put in charge of the rebuilding of the city of Jerusalem at the close of the captivity. He found the walls broken down, the ancient palaces in ruins, a hostile surrounding population, and the task presented to him was appalling in its difficulties, but he accomplished it. The walls were built up, the gates were put in place, the city was made habitable, a good degree of social order was established, and prosperity began. But by and by a trouble arose. A cry came to the ears of Nehemiah

from the poor. They were saying to him: "We have mortgaged our lands, vineyards, and houses, that we might buy corn, because of the dearth. We have borrowed money for the king's tribute, and that upon our lands and vineyards; and lo, we bring into bondage our sons and our daughters to be servants; and some of our daughters are brought into bondage already; neither is it in our power to redeem them, for other men have our lands and our vineyards." Nehemiah was a strenuous ruler. He had a habit of going directly to the roots of the situations which presented themselves to him. He lost no time in dealing with this difficulty. He summoned the nobles and the rich men of the community into his presence and demanded whether these reports were true. Were they trampling upon the poor? Were they taking mortgages upon the homes of the laborers? Were they reducing the children of their brethren to bondage? The offenders were compelled to confess that the accusations were true, and then Nehemiah metaphorically laid hold upon them with ungloved hands and shook them and pounded their heads together until they came to a realizing sense of the injustice of their ways and promised to mend them. Now this very intelligent man from the West who wrote to me wanted to know why that chapter had not been given as one of the lessons for study in the Sunday schools of the churches. I could not tell him why it had been omitted, for it should not have been left out. We can see that it has in its heart the very controversy that is now raging in our social world. The rich are now trampling on the poor; the lands of the poor are taken by mortgage; the wages of the laborer are reduced to a point that makes decent living impossible; and practically the children of the poor in many cases are reduced to essential slavery. It is the old, old cry, it is the age-long injustice of power and wealth. But the Bible furnishes the only solution of the trouble. Our modern nobles, our railroad kings, our captains of industry, our coal and steel barons, must be summoned, as Nehemiah summoned the offenders of his day, to the bar of judgment, and be compelled to deal justly and generously with the poor and the dependent. We do not need a new Bible to help us in the solution of these social problems of our modern life. The Old Book furnishes us with the only principles by which these problems can possibly be solved. Until we have drawn upon the Old Book for all it contains for our uses we are not justified in demanding that it shall be put aside for something else.

II. In the second place, the Old Book has made the new man. It

is not gracious, to say the least, for the creature to sneer at his creator. The new man, as we have seen, is new in several aspects of his life. What has made him such? What has been the stimulating and transforming power which has made him superior to the man of antiquity? Beyond all question, the Bible has been the source of that power. The modern man, standing foremost in the file of the time, we have said, is a new man in his intellectual life. What has made him such, and where do we find him to be such? This great fact challenges our recognition: man has developed into a larger and richer life only under the influence of this Old Book. The Bible lands are the educated lands. Where did the great physical sciences which constitute so large a part of modern thought have their birth? Only where the Bible has had an opportunity to exercise its awakening and enlightening power upon the human mind. Astronomy and geology and chemistry, and all the rest of the regal sciences which have made this age great, have developed under the inspiration of the Scriptures. Pass out from under the influence of this great book and you will find yourself among people who have no better conception of the earth under their feet and the heavens over their heads than had the people of three thousand years ago. Where do we find the great systems of common schools which afford even to the humblest and poorest the opportunity of a liberal education? Where are the colleges and universities which open to the student the gates of the highest learning? Nowhere except where this Old Book has had a chance to stir in the human mind the craving for knowledge. Who have been the discoverers, who have opened the gates of mystery in the natural world and let the mind out into larger spaces and put men in possession and control of these forces by which progress has been made possible? They have been men who grew up under the influence of the Bible and who gratefully acknowledged it to be the supreme quickener of their minds. In what soil have the great literatures of the world grown up? Where did the modern printing press originate, and where is it turning out every year millions of books, and every week and every day producing periodicals which are in number like the leaves of the forest? Where are the great libraries which have gathered into themselves as mighty storehouses the intellectual harvests of all times? Who have been the great musicians who have swept the highest scales of harmony? Where are the great museums of art into which have been gathered the treasuries of painting and sculpture? There is but one answer to all these questions. Man has become the new man in his intellectual life only to

the extent to which he has been brought under the influence of this Old Book.

The new man, as we have seen, is new in his political life. But what has made him so, and where do we find him to be so? Where does the citizen whom we have described, so noble in his character, so royal in his power, have his habitation? Nowhere except where the Old Book has had its opportunity. Political shackles have never been stricken off except under the influence of the Bible. Tyranny has never been overthrown except by the silent influence of this great book. Constitutional government has never taken the place of absolutism and autocracy except under the compelling force of Christianity. There are no constitutions which have not grown out of Christian soil. Outside the limits of the influence of the Bible men are still simply subjects and serfs and slaves. At the present time we are seeing how the influence of the Christian Bible is making itself felt throughout the world. Russia, in which there has been so little knowledge of the Bible, is being forced into the recognition of the political rights of its people by the sentiment of Christian nations. The Sultan of Turkey has been compelled to concede to his empire the protection of a constitution and a degree of self-government, not by any influence proceeding from the religion of Mohammed, for that religion has always fostered tyranny and oppression, but by the resistless power of the free spirit of Christianity. The kingdom of Japan, which only a few years ago awoke out of the age-long sleep of its paganism, has entered upon a marvelous line of progress and has adopted the political principles as well as the material appliances of Western civilization. But that civilization has been developed under the influence of the Bible. Before his dethronement the emperor of China, responding to this prevailing spirit of the world, which is the spirit of Christianity, in the futile attempt to preserve his throne was compelled to pledge to the four hundred millions of his subjects that within a few years a political constitution would be given securing for them civil liberty. Simply because those ideals contained in the Bible have extended now well-nigh throughout the whole earth political slavery has become impossible. To the Old Book the political emancipation of man has been due, so far as accomplished, and under its influence that emancipation will finally be made complete.

And the new man, we say, is new in his industrial life. But what has made him so? And where do we find him so? Again, nowhere except where this Old Book has had a chance to stimulate the inventive

genius of the human mind. I listened not long ago to an address given by a gentleman who had recently returned from travel in the Orient. He spoke of the industrial life of the people among whom he had traveled, and he held up before us the model of a plow such as is in use at this time in western Asia. It is a very simple thing, essentially a crooked stick with a single fork, one point of which was sharpened, with which to stir the ground, and one end serving as the handle of the plow. That was exactly the kind of a plow that was in use in those lands in the times of Abraham. There is no patent on that plow, and anyone who will may enter upon its manufacture. When I was a boy upon the farm I had my introduction to plowing in the use of what was called at that time a "single-shovel," with which I was required to break the "middles" between the rows of corn. I have never known anything except a mule that had a capacity for kick equal to this kind of a plow. And yet that old single-shovel, now no longer known to the farmer, was an infinite advance over the plows that are now being used in every land in which the Bible has not exercised its influence. Only in Christian lands, or in lands to which Christian countries have sent them, do we find the implements of modern agriculture. The soil of our great Western farms is being turned over by great gang plows, some of them driven by steam; the vast wheat fields are sown by drills fifteen feet in width, and the harvests are cut by reapers which cut and bind the golden grain with a rapidity miraculous as compared with the slow laborious processes of ancient harvestry. The enslaving and dulling drudgery of husbandry has been abolished by modern machinery. And what is true in connection with modern agriculture is true in every department of manufacture. Steel and steam and electricity are now doing a work which by the old processes would require the strength and time of a multitude of laborers greater than that of the whole population of the earth. Industrial machinery has been lifting the crushing burdens from the human shoulders and has been bringing in a new age of leisure and a larger opportunity for the intellectual and spiritual culture of mankind. However we may account for it, whether we are able to explain the causal connections, the indisputable fact is that this industrial improvement and progress has been accomplished under the stimulus of the Bible. So that the Old Book has made the new man. For whatever excellence and superiority he possesses he is indebted to this book. And there are no indications that the stimulating power of this marvelous book is exhausted. Just to the extent to which the human mind is touched by its fructify-

ing and vitalizing power progress continues along all lines. Would it be wise, would it be safe, for the world to discard a book which has been the central force of its civilization?

III. But, in the third place, the new man is not entirely new. In fact, when we inquire into it carefully we will discover that in the things that are most essential the modern man is not new, but old. The new features all belong to the periphery rather than to the center of his life. The elements of human nature have never changed. The laws of the human mind have never been modified. The new man has not been able to add a single faculty to his intellectual equipment. Our modern psychology deals simply with the mental powers which men of the earliest ages possessed. We have not been able to add anything to our five senses. We are limited, as the men of five thousand years ago were limited, to sight, and hearing, and touch, and taste, and smell. We can do nothing more than the first man did—we perceive and remember and imagine and compare and reason. The best that we have been able to do has been to employ a little better in some directions these common faculties. Indeed, in some regards the modern man has not been able to excel the man of antiquity in purely intelligent achievement. We may pride ourselves upon our modern psychology and philosophy and logic, but the foundation of all psychology is found in Plato, and the science of logic was so perfectly wrought out by Aristotle that we have been able to add but little to it. Probably in the matter of intellectual culture no people have attained to such perfection as that of the ancient Greeks, and their language remains as the most perfect implement of philosophic thought. We are compelled to go back to the Greek for our most perfect models in sculpture and architecture. The Apollo Belvedere and the Venus de Milo will remain to the end of time as sculptured ideals of bodily symmetry and beauty. Our architects must go back to the age of Pericles for the designing of our most stately buildings. A little while ago I stood on the campus of one of the greatest of our Western State universities. A great building had just been completed, massive, and simple, and satisfying in all its features. I stood in front of it and looked upon the great pillars of its splendid portico, and felt the silent power of that spirit of beauty expressed in the mighty granite structure, faultless from enduring foundation to the highest topstone. I felt like uncovering my head with silent reverence before that triumph of the builder's art. And yet that building was essentially a reproduction of those miracles in marble with which the hills of ancient Athens were

crowned. The more we look into it the more clearly we will see that the new man has not been able to surpass in some respects the achievements of his brothers of antiquity; and we will perceive that the secret of modern progress and civilization is not so much intellectual as moral. The intellectual nature of man has been affected and stimulated by the Bible through its influence upon his moral nature. The spiritual nature is deeper and more fundamental than the intellectual. The heart underlies the brain; and because the Bible has penetrated more deeply into the world of the heart it has more profoundly affected the whole nature of man. And the moral elements of human nature are as old as history. Nothing has been added to the faculties of the soul. The new man has the same craving as the man of antiquity. The sense of right and wrong has always existed. The sense of the eternal has always brooded over human life and filled it with mystery and high meaning. Sin is as old as the world, and guilt and remorse are very ancient terms. Love and hate and mercy and cruelty and injustice and righteousness and holiness have always belonged to the human vocabulary. The deepest element of all history is the moral element. The deepest soul of all literature is spiritual. It remains for some one competent for the high task to write for us a new book on ethics drawn from the world of literature. The masters of the drama and of fiction have been the profoundest students of the human conscience, and conscience has been the great theme of all their literary creations. A few years ago I read again with deepening interest and wonder the old Greek tragedies. I saw that they dealt with the very elements which give strength and meaning to all dramatic literature. Their theme was the human soul. They depicted the struggles of the conscience; they gave voice to the fear of the criminal and offender against the primal laws of life. We hear in these old dramas just as we hear in our latest literature the cry of vexed and sin-haunted spirits. The great quest of humanity has always been for inward peace. The great task of the ages has been a moral task, the great achievements have been moral achievements. Compared with this never-completed task, the task of material improvement has been trivial; compared with the moral achievements which have been attained, the achievements in the field of scientific discovery and invention have been insignificant. To this all literature bears witness. What we find in the Greek tragedies we find at the heart of the literature of every nation. Conscience was the theme of Shakespeare as it was of Æschylus. In Macbeth, in Hamlet, in Lear, in Shylock, we have the

human soul fighting out to victory or defeat the old issue of right and wrong; and simply because these dramas of the great English tragedian go to the depths of the conscience, and depict with tremendous power that inward struggle in which every man and woman is involved, they have a deathless interest. It is the moral element in the writings of Victor Hugo which makes them great. What a marvelous study of conscience is given us in his Les Misérables! What a tremendous soul-fight was that of Jean Valjean! I know of nothing in literature so terrific as a description of desperate moral struggle as that which is given us in Les Misérables in the chapter entitled "A Tempest in a Brain." The labors of Hercules were trifling in comparison. Alone that night, in the silence and the darkness, a man naked of soul grappled with all the forces of evil; a giant temptation grappled with him and threatened to strangle the very life of his spirit; demons looked out of the darkness upon him with horrible faces and with fearful laughter; fears smote upon him with pitiless lashes and the depths of his nature were riven by indescribable agonies. The foundations of his life-structure, which he had laid with tears and built up with heroic effort, were being broken and all his hopes were fallen into irremediable ruin; hell was yawning at his feet and the helping angels seemed to have forsaken him; one fearful hour the issues of eternity had to be fought out; the throne of judgment was set, and upon the decision which was forced upon him the eternal decree was to be uttered which would doom him to everlasting death or admit him into everlasting life. A description like that reveals to us the might of literature at its maximum, and that simply because the moral struggle is the supreme thing in human life. It is this same element which lays hold upon us in the writings of George Eliot. In the character of Tito we are simply watching the inexorable operations of the immutable moral laws, and in his downward course from the point at which he is first introduced to us, carefree and morally neutral, but when, half laughing and wholly unconscious of its dreadful implications, he made his first wrong step and choice, down to the end of the dark tragedy when his body was thrown up from the swollen waters of the Arno while the clutch of the avenger fastened upon his throat, we are reading the story of the damnation of a soul. And to us the story is not fiction, for we know that it is too dreadfully true to actual experience. Thousands upon thousands of young men whose life-dramas have opened as brightly as that of Tito have come at the end to tragedies as fearful and hopeless as his. And it is this deep chord

of conscience which constitutes the strength and fascination of the stories of Hawthorne. Donatello, in The Marble Faun, is not the description of an imaginary or an impossible character or life. We know that the deep and awful moral awakening which came to him when, yielding to the suggestion in the eyes of Miriam, he dashed his hateful victim over the precipice to his death, was that old and awful awakening which, from the sin of Adam to the latest crime of the present hour, follows the commission of evil. We all have had our fateful moments when we have made our choices which carried with them immeasurable ill. And in The Scarlet Letter we know that we are reading again the tragedy that has been enacted over and over again through all the centuries. Hester Prynne wearing upon her breast the scarlet badge of her shame is but a type of that unnumbered multitude of women who from one fateful hour of illicit love have traveled down the way of life to the slow music of unceasing grief, and in whose eyes lies the shadow of a pathos as deep as death. And we know that Arthur Dimmesdale is but our brother-man in sin; and when at last, on the scaffold in full confession and at the end of years of inward torture, he made expiation of his guilt, and in death found the peace which his sin had made impossible for him in life, he simply stood for that experience of long agony, through which millions of men and women have passed, which follows the feet of the sinner like a pitiless Nemesis.

Now the Bible, this Old Book which we have received as an inheritance from antiquity, holds its place of unrivaled power simply because more perfectly than any other book it deals with the moral element in life. The Bible makes its appeal not primarily to the intellect, but to the heart. It is the master of conscience. Its great theme is sin and the remedy for sin. The problems which it undertakes to solve are universal problems belonging to every age and to every nation. Somehow humanity lost its way in the beginning of its journey, and the Bible represents God's effort to bring it back. Sin is the overshadowing and tremendous fact of all history. The Bible offers the only effective remedy for this deep malady of life. Somehow men early lost sight of the face of God. The Bible has for its purpose the restoration of the vision of that face. Bewildered, and blind, and sense-enslaved, groping among the things of this world, man has felt in his soul the stirrings of a hidden life and has been dumbly conscious that he is connected with the unseen world. The mission of the Bible has been to awaken into clear consciousness this hidden life and

restore the soul to its connections with the unseen and the eternal. These deep longings and hungerings which have been the master-passions of humanity, and are neither old nor new, have belonged to the unchanging life that is neither ancient nor modern. The Old Book is just as new in its answers to the deepest questionings of the heart of the new man as it was three thousand years ago. It is the book of the ages. And the new man, when he goes beneath those superficial things which distinguish him from the men of antiquity, finds that the Old Book answers to the call of the elements of his nature which are as old as history and which are subject to no change. In these enduring elements of his life the new man feels that in the Old Book he finds the latest and only satisfying response to his needs.

THE ARENA

ESSAYIST BENSON ON LIGHTFOOT ON THE EARLY EPISCOPATE

When I went to Andover Theological Seminary to continue my studies in church history in the regular fourth year, or advanced, class which that seminary had just instituted, I called on the professor, Dr. Egbert C. Smyth, to see about my courses. "Is there any subject in which you are especially interested?" he asked. "Yes. I should like to investigate the rise of the Papacy and the evidence of the primacy of the Popes in the ancient church." "All right," he said. "Now you ought to have a model for your study, both as to method and spirit. Have you ever read Lightfoot's Essay on the Christian Ministry in the appendix to his Commentary on Philippians? If not, first read that essay carefully, and then you will know how to treat your thesis," or words to that effect. Of course I read the essay then, and have read it two or three times since (it occupies 110 pages in the octavo reprint of his Dissertations on the Apostolic Age, Macmillan, 1892, and was first published in 1868). It is a purely historical investigation, one of those careful, impartial, scientific studies of which the Cambridge school of Lightfoot, Westcott, and Hort have given us so many.

Not long ago a kind friend made me a present of a delightful book, The Leaves of the Tree: Studies in Biography, by Arthur Christopher Benson, Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, Putnams, 1911. On the title page is this motto in Latin, "I am not a prophet, . . . but I am a herdsman plucking the mulberry trees." But there are prophets in the book, like Westcott, Wilkinson, Kingsley, and Christopher Wordsworth. The subjects were mostly the author's teachers in Cambridge, his own and

his father's friends. That father was the very High Church Archbishop Benson of Canterbury, another of whose brilliant sons, Hugh, followed that Catholic bent a little further and is now safe within the Roman fold. Like most Anglican biographies, the book is somewhat provincial —all the subjects are good Anglicans. Benson celebrates no friend outside the type. And it is a jealous and exclusive type, quite mediæval in tone (I don't mean the friends here personally, but the ecclesiastical note of the type). Only yesterday the Oxford convocation voted down the proposition to open the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Divinity to non-Anglicans, and I myself can easily remember the year when for the first time Nonconformists could enter old Oxford and Cambridge to work for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The Anglican, how delightful personally, how often broad and candid and thoroughly scholarly, how mediæval ecclesiastically! It's still a queer old world. The Methodist American scholar traveling or studying in England will be treated with the most cordial courtesy and kindness by the Anglican.

Well, in Benson's chapter on Bishop (former Professor) Lightfoot I read these words: "There was one point in Lightfoot's theological work which needs a word. He is often quoted as a writer of impeccable accuracy who admitted that episcopacy was not part of the primitive order of the church. It is an entire misunderstanding. Lightfoot believed and taught that episcopacy was an apostolic institution—monarchical episcopacy, as it is called, apart from mere presidential functions. He referred the probable establishment of it to the closing years of Saint John's life, and to his personal sanction. What he did teach was that it was subsequent to the establishment of the priesthood, and grew naturally out of it as a consistent development of church authority. He more than once made a public contradiction of the misunderstanding, which, for all that, had and has a curious persistence." This reminds one of Christian Science statements, so true and yet so false, or of what I read in my college logic about fallacies and the definition of words in reasoning. What do you mean by "primitive"? what by "priesthood"? what by "apostolic institution"? This paragraph gives such a misleading statement of Lightfoot that it is worth while to get his exact views.

(1) Lightfoot held that in theory the church was a free, universal society, having no priesthood, no sacred days or sanctuaries, and in which every member was immediately responsible to God. (2) But historically there must be sacred days and special officers. (3) The apostles exercised a moral oversight and authority in the first age, and with them the prophets and evangelists—the chief work of these three classes being preaching and missionary work. (4) In order to be free for this work, very early deacons were appointed to look after tables, though even these might at times instruct and preach. (5) As the church was at first Jewish, elders or presbyters were taken over as a matter of course, these being administrative officers, but also having often duties of preaching and pastoral oversight. (6) Elders and deacons exhaust the regular ministerial officers of the New Testament Church. There were no bishops as

distinct from elders. The words are used synonymously, and the officers are the same. See especially his long and valuable note in his Commentary on Philippians, pages 95-99. (7) Nor is there any idea of priesthood attaching to the ministry in New Testament times nor for many years afterward. In every possible kind of ministerial functions in the New Testament "there is an entire silence about priestly functions: for the most exalted office in the church, the highest gift of the Spirit conveyed no sacerdotal right which was not enjoyed by the humblest member of the congregation" (Diss., page 142). (8) Thus our New Testament sources. When we canvass post-apostolic literature we find traces of a development of the bishop as distinct from the presbyter in the first century. For instance, James, the brother of Jesus, was chief in the Jerusalem church, so that he might fairly be said to exercise a kind of episcopal oversight. (9) The apostle John did the same very likely in his old age at Ephesus, and the statement of some of the fathers that through his influence bishops (as distinct from elders) were placed in Asia is to be received. So that it is quite probable that in the last decade or decades of the first century bishops were beginning to appear in the churches of Asia Minor. (10) But this was only local. In other places they came much later. They were not in Philippi when Polycarp wrote in the second century, nor were they in Rome or in Corinth when Clement wrote at the close of the first century. Nor was the monarchical episcopate in Rome when Hermas wrote well on in the second century. The New Testament identity of bishops and elders is presupposed in all of their writings, though not in Ignatius for the Asia Minor cities in the second century. (11) The episcopate was a historical development in post New Testament times from the eldership, not from the apostolate (12), but that development was so early, and very probably sanctioned by John in his old age, that it is a precious possession of those churches which have it, and is not to be given up in efforts at church union. These in a nutshell are the views of Lightfoot, though you would hardly get that impression from Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson.

This is not the place to criticize any of the views of this great scholar which may be open to criticism. One might say modestly, however, that he uses the word "order" of the ministerial offices of the New Testament in a loose and unhistorical sense; that there is grave doubt about the seven of Acts 6 being the founding of the diaconate; that he places far too much reliance upon late testimonies which connect Asian bishops with John; and that even if these testimonies are reliable, he attributes to that connection far too great ecclesiastical importance. But for substance, Lightfoot's celebrated essay, though written nearly fifty years ago, remains for its scientific spirit and scholarly cogency one of the very best refutations on the historical field of the Catholic or high-church theory of the ministry. Whatever "contradiction of misunderstandings" he may have made (see Diss., Appendix 239-246), he took back not one iota of those damaging facts which he put into that refutation.

John Alfred Faulkner.

Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.

THE ULSTER PROBLEM

How hard for one who has never lived in Ireland to understand the Ulster trouble. The assurance with which Mr. Evans writes on this subject in your last issue is amazing and amusing. He claims the hypothesis that Home Rule means Rome rule is false, "which the English government and the large majority of its subjects regard as totally unsound." The calmness with which this assertion is written is irritating. That the present Liberal Government passed the Home Rule bill by a considerable majority cannot be denied. That such action was the result of a disgraceful bargain between the Liberals and Nationalists is also a fact. What the honest convictions of the men who voted for the measure are only Omniscience can tell. That the large majority of the English and Scotch voters are in favor of it is an assumption in support of which I claim there is absolutely no valid evidence. I challenge Mr. Evans to furnish such evidence.

Home Rule as a separate issue has not been submitted to a popular vote. The explanation of the frenzied haste of the government in rushing the bill to a third reading before the dissolution of Parliament was the fear that a general election would frustrate its plans and hurl it from the throne of power. If I am to believe the English and Irish journals it is my privilege to read I must emphatically deny the contention of Mr. Evans. But if it could be proven that the majority of the subjects of the Imperial Parliament regarded the claim of the Ulster Protestants as "totally unsound," that demonstration would have little weight with those who believe, and not without cogent reasons, that the Unionists of Ulster understand the issues involved more clearly than any of their critics on the outside. Why not? They have always lived in Ireland. They know its history and literature. They are intelligent and educated thinkers. I submit that their convictions are at least worthy of as much consideration as the snap judgment of men who must rely on second-hand testimony.

Mr. Evans says, "This is the twentieth century, not the sixteenth." The inference he leaves the reader to draw is obvious. But it is the boast of Rome that that church never changes. The steady advance of learning and growing love of liberty compel it to alter its methods, but it is as intolerant of Protestantism as it ever was. It claims to be the only holy apostolic church, and that its Pope is the vicegerent of God, infallible in all his official deliverances. Its mission is to root out heresy and suppress, by violence, if necessary, all sects and societies outside the pale of its organization; and its paramount purpose is to make the incumbent of the Vatican the supreme ecclesiastical and civil ruler of the whole world; and I steadfastly believe if it had the power it would still enforce its decrees by fire and sword. It burns Bibles and it would burn Protestants if it could. Incidents in proof of this contention are of daily occurrence. It would be superfluous to cite examples. The experience of Rev. Mr. Clark, of the Christian Endeavor, in Spain is still fresh in the public mind. That Rome changes not let Spain and Italy and Latin America testify.

The wording of the Home Rule bill is plausible, but the lynx-eyed hierarchy will detect many loopholes, and the Scots and Saxons of Ireland will find, when it becomes operative, if it ever does, that the power on the Tiber has no more regard for its promises to-day than when Charles IX ordered the butchery of Saint Bartholomew and Louis XIV made himself eternally infamous by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Mr. Evans says, "It is difficult to conceive how any intelligent Protestant could seriously apprehend any interference with his religious belief." The man who can write such a sentence as the foregoing must either be ignorant of actual conditions in Ireland or else willfully ignore them. I am now in direct communication with friends in Ulster who are competent to speak reliably, and on their information I declare that many Protestant families in the east and south of Ireland—business men, doctors, farmers, teachers, etc.—have been subjected to repeated outrages and wrongs because of their religion. Their barns have been burned, their lives threatened, their cattle cruelly maimed, and their stores boycotted by order of the priests, until life became intolerable and they were obliged to emigrate to this side of the world. Under a parliament more than three fourths of whose members would be Roman Catholic conditions would not be any improvement on the present. The Imperial Parliament would not interfere unless an effort should be made to exterminate the Protestants. The most intolerable wrongs would be inflicted to abolish which the English government would be powerless without wiping out the Irish Parliament and restoring the conditions which have prevailed ever since the union of the two countries. Mr. Evans does not fully understand the case for Ireland.

The Unionist Party have championed the Ulster cause not so much "that they may be triumphant at the next election," but because they believe their return to power is necessary to the maintenance of the principles of the British Constitution. Their motives are patriotic and not selfish, as Mr. Evans charges.

Let me ask him, Why are the Ulster Protestants making no outcry against the despotism of the Imperial Parliament? Why are they satisfied to remain in the Union, and not only so, but arming themselves to resist any violent attempt to effect a separation? Their fears are not imaginary. They are too matter-of-fact men to be beguiled by their imagination. They refuse to enter into a conference with the government to secure necessary safeguards because they have no confidence in the moral sincerity of the government leaders and believe that any safeguards that might be imposed would, in time, be ignored by the hierarchy. Why are they willing that England shall continue to be Ireland's benefactor and help its people to manage their domestic affairs? Why are the most intelligent people of Ireland content with the present order of things? Why is all this delirious howling against the brutal injustice and tyranny of England, in which many ill-advised Americans unite, confined to the three provinces where Roman Catholicism predominates? If Mr. Evans cannot answer these questions I can. He must know, and therefore I will not insult his intelligence.

The church of Rome has gained a greater victory in Ireland than she has been able to boast of in a hundred years. If the bill just passed becomes operative it will be a disaster to the country and may prove to be the beginning of a movement which will culminate in the disruption of the British empire. It will have the effect of driving the best people out of Ireland as the treacherous policy of Louis compelled the Huguenots to flee from France.

Mr. Evans does not prove himself a philosopher when he says: "The question now hotly discussed must be met not from the standpoint of the Roman Catholic, nor from the standpoint of the Orangeman, but from the standpoint of the Irish nation as a whole. It is a national question, and no religious body ought to interfere with the settled decision of the great majority of the Irish people." These words look fair on the surface and the author has a good intent; but a religious body *will* interfere in the administration of this law. More than three fourths of the Irish people are Roman Catholics. The church of Rome will shape the policy of the Irish Parliament, and the horrible tragedies of 1668-69 may be repeated. Liberty will be subverted by the very measure which pretends to make Ireland free, and the well-meaning, but not over-illuminated, people in this country who have zealously advocated Home Rule will discover, to their grief and mortification, that they were the unconscious instruments of Rome. Messrs. Asquith, George, Redmond & Co. will be so absorbed with congratulations from the banks of the Tiber as to forget for the time being the miseries of the million Protestants for which they will be responsible, but the day of reckoning will surely come. The men of Ulster have already won the admiration of the world and they will stand like a Gibraltar rock in defense of their liberties.

W. MacNicholl.

Maspeth, N. Y.

"THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS"

Little Cornelia was born in a lovely Connecticut valley. All about her were the high hills, before her stretched green pastures, above her a blue sky. But little Cornelia's eyes were turned downward, for in the country road she was scuffling up the dust. It was her birthday, a heavenly day in May, and her grandmamma had said if Cornelia could find a nice long white horsehair she would show her how to weave some blue beads upon it for a ring. Her grandpapa, who was a great joker, had told her if she would find three horsehairs—white, brown, and black—and soak them in water for three days, they would turn into three long snakes; and at the age of eight, Cornelia had a morbid curiosity about snakes and an over-mastering desire for a blue-bead ring. So she was scuffling through the golden dust in her hunt for inadvertent horsehairs. She found one, then another, and another—for horse-hairs are plentiful in country roads. Finally her exploring feet brought her to the little footbridge over her beloved brook, and here she sat dangling her

dusty little legs, hoping, yet fearing, that some big "Rosinante" horse would come along and give her a big bounce and maybe—O, fearful joy!—bounce her right into the water.

It was a really warm day and Cornelia thought a nice face-wash in the cool brook would be pleasant. In her pocket was a pretty birthday handkerchief, and as she pulled it out there wavered to the ground a small green ticket—her Sabbath school verse for next Sabbath day's lesson. "Why not learn it now?" thought Cornelia; so she read with care this text, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help" (Psa. 121. 1). The lovely valley, the gentle fields, the running brook, the winding road, had hitherto bounded Cornelia's childish horizon; but from the little green ticket in her hand she lifted her eyes and beheld for the first time the "strength of the hills."

Mount Vernon, N. Y. CORNELIA M. J. HOWE.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

CHRIST'S LORDSHIP OF THE SABBATH

IN a previous paper the Itinerants' Club urged the importance of emphasizing the religious observance of the Christian Sabbath because of the many temptations to its violation in the present conditions of our social life.

The origin of the weekly Sabbath has been much disputed. In the Holy Scriptures the seventh day is recognized as a special day in the Genesis account of creation: "God rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made." The seventh day is distinctly recognized in the case of the manna in the desert wanderings: "And it came to pass that on the sixth day they gathered twice as much bread, two omers for one man; and all the rulers of the congregation came and told Moses, and he said unto them, This is that which the Lord hath said, To-morrow is the rest of the Holy Sabbath unto the Lord: bake that which you will bake to-day, and seethe that which you will seethe; and that which remaineth over lay up for you to be kept until the morning" (Exod. 16. 22-23).

In the Decalogue it is declared as one of the Ten Commandments, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God." Its violation was accompanied with the severest penalties. It has been suggested that it may be of Babylonian origin, and that "the Akkadians who inhabited North Babylonia, long before the time of Abraham, divided time into a period of weeks, and that each week consisted of seven days, named for the sun, the moon, and the planets. One day of each week, or the seventh, fourteenth, nineteenth, twenty-first, and twenty-eighth days of each month, each known as *Sabatu*, was a rest day, on which all labor was unlawful and even the king was interdicted from labor and

from ordinary royal pleasures. . . . The Egyptians, like the Assyrians and Babylonians, were astronomers, and in very remote times, but how early is not known, had their week of seven days each" (The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia).

It does not follow from this that the Jews borrowed from these nations the Sabbath idea, but the universality of the Sabbath of rest conception showed that it was a necessity for mankind.

The Scriptures place its observance as a divine command, based upon the divine example and for beneficent ends. Not only were the Hebrew and his family to abstain from toil, but the same privilege of rest was to be granted to the stranger and to the slave and to the brute creation. How they abused this humane institution, and encumbered it with regulations which were not only grievous, but absurd, is clearly shown in the Bible and in contemporary Jewish literature. In this connection several important questions have arisen:

(1) As to the perpetual obligation of the Jewish Sabbath. Historically this has been answered in the negative. In practice the seventh day has not been preserved as the holy day of the church. In our own country we are aware of but two religious bodies who worship on the seventh day, the Jews and the Seventh-Day Baptists. That the fourth commandment as a principle still exists is unquestioned. The obligation of a rest day is conceded even by those who do not recognize in it any divine sanction. It has the same obligation as the other commands of the great Decalogue given on Mount Sinai. The Sinaitic legislation has never been formally repealed.

(2) There are others who regard the commandment as to the seventh day as satisfied by setting aside the seventh part of our time for rest and divine service. This would meet in a measure the spirit of the command in regard to rest. Man's nature requires that amount of rest to meet his physical and mental necessities. The mind kept on a severe strain and the body weighed down by constant toil soon break under the pressure. Investigations have shown that the materials which man handles will last much longer—engines and railway tracks, for instance, it has been shown will endure much longer—if they are given periods of repose at regular intervals.

The Sinaitic legislation involves both labor and rest. "Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work." It would seem as though there should be a definite time for association and rest. The requirements of the Holy Sabbath would be better met by joint rest involving social communion in rest and worship. At least such is the interpretation which both the Jew and the Christian have put upon these sacred days. Many who toil are placed under such conditions that they are not free on the first day of the week, and they can secure only one rest day. Let this day, then, become a Sabbath to them. But the expression of the entire church is that the day of rest should be one in which all who desire to do so should unite, and that merely one day in seven separately enjoyed does not fulfill the ideal of the holy Sabbath.

(3) There are still others who claim that with the advent of Christianity the obligation to observe special days of worship ceased and that all days are sacred days. These recognize, however, the propriety, and, indeed, the necessity, of having seasons of united service as is now the custom of all Christendom. The late Dean Stanley, who inclines to the opinions of those mentioned above, says, "It is enough to say that amid all variations in the mode of observing the Sunday it is still possible, and it is still our duty, to bear in mind the principle of the ancient law. 'I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day'; that is what we should all strive to attain—to be raised at least for one day in the week above the grinding toil of our daily work! above the debasing influences of frivolous amusements; above the jangling of business and controversy—raised into the high and holy atmosphere breathed by pure and peaceful lives, bright and beautiful thoughts, elevating and invigorating worship" (Christian Institutions, page 380).

Those who deny the enduring character of the law of the Sabbath profess to rest their position on the express declaration of Scripture. If their interpretation is correct, it is the end of controversy of the subject, because there can be no appeal from the teaching of the New Testament. A passage much relied upon to sustain this contention is Col. 2. 16. The King James version translates, "Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of an holyday, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath days." The revision of 1881 is the same except the substitution of "feast day" for "holyday" and "a Sabbath" day for "Sabbath days." Mark 2. 27, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," is also urged against the primacy of God's Sabbath over other days. Dr. Schaff, quoted by Dr. William Nast in his commentary, puts the true view, as we believe, quite forcibly: "The passages so often quoted are not aimed at the Sabbath which the Lord hath made, but at the later Jewish perversion of it. They in no wise oppose the proper observance of the Sabbath by works of divine worship and charity, but the negative, mechanical, self-righteous, and hypocritical sabbatarianism of the Pharisees, who idolized the letter and killed the spirit of the law; who strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel; who exacted tithe from the smallest produce of the garden and neglected the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith; who, like whited sepulchers, appeared beautiful without, but within were full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. Wherever the Christian Sabbath is observed in the same spirit it is an abuse of God's ordinances, and falls, of course, under the same condemnation as the Jewish sabbatarianism of the days of Christ."

The point on which emphasis needs to be placed to-day is the religious significance of the Sabbath—or Sunday, or the Lord's day, whatever appellation we may assign to it. The name which meets the meaning in our thought is the Lord's day, which is found but once in the New Testament, in Rev. 1. 9, 10: "I John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and

for the testimony of Jesus Christ. I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice as of a trumpet." What day was this which is here mentioned by the evangelist John in the closing part of the first century?

He had an important message to deliver and he mentions the particular time when it was given him. It was on the Lord's day and was in the Isle of Patmos. There is nothing indefinite here. There is a time and a specific place and a specific message. It is not some day of the week, but is the Lord's day, a day which would be familiar to those who would read his message.

Dr. Paley is quoted as saying, "I make no doubt that by the Lord's day was meant the first day of the week; for we find no footsteps of any distinction of days which could entitle any other to that designation."

We see, then, the first day of the week recognized as the Christian Sabbath at the close of the first century. Let us trace the Christian church recognizing immediately after Christ's resurrection the first day of the week as the proper day for worship.

It was on this first day of the week that Christ appeared to his disciples. The evangelists record five appearances of Christ to his disciples on this day, and he is not mentioned as having appeared to them again until a week afterward. It is particularly stated that when the two disciples whose eyes had been opened on the way to Emmaus returned to Jerusalem, they "found the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them, saying, The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon" (Luke 24. 33-34). This shows that the disciples had their meeting places, and it was natural that they should have met together on the receipt of such joyful news and "rehearsed the things that happened." It is clear that the risen Christ who appeared to them knew where he would find them.

The fact that his disciples met there again on the first day of the week and Jesus again appeared to them, Thomas being present, shows that the coming together of the disciples one week afterward, and Christ with them, gave significance to the first day of the week as a day apart from other days as the time for the meeting of the Christians for conversation and worship (John 20. 26-29).

The disciples again met together on the day of Pentecost. "They were all together in one place." Pentecost took place on the first day of the week. Alford's note on Acts 2. 1 shows the importance of the occasion: "The fiftieth day (inclusive) after the sixteenth of Nisan, the second day of the Passover (Levit. 23. 16) called in Exodus 23. 16 'the feast of the Harvest,' in Deut. 16. 10 'The feast of Weeks,' one of the three great feasts, when all males were required to appear at Jerusalem, Deut. 16. 16." This great occasion, when the Holy Ghost was poured out upon his church in such a remarkable manner, was when the disciples were gathered together on the first day of the week.

That the first day of the week was a recognized day of Christian service to hear preaching is shown by Acts 20. 7: "And upon the first day of the week, when we were gathered together to break bread, Paul

discoursed with them, intending to depart on the morrow, and continued his speech until midnight." These illustrations are sufficient to show the importance attached to the first day of the week in the early Christian church and to afford a presumption that, without formal enactment, the seventh-day Sabbath had gradually given place among the early Christians to the Lord's day, and was established in commemoration of the resurrection of our Lord from the dead on the first day of the week. An example of its application to charitable work is seen in Paul's first letter to the Corinthians, chapter 16. 2: "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come." For a time no doubt they kept both days, as the early Methodists in England for a long time continued their attendance on the Church of England while their own meeting places constituted the center of their Christian activities.

The religious significance of the Sabbath, that on which the church needs to lay emphasis at the present time, is assured by the lordship which Christ asserts over the Sabbath. In the Gospel of Saint Mark our Lord was charged with a violation of the Sabbath law when he went through the corn fields on the Sabbath day and his disciples began, as they went, to pluck the ears of corn. He answered by reminding them of the case of David, who "was a hungered, he, and they that were with him"; how he entered "in the house of God . . . and did eat of the shew bread, which is not lawful to eat but for the priests, and gave also to them that were with him."

Our Lord does not stop with the appeal to an example in justification of his act, but he asserts a principle which was behind the Sabbath law, namely, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." The Jew had made the mere legal enactment an object of special reverence and had overlooked its benevolent purpose. He further adds, as a justification for his apparent transgression of the Sabbath law, his own authority over the Sabbath. "Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath."

All the benevolent aspects of the Hebrew conception are preserved in the Lord's day. Great and glorious has been the influence of the fourth commandment. It still stands as God's law, but is enriched by the fuller revelation of Jesus Christ. Christ has furnished to man the complete rest in himself. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

In the third chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews the author rebukes the ancient Hebrews for their neglect to enter into the rest God had provided. They failed to attain it because of their unbelief. So this rest in Christ, which was anticipated by prophecy and type and symbol, is now open to all believers. "There remaineth therefore a Sabbath rest for the people of God"—a rest which had its example in God's rest at the dawn of history. The first thing which God did after his great work of creating man was to provide for him rest, which is to be found by union with him through Jesus Christ.

The church must not be discouraged. The protection of the civic

Sabbath is generally recognized. We do not believe that any civilized nation would by formal enactment abolish a day of rest. Humanity demands and needs such a day, but the laws vary greatly as to details.

The so-called Puritan regulations of early New England have been greatly modified, and perhaps England and Scotland are the most rigid in their maintenance of the Sabbath laws. Anyone who visits Canada will be impressed with the sanctity which attaches to the Lord's day and by the uniformity with which the people attend the religious services. In continental countries, especially France and Germany, the Sabbath regulations have been greatly relaxed.

We believe that the religious as well as the civic character of the Sabbath should be preserved. By Christian kindness and forbearance, by according cheerfully to all their rights as citizens, by preaching the gospel of love, by good examples on the part of Christians, we are hopeful that the civil and religious Sabbath may go forward in beautiful harmony for the upbuilding of humanity.

In the library of the British and Foreign Bible Society is an ancient manuscript of about the fifteenth century containing a number of Ethiopic prayers translated by Rev. J. M. Bodwell. The prayer on the Sabbath from which we quote is both a prayer and an interpretation: "Almighty God, thou hast made the world by Jesus Christ our Saviour, and hast ordained the Sabbath, and rested thereon from all thy work; and hast commanded us to rest from all the labor of our hands, and to be prepared to devote ourselves to thy commandments, and hast made for us a festal day of joy to our souls; we remember, therefore, the skill of the wisdom in whom God was well pleased: how the Word was born of woman for our sakes, and appeared manifestly for this work, and, though God, was baptized as a man, and endured the passion of the cross, and died, and rose again from the dead with great power. Therefore will we keep the festal day of his sacred resurrection, and honor the Sabbath the first day of the week, and will sing praises to him who conquered death, and gave light to all the world and hath bestowed upon us honor and glory that fadeth not away. . . . Therefore hath he bidden us to rest on every Sabbath, because on the Sabbath day he rested from all his work."

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

NEW VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE

The study of the Bible never ceases to interest men and women; but, like an ever-flowing stream, God's Word passes on its onward course in ever-increasing volume, blessing and cheering the nations everywhere. The Book is studied to-day by a greater number of persons than ever

before. Our Sunday school army is constantly receiving new recruits, and even our higher institutions of learning are paying more and more attention to Bible study. Not only do scholarly men devote years of study to the separate books and produce masterpieces in exegesis, but new versions of the entire Bible are becoming more numerous. No sooner is one translation completed than another is commenced. This is true not only of English-speaking countries, but of others as well. Of the versions which have appeared in the recent past we shall notice three. These three are by no means of equal merit, and only one of them is destined to take a permanent place among Bible translations. We refer to The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures, published by Longmans, Green & Co., for the editors, the Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S.J., Professor of Holy Scripture at Saint Beuno's College, Saint Asaph, North Wales, and the Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J., editor of The Month. The new work has the *Imprimatur* of Cardinal Farley, New York.

The first part, styled Part 1, Vol. III, comprising the two epistles to the Thessalonians, is the only portion issued at this writing. This is an elegant printed brochure of forty-two pages; of these less than one half are devoted to the text, with copious and well-written footnotes. The remaining pages are made up of a short general preface, ten pages of introduction to the two epistles, including a brief history of Thessalonica, the founding of the church in that city, the occasion and date of the letters as well as a discussion of the membership and government of the Thessalonian Church. Then follow five pages—by way of appendix—of remarks upon Saint Paul's eschatology. There is also a map of "Saint Paul's World." It would be difficult to conceive of a more readable or complete version of the two epistles to the Thessalonians, and, if this brochure is a fair sample of what is to follow, the Roman Catholic Church is to be congratulated on its great contribution to Bible study.

The translation, though in elegant classic English, is nevertheless quite faithful to the original Greek. The editors' point of view is, that while a translation into the vernacular should be true to the original text as well as helpful to all classes, whether professional students of language and theology or the average layman, it should never be the least obscure or incoherent. While recognizing the excellent renderings from Hebrew and Greek in the Authorized and Revised Versions, the editors believe that these have "grave defects. The former misleads the reader by varying its rendering of the same Greek word, even where the sense is the same, while in the latter, zeal for accurate scholarship is not always tempered by insight into the genius of the New Testament Greek or of our mother tongue."

The chief reason for the Westminster Version, we are told, is the desire to have a "readable Bible," one written in good modern English, arranged in paragraphs and sections, with proper captions, footnotes, and other helps, so as to "render the intelligent perusal of the sacred text as easy and pleasant as possible."

The translation is based, in the main, not altogether, on the Greek text of Westcott and Hort. Great attention is paid to the Vulgate, held

in such esteem by the Roman Catholic Church; nay more, which decrees, if we are not mistaken, that the Vulgate is to be treated as "authentic in public lectures, disputations, sermons, and homilies."

The great Catholic Church is to be congratulated upon the revival of interest in biblical studies, quite noticeable in recent times. Not only has there been founded within the past few years an institute for the special study of the biblical languages, along with archæology and other related subjects, but the Pope has also approved a commission for the revision of the Vulgate. It is also well known that he has been encouraging learned men in various countries to make translations direct from the original text into the modern languages. Thus we have in the French the so-called Crampon Version, "so far the best Catholic translation from the originals." This translation was begun by Canon Crampon, of Amiens, and carried to completion by several Jesuit Fathers and some professors of Saint Sulpice. Germany, too, always in the vanguard of learning, has been unusually active during the past two or three years, for in that country no fewer than five translations of the New Testament have been begun; two of these are already out of the press.

English-speaking Catholics are to be congratulated that Professor Lattey and Mr. Keating have undertaken the editing of the Westminster Version, and they should see to it that the enterprise be a success, and that this new translation have a very wide circulation, and find its way into every Roman Catholic family able to read English.

It is a singular fact that no attempt had been made by the Catholic Church to issue a version of the Sacred Scriptures from the original Hebrew and Greek since 1836, when Dr. John Lingard published the four Gospels, until Francis A. Spencer, a learned American Dominican friar, issued in 1898 his translation of the four Gospels, a work highly praised by Cardinal Gibbons and other eminent prelates in the Catholic Church. We are informed that it is now out of print. Let us hope that the Westminster Version will fare better, especially as we are convinced that it will prove an incentive to Bible study as well as helpful to Christians, regardless of creeds.

This new translation, if we are to judge from this first part, is on the whole—and it could hardly be otherwise—very similar to the Revised Version, especially the American Standard Version. The translators disclaim having definitely aimed at modernizing the style, and yet there is an unmistakable effort at modern phraseology, without, however, in any way sacrificing dignity of style or elegance of diction.

We may call attention to the following differences: The Westminster Version has "Holy Ghost," where the Revised Version has "Holy Spirit," I, 1. 5; "missionaries" for "apostles," I, 2. 7, "followers for "imitators," I, 2. 14; "fellow townsmen for our countrymen," *ibid.;* "towards you" for "to you-ward," I, 5. 18; "by a letter purporting to be from us," for "by epistles as from us," II, 2. 2; "man of lawlessness," for "man of sin," II, 2. 3; "pattern" for "ensample," II, 3. 9; and "interfering with others," for "busybodies," II, 3. 11.

It does appear strange that the editors should have selected these

two epistles as their starting point. The reasons assigned are: these letters are short, and probably the first letters from the pen of Saint Paul. The editors believe that Saint Paul has suffered more in translation than the other books of the New Testament, and consequently help is offered first where it is most needed.

We now turn from this elegant and dignified piece of work to another version of the New Testament just from the press. This is by Professor James Moffatt, D.D., of Mansfield College, Oxford, England. Professor Moffatt needs no introduction to students of the New Testament, for he is well known for his erudition and critical acumen, as well as for clearness of thought and perspicuity of style. It is, however, doubtful whether this new translation will add to his reputation as scholar and exegete. Some of his renderings are very clever, more lucid and intelligible than those found in any of the earlier versions. Various devices are employed to assist the reader to a correct understanding of the book. There are numerous changes and transpositions in paragraphs and sections. The quotations from the Old Testament, whether direct or indirect, are in italics. This is certainly preferable to the red-ink passages in some recent editions of the Bible.

Dr. Moffatt aims throughout the entire work to make his version more readable to the common people. He will not allow Paul or any other New Testament writer to speak over the heads of the people, but forces them to use very ordinary language, such as cannot be misunderstood. As one points out, Dr. Moffatt acts on the principle that "it is better to be understood by those who are not scholars than to be praised by those who are." This, no doubt, is a very laudable ambition and worthy of all praise, for no one should offer a translation of any book in a language not readily understood, least of all of the Book of books, which teaches all men the way of salvation. Professor Moffatt in his effort to be clear, even more than the authors of the Twentieth Century New Testament, has gone to the other extreme. While attempting to avoid Scylla, he dashes headlong against Charybdis. In our opinion, the following criticism in The Guardian (London) is not a whit too severe. The reviewer says:

"When, however, we come to the slangy and inelegant English in which Dr. Moffatt paraphrases some of the noblest prose in the English language, we are constrained to protest vigorously at what is little better than a gratuitous outrage. Take, for instance, the following rendering of 2 Cor. 11. 4-6:

"'You put up with it all right when some interloper preaches a second Jesus (not the Jesus I preached), or when you are treated to a spirit different from the spirit you once received, and to a different gospel from what I gave you! Why not put up with me? I hold I am not one whit inferior to these precious "Apostles"! I am no speaker, perhaps, but knowledge I do possess; I never failed to make myself intelligible to you.'

"Let us now insert the corresponding passage from the American Standard Version, so that the reader may see at a glance the superiority

of this noble translation, clear, concise, and dignified enough for the most fastidious. It runs:

"'For if he that cometh preacheth another Jesus, whom we did not preach, or *if* ye receive a different spirit, which ye did not receive, or a different gospel, which ye did not accept, ye do well to bear with *him*. For I reckon that I am not a whit behind the very chiefest [those pre-eminent (margin)] apostles. But though *I be* rude in speech, yet *am I* not in knowledge; nay, in every way have we made this manifest unto you in all things.'"

Germany, ever fertile in speculation, and never tired of producing new books, puts forth another New Bible, entitled Die Bibel. Eine moderne Bearbeitung und Nachdichtung. We say new Bible, for the editor, Herr Paul Kaegi, calmly admits that his work is not a new translation, but rather a free adaptation of the Sacred Scriptures—only he does not employ the word sacred. The first volume of this pretentious work has just appeared. It contains, in an abridged form, the greater part of the books of the Old Testament. The stories of the Bible are treated in a capricious manner, omissions and additions are made at will—anything to beautify the style and language. His aim is to give his countrymen a more rhythmic, poetic, and readable Bible. He is more concerned with the spiritual or rather intellectual rendering than with a true and literally correct translation. Luther, says Kaegi, regarded the Bible as God's Word, but he, planting himself upon the "solid ground of modern knowledge," can regard it only as literature. He, therefore, leaves exact translation to the philologists. He would emphasize the artistic quality of the rendering, and give us a work full of rhythm and poetry, worthy of the German language of to-day. We, who believe the Bible to be the Word of God, cannot accord Herr Kaegi's work a very sincere welcome, unless it possesses some good qualities and excellencies not found in other German versions of the Bible. When, however, we compare it with former versions, especially with that of Luther, which is written "in pithy, clear, and thoroughly popular language," it is found wanting. There is an incomparable distance between the language and style of this "new Bible," with its abrupt transitions, chopped-up expressions, hacked and mutilated passages, and loosely articulated phrases, and the majestic flow of speech and highly rhythmic and poetical style of Martin Luther. While Luther's Bible will be read as long as German is spoken, this new Bible of Kaegi, as well as Dr. Moffatt's New Testament, will be forgotten, and regarded as a matter of curiosity.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

THE SECESSION MOVEMENT IN GERMAN PROTESTANTISM

The growing estrangement of the masses, and also of large circles of the educated classes, from the Protestant state church in Germany in recent decades is a fact universally recognized. Estrangement from the

church, however, does not necessarily imply a waning interest in religion. Many competent observers hold that in recent years the religious interest is asserting itself more strongly than for many years past. Be this as it may, German Protestantism now stands in a most significant crisis, the like of which it has not known in many generations. The most outstanding evidence of such a crisis is a great organized strike against the church and a large secession from it.

In 1891 a general convention of the Social Democratic Party issued a memorable program or platform, in which it was declared, "Religion is a private matter," and "the discontinuance of all expenditures out of public means for ecclesiastical and religious purposes" was demanded. In principle, therefore, social democracy favors the separation of church and state. Until recently, however, the party has maintained a formal neutrality toward religion and the church. Indeed, up to the present it has refused to have any *official* connection with the secession movement. At the same time the movement has been directly and powerfully encouraged by various leaders of the Social Democratic Party.

A couple of years ago Dr. Liebknecht, a leading Social-Democratic member of the Reichstag, wrote in the party organ, Vorwärts: "In the secession from the national church and the boycott of the ecclesiastical institutions lies a hitherto neglected application of power, whose value should not be underestimated." Later another leader declared that Liebknecht, in recommending a general "strike against the church," meant it only "in so far as we are inwardly estranged from the church."

In 1909 a "Komitee Konfessionslos" formed itself, its avowed purpose being to unite the "confessionless" (adherents of no church) and to labor for full recognition of their civil rights. The committee, it was declared, would dissolve itself "when its object is attained." The point of time, it was further said, "depends in large measure upon whether or when in Germany's leading state, Prussia, the freeing of the children of dissenters from the compulsion of the confessional instruction in religion is accomplished." In 1911 the first Congress of Monists in Hamburg, acting largely under the influence of its president, Wilhelm Ostwald, issued a declaration of sympathy for the aims of the committee. In the following year the German Alliance of Free Thinkers indorsed this declaration. Since the spring of 1913 the committee has had its secretarial representatives established in a special office in Berlin and its activities have increased immensely. Leaflets and tracts have been sent out widely and in great numbers, secession mass-meetings have been held, especially in Berlin, and every possible convenience has been provided to smooth the way for those who are minded to withdraw.

It was in the autumn of 1913 that the movement began to assume formidable proportions. On the 28th of October five parallel mass meetings were held in Berlin, in which 1,328 persons definitely declared their purpose to withdraw from the church. This imposing number, however, was not the most significant thing in the developments of that memorable evening. The chief thing was, and is, the manner of the attack. By this, however, we mean not so much the hateful and brutal assaults upon the

church which characterized some of these meetings, as, rather, the new shaping of the opposition to the church, or the raising of a new watchword, by the famous Socialist leader Dr. Liebknecht. We quote some of his utterances: "The church (specially the Prussian state church) is no religious, but merely a political institution. As such she is a blasphemy against the requirements of primitive Christianity. She is not aiming at the spiritualization of man, but she is the conscious instrument of the ruling classes for the oppression of the masses, and deliberately supports, under the protection of the state, the capitalistic exploitation. As such the church is also a bulwark of militarism. On the other hand, the so-called 'Christian' Prussian state is merely a state for the classes, which builds itself up upon the canonization of the very treasures that moths and rust consume. One of the most fatal influences upon the state is that exerted by the Prussian Minister of Worship and Education, whose unprogressiveness and partisanship—in particular even in the domain of the care of the youth—surpasses everything. Whoever belongs to the Prussian church supports this ministry. What Social-Democrat can reconcile that with his conscience? He commits an act of treason against himself and against his fellows. We shall have to win this Prussian state by littles—by wearing it down. A means to this end is the general political strike, which surely will yet come. For the present, however, a more convenient and scarcely less promising means is the *general church boycott as a watchword in our political struggle.* By this means the church can at last be starved out financially, when it will become more and more burdensome to the state and will thus provoke a refusal to pay taxes, against which state and church are powerless. Whoever inwardly has broken with the church and yet remains in it is a hypocrite. Out of the Prussian police church! Away from the church and with it from the Prussian country-squire state!"

Rade, in his Christliche Welt, remarks concerning this declaration: "If I see aright, the national church stands quite weaponless over against this watchword of Liebknecht. That condition, however, can serve for her a salutary purpose. She will all the more remind herself of her inward and proper essence and character. But she will then become something other than she is to-day. First of all there will be a great confusion. And the masses, who, let us assume, will follow Liebknecht's watchword, what will become of them? That they will be simply lost to *religion* is not to be thought of. If we but had alongside the national church a free church! . . . Now to-day there are only two sorts of organizations that can take up the crowds of seceders: the free-religious congregations and the sects. The former at all events are not strong enough to be able to compass and minister to the possible millions, and are also for the most part too poor in real religion. So the chief task falls to the so-called sects. Or will men of strong piety be found in the national church, who, obedient to the signs of the times, will travel new paths?"

The new attitude of many Social-Democrats toward the national and bearing the title (English) "The Repudiation of the Erfurt Party church may be further illustrated by a pamphlet written by Walter Oehme

Program by Social-Democracy in the Question of Secession from the Church." Here we find the old neutrality expressly repudiated. Oehme's watchword is: "For religion, but against the state religion! For every church, but against the national church!" And he gives utterance to what he regards as the "thundering command" of conscience for all who hold like principles: "Social-Democrats, come out of the national church!" Of course multitudes have arisen to defend the church, and many counter-demonstrations have been held. Yet for some months the tide of opposition to the church continued to rise. Now, indeed, its fresh force is somewhat abated, but the end is not yet. Under these conditions it is impossible to speak of statistics. It is, however, certain that the secessions in Berlin alone within the last few months have numbered many thousands. For example, in the month of December, 1913, up to the twenty-third day, nearly seventeen thousand persons had withdrawn from the church in the capital city. But that rate represents the high-water mark. Of course the movement has extended to other parts of the country, but nowhere else has it reached proportions at all comparable with those in Berlin.

Evidently the secession movement is but one of the symptoms of a profound religious crisis in Germany. But there is no occasion to take a pessimistic view of the situation. There is, after all, in German Protestantism a wealth of genuine faith, and we safely trust that God will yet bring the evangelical church—understanding the word in the broader sense—into a large place.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

University Sermons. By HENRY SLOANE COFFIN. 12mo, pp. 256. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

THE pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, is a distinct figure among the younger ministers of our Eastern seaboard. The reader of these fifteen sermons easily understands why so many universities and colleges invite him to bring the gospel of Jesus Christ to the minds and hearts of their students. His spirit and attitude and handling are so manly, so fair and square, so considerate toward every honest doubt or question, so fearlessly frank; so free from dodging or evasion; his venture into the arena of discussion and declaration is so calmly confident of the sufficiency of our Lord and Saviour; his bearing is so manifestly that of "a gentleman unafraid"; his reasoning is so clear and sane, his appeal so direct and faithful; and all in a style remarkable for apt simile and pertinent suggestion—one does not wonder that the college boys listen and want more of it. Take a sample. He is trying to help a young and growing mind that is perplexed about prayer, and the Bible, and God, and Jesus, and the miracles, and this is part of his endeavor, starting just where the young fellow seems to be

hesitating: "Perhaps we find ourselves in circumstances where we cannot help praying; and when we actually pray, it does not seem unreasonable. It is not that we get the things we pray for without effort, but we have a sense of getting Some One who shares the effort with us. And if we keep reading this Book which we regard as a collection of human literature, we discover that there is something in it that inspires us as no other literature. It seems to appeal to us at more points of our complex beings, to fit into every conceivable situation in which we happen to be, to meet us at deeper levels and to raise us to greater heights. Whatever our theory of its inspiration, we feel that this collection of writings inspires us with stronger, wiser, better impulses, principles, purposes, than any other book. If we think often enough of the human Jesus, our admiration grows to adoration. We find ourselves not applauding him; we bow our heads in reverence. If we do more than think of him, if we honestly try to follow him merely as a man, using his methods in our dealings with men, facing perplexities, suffering, defeat, with his courage and hope, we find ourselves receiving from him quite inestimable inspiration. We are amazed at the fullness of love, of patience, of bravery, there is in him. We wonder if his explanation of its source may not after all be correct. Was there really a God, the Father whom he trusted so implicitly as Lord of heaven and earth, in fellowship with him? If there was, is there such a God still? Is not this the most reasonable explanation of the sense of companionship which we find when we are driven to pray? And if there be such a Father, must he not have wished to speak with his children—must he not have spoken? And are not these inspirations which come to us from the Bible his word through those who best understood him? To be sure, that word came through entirely human experiences, through men who were often imperfect and mistaken, but however it came, it does inspire us now. 'As the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain,' so is the appearance of heavenly glory and beauty round about the Bible. Light streams from it—a human book with all the defects inevitable in what men do, but through the human the divine, the Word of God. And if there be such a Father, must he not have wished to give his children a correct likeness of himself? When we feel constrained to adore Jesus, are we idolaters, or is he the expression of God in a human life? When we draw on his fullness and discover unsearchable riches, is it not because in him we find the embodiment of God's character? Is it not because he, like God, is love? We are not looking for divinity now in the extraordinary and unhuman things about him, we are finding his humanity divine, his complete manhood, in which he is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, his very Godhead. Taking him as a man, we are constrained to place him upon the throne of our lives as our ideal, the Master we cannot but obey. And as we obey the Man, there is 'a brightness round about him.' We say: 'If I ever worship a God, he must be the duplicate of this Man. A God unlike him I refuse to worship.' If we accept Jesus's own thought of his Father we find that Father's character reproduced in Jesus. This man is 'the appearance of the like-

ness of the glory of Jehovah'; and when we see him we fall upon our faces. In humanizing our religion we have not lost our God. We exchanged a good fairy for a brother, and in the brother we have discovered our Lord.

> So I beheld my God, in childhood's morn,
> A mist, a darkness, great and far apart,
> Moveless and dim—I scarce could say, Thou art.
> My manhood came, of joy and sadness born—
> Full soon the misty dark, asunder torn,
> Revealed man's glory, God's great human heart.

There is a childhood to be outgrown and a childhood to be grown up to. When once we have become not orphans, however self-reliant, but trusting children, seeing God in the human, in Jesus, and in all that is Jesuslike in any man, we are not quite so eager to label childish all the extraordinary elements in the Bible and about Jesus that fascinated our childhood's imagination. We do not say to any man, 'You must believe them'; we say, 'You may.' We resent the literalist on the one hand and the rationalist on the other who would reduce all the poetry of religion to bald prose. The heart of a little child demands that his faith shall have scope. We are not troubled with the marvelous in the past; our present is too full of startling surprises; even if these events of long ago are not all taken as literal history, they may contain elements of prophecy; they are symbols of faith and hope. We are working and waiting for a day when even Jesus shall be no longer unique, but when 'God shall be all in all.' Meantime we see our God in Jesus. We cannot prove his deity to anybody who does not make him God by giving him his entire devotion. And whoever does, needs no outside proofs. We accord this human Brother all our reverence, all our trust, all our service, and we do not rob his and our Father; for he and the Father are one. We draw upon him for what God only can supply, and we are not disappointed. He does all for us God can do, for the Father touches us personally through him and opens up his unsearchable riches in him. We live to make him Lord over all, assured that the loyalty yielded to him is yielded to the Father, to whom he gives back the Kingdom, and that in him all men, as we, will find the fullness of the Godhead bodily. We do not dehumanize him; he is first of all and entirely man; but that does not mean that he is not also the complete revelation of God. When we survey the wondrous cross we see man at his highest; and that for us is God at his best. 'This is the appearance of the likeness of the glory of Jehovah. And when I saw it, I fell upon my face.'

> Love so amazing, so divine,
> Demands my soul, my life, my all."

Some of Dr. Coffin's subjects are, "The Finality of Jesus," "Fools for a Purpose," "The Claims of the Church upon Christians," "The Christian Thought of God," "Religion—A Load or a Lift?" "The Old, Old Story." Speaking of "Revelation By Concealment," Dr. Coffin comments on the

words, "Verily, Thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour": "Strange that if he should wish to make himself known, to give us his friendship and admit us to his intimacy, he should go about it in this round-about way, which apparently leads as often in the opposite direction! What is the meaning of it? You may remember the character of Nydia, the blind Thessalian flower girl, in Bulwer-Lytton's 'Last Days of Pompeii.' She is introduced to us singing the pathetic song,

> Ye have a world of light
> Where love in the loved rejoices;
> But the blind girl's home is the House of Night,
> And its beings are empty voices.
> As one in the realm below,
> I stand by the streams of woe!
> I hear the vain shadows glide,
> I feel their soft breath at my side.
> And I thirst the loved forms to see,
> And I stretch my fond arms around,
> And I catch but a shapeless sound,
> For the living are ghosts to me.

Through the events of the story she passes in sadness, cut off by her blindness from all her heart desires. Then at the conclusion of the narrative comes that fateful day when Vesuvius breaks forth, and the doomed city is dark as midnight beneath the thick pall of smoke and falling ashes, and the terror-stricken inhabitants rush blindly and stumble and lose themselves in the awful blackness; but Nydia, from whose sightless eyes the light has always been hidden, threads her way unerringly through the streets and squares of the town, and rescues her beloved. God's hiding of himself develops our instinct for him, the sense of touch with which we become aware of his presence, the sensitive hearing which enables us to distinguish his voice amid the confusion of sounds, the inward sight which sees him, however many the other objects in the same field of vision. God's self-concealment is not to keep away from us, but to teach us more surely to detect and find him. For the moment he seems to wrap himself in clouds and darkness, only that our sight may be sharpened to pierce clouds and see him, who dwelleth in light unapproachable save by eyes lit with trustful love. Jesus never said anything without telling us something about God. His Father was the one topic of his conversation, and this saying is no exception. Jesus, as we, walked by faith, and not by sight. There were times when God was hidden from him; but he knew that the hiding was solely for purposes of discovery. 'Thy Father who is in secret,' he called him. Take the supreme instance when on the cross darkness is over all the land, and darkness actually shrouds the soul of the sinless Son of God, so that his Father is veiled from him, and he cries, 'Forsaken.' But God is never hid, save that he should be manifested; neither is he ever himself secret, but that he should come to light. Jesus's faith faced the darkness as an obscuring of God only to make him plainer, and prayed, 'My God, my God,' in the very breath that he had to confess his sense of desertion.

And that exercise of faith still further sharpens his sense for the divine; purifies (if we dare say it) even his stainless heart; so that with keener eyesight he sees God. 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' Jesus's life-long conviction is justified. God has withdrawn himself only to be more surely found, concealed himself only to be more clearly seen as one who is light, and in whom is no darkness at all." In similar strain, on the development of the religious faculty, we have this: "You may recall the scene in the tavern in Silas Marner where the village worthies discuss the credibility of ghosts. 'There's folks, i' my opinion,' says the landlord, 'they can't see ghos'es, not if they stood as plain as a pikestaff before 'em. And there's reason i' that. For there's my wife, now, can't smell, not if she'd the strongest o' cheese under her nose. I never se'd a ghost myself; but then I says to myself, "Very like I haven't got the smell for 'em."' 'Tut, tut,' answers the farrier, 'what's the smell got to do with it? If ghos'es want me to believe in 'em, let 'em leave off skulking i' the dark and i' lone places: let 'em come where there's company and candles.' There are similar attitudes toward God. Some people with a taste for him stoutly declare his reality; while others insist that, if God wants them to believe in him, he ought to disclose himself so plainly that there could be no mistaking him. They resent this uncertainty. 'Facts are facts,' they remind us. 'There is no difference of opinion about the warmth of sunlight or the wetness of rain. The sun shines on the evil and the good, and the rain falls on just and unjust. Why should not God, if he exists, make himself equally indisputable? If Jesus rose from the dead and is alive with power, why should not all see his form and hear his voice?' Well, apples have tumbled from trees ever since Eve in Eden was tempted by one of them; but none seems to have suggested anything momentous until in the garden at Woolsthorpe one fell into a mind teeming with thought and brought to Newton the discovery of the law of gravitation. A square yellow book, a hundred and sixty-seven years old, small quarto size, with crumpled vellum covers, part print, part manuscript, containing the record of the sordid murder of a young wife and her two reputed parents by a vicious husband and four desperadoes, must have been fingered by many hands and scanned by many undiscerning pairs of eyes as it lay with a lot of old and new trash on a stall on a step of the Ricardi Palace in the Square of San Lorenzo in Florence, until one fiercely hot June day in 1865 an English poet picked it up and got it for sixteen cents, and in his heart and mind full of insight and sympathy, learning and genius, its tale became The Ring and the Book—perhaps the greatest creation of our literature in the century. Insignificant falling apples and insignificant second-hand books suddenly assume marvelous meaning when they catch a seeing eye. The law of gravitation ought to have been patent to everybody; but it was not, until a prepared mind saw it in a flash of insight. The fact that every individual in a story has a distinctive point of view of his own ought to have been plain to everyone; but it never received its due expression until the genius for sympathy of Robert Browning embodied it in his incomparable dozen cycles. The fact that

the cause of Jesus could not be beaten, that Jesus himself could not be killed and banished from God's earth, ought to have been clear to everyone; but it was only the faith of the disciples and the mastered conscience of Saul of Tarsus that made the discovery. The reality of God should have been obvious to everybody; but, as a matter of history, there have always been believers and skeptics. There was a close friendship between Thomas Huxley and Professor Haughton, although they stood far apart in religious conviction. Haughton, before his death, told of a conversation with Huxley in which the latter said to him, 'There are those who profess to believe what I consider false; but I do not regard their opinions, because I doubt the sincerity of some and the intellectual capacity of others; but I respect you, and I know how sincerely you believe what you hold so strongly, and should like very much to know how it is that you believe what I can't believe.' 'May I speak frankly?' asked Haughton. 'Certainly.' 'Then,' he said, 'I don't know how it is, except that you are color-blind.' Huxley was much struck. 'Well, it may be so. Of course, if I were color-blind, I should not know it myself.' 'The men that were with him stood speechless, hearing the sound, but beholding no man.' 'They that were with me beheld indeed the light, but they heard not the voice of him that spake to me.' The varied experiences of life may be divinely significant or baldly meaningless. They may be progressive disclosures of the face of God in Jesus Christ, opening up for us a more and more intimate fellowship with him, or they may be just a series of happenings, pleasant or the reverse, but revealing nothing. They may be clear and distinct utterances of God to us, guiding, correcting, inspiring—the articulate word of the Most High, speaking as directly and personally to us and letting us as intimately into his friendship as the men of faith of the bygone generations; or they may be the usual rumble of the world's life, saying nothing. The seeing eye and the hearing ear are for us to develop. Whatever of God we see in any flash of insight, use, or it will fade into the light of common day. Visions obeyed remain visions, the master lights of all our seeing, but disobeyed, they turn into illusions. It is a somber reflection that, after these centuries of his vital activity in the world, Jesus is still dead to so many; that the living God does not exist for everybody. It lies within our power to let Christ be a living factor in our careers, their controlling force; to give God the chance to be really God to us. The same light and the same sound can be so differently understood:

> Where one heard thunder, and one saw flame,
> I only know He named my name."

Amplifying upon the text, "Why, herein is the marvel, that ye know not whence he is, and yet he opened mine eyes. If this man were not from God, he could do nothing," Dr. Coffin talks sanely thus: "It is right that scholars, consecrated to truth, should with the utmost freedom and thoroughness investigate everything connected with our Christian faith. It is right that the results of their scholarship should be embodied in the study of our Bible schools. It is every way right that we all should

strive not merely to be earnest, but to be intelligent, to know everything that we can know about our Bibles, our religious customs, our doctrines, above all, about our Lord. It is right that the church should honor, as it has not and does not always do, those who devote their lives to painstaking study. It is right that we who believe that our God is Light and in him is no darkness at all, that our Lord Jesus is the Truth, and in him are all treasures of wisdom and knowledge, should hold our minds open, expect to receive new ideas, be prepared constantly to readjust our thought so that it grows broader and deeper and higher with the years. *But we are not left to sit at the doors of distinguished scholars and wait to hear their results before we know what to believe.* The beggar, blind from his birth, was as competent to judge of the worth of Jesus as Nicodemus, or any savant in Jerusalem. 'Herein is the marvel, he opened mine eyes.' Take the Bible. It is most interesting to learn the results of modern scholarship, to know as one reads the fortieth chapter of Isaiah, for instance, with its 'Comfort ye, comfort ye my people,' that the words were spoken to discouraged exiles in Babylon by a great prophet who spoke while Jerusalem was still in its glory; that the book of Daniel was written to cheer and keep steadfast the Jews under the persecution of Antiochus Epiphanes in B. C. 167; that the fourth Gospel is a spiritual interpretation of Jesus seen through a remarkable man's religious experience. But all this knowledge of backgrounds and literary details is, after all, by the way. *Long before they were known the Bible was a light to men's feet and their inspiration to faith, hope, and love.* 'Herein is the marvel' that this Book opens eyes to see God, to see ourselves as we are and as we should be, to see God's purpose for the world he made, rules, and loves. How much inspiration are we getting out of the Bible? Is it our daily companion? Are we letting it open our eyes to our duty, our peace, our exceeding joy?" Such is the preaching Henry Sloane Coffin gives the college boys.

The New Testament. A New Translation. By JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.Litt., Yates Professor of New Testament Greek and Exegesis, Mansfield College, Oxford. 8vo, pp. x+327. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

THE Book of Humanity, as the New Testament has been well called, now appeals to the peoples of the earth in over four hundred and forty-three languages and dialects. The work of translation has been done by a noble corps of consecrated scholars, and the compensation which these faithful ones have received is the blessed knowledge that their labors have enabled men to read the message of Jesus Christ in their own tongues, thus repeating the miracle of Pentecost on a large scale. The history of the English Bible is the record of many attempts to translate the Scriptures into the vernacular. Most of these contributions were like so many streams which helped to swell the majestic river of crystal waters known as the Authorized Version. Its rhythm and simplicity, the poetry and music of its matchless style, its sacred associations making it as holy as the original itself—all this and much more were recalled during the tercentenary celebrations in 1911. The purpose of the English

Revision (1881-1885) and of the American Revision in 1900-1901 was to contribute to the better understanding of the Book. Finality had, however, not been reached in these attempts. Many of the archaisms contained in the version of 1611 were retained, to the confusion of the plain reader. Two notable attempts at independent translation were The Twentieth Century New Testament, by a company of about twenty persons (1898), and The Modern Speech New Testament, by Dr. Weymouth (1902). The recent discovery of masses of nonliterary papyri has led scholars to the conclusion that New Testament Greek was the common vernacular of everyday life. An English translation which can reproduce the plain and direct features of the rugged original is therefore to be welcomed, not only by the student who is familiar with the Greek text, but especially by the less educated. This has been well done by Professor Moffatt. He is not only an acknowledged authority on the New Testament, evidenced by his Introduction to the Literature of the New Testament (Scribners); he has also an extensive knowledge of English literature, shown by his discerning study of George Meredith and the recently published Expositor's Dictionary of Poetical Quotations (Doran Company), which so finely illuminate the Bible. Dr. Moffatt is aware that all English translators of the Bible have to face the challenge of the Authorized Version, which is secure in the affection and reverence of all English-speaking peoples. "But intelligibility is more than associations," says the author of this new translation. With the exception of a few British colloquialisms and mannerisms, which were inevitable in a popular version made on the other side, this work should find wide acceptance among us. The antique style of religious speech has always tended to place religion in a class by itself, instead of placing it in the midst of all life. Every attempt to modernize our religious vocabulary is so much to the greater advantage of the religious life, since it not only makes for clearness and consistency, but also for increased efficiency and impressiveness. In this translation we meet with such words, like expert, stimulus, contaminate, enterprise, tackle, immorality, applaud, stultified, kidnappers, cult. There are happy renderings: "It is a matter of give and take" (2 Cor. 8. 14); "Out of sight, not out of mind" (1 Thess. 2. 17). We read of the "realm of God," or the "reign of God," in place of the "kingdom of God." The sections in the epistles which deal with doctrines are lucidly rendered (see Rom. 3. 6). Ethical passages are made doubly forcible: "Let your love be a real thing—maintain the spiritual glow—be steadfast in trouble—keep a check upon loafers—never lose your temper with anyone" (Rom. 12. 9, 11; 1 Thess. 5. 14). The pastoral epistles, the speeches of Paul in Acts, the dialogue portions in the Gospels, can be unhesitatingly commended. We meet with the good Methodist phrase, "on probation" (1 Tim. 3. 10). Paul's hymn of Christian love is translated in the eager spirit of the original and it has a modern tone: "Love is very patient, very kind. Love knows no jealousy; love makes no parade, gives itself no airs, is never rude, never selfish, never irritated, never resentful; love is never glad when others go wrong; love is gladdened by goodness, always slow to expose, always eager to believe the best,

always hopeful, always patient." We do not, however, agree with everything. The poetic fervor and musical diction of the Authorized Version are to be preferred, for instance, in Matt. 11. 28; Rom. 16. 25-27; 2 Cor. 5. 14; Phil. 4. 13; Heb. 1. 1-4; Rev. 4. 11; 5. 9. The rearrangements of the text, especially in the Gospel of John, help the sequence of thought in some places (chapter 7. 15-24 after chapter 5. 47; chapter 18. 19 after verse 14), but are not satisfactory elsewhere (chapters 15 and 16 after chapter 13. 31). Some of the conjectural emendations are exactly what they are named and belong to the category of "private opinion." They do not, however, affect the fundamental truth, but have to do with the text. We need not, therefore, dispute with this scholar because he favors novel readings where we are content with the accepted text. But enough has been said to show that this is a translation to be reckoned with. It is of undoubted worth and deserves to be studied with great care by the preacher who desires new light and truth to break forth out of the sacred page. A helpful way is to read this translation in comparison with other English versions, not failing to have the Greek text open for ready reference.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Themis. A study of the social origins of Greek religion. By JANE ELLEN HARRISON, Hon. LL.D. (Aberdeen), Hon. D.Litt. (Durham). With an excursus on the ritual forms preserved in Greek tragedy by Professor GILBERT MURRAY, and a chapter on the origin of the Olympic Games by Mr. F. M. CORNFORD. Cambridge: At the University Press, 1912. Pp. xxxii + 559. Price, $5.00, net.

The Religious Revolution of To-Day. The William Brewster Clark Memorial Lectures, 1913. By JAMES T. SHOTWELL, PH.D., Professor of History at Columbia University. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. Pp. viii + 162. Price, $1.10, net.

CONTRARY to the general trend of specialization noticeable among the social sciences, sociology has been continually expanding its field of investigation, and among other things has taken in religion to be studied by sociological methods. The Germans call it "Socialtheologie," and eminent scholars like Troeltsch, Max Weber, and Werner Sombart have already considerably contributed toward it. In France Emile Durkheim is its leading exponent, and in England and America sociologists of the rank of Hobhouse, the late Lester Ward, Simon Patten, Carver, Ellwood, and many others, have been studying religion by sociological methods. The authors of the books we are to review approach the study of the origin of religion decidedly from its psycho-sociological aspect. In Themis Miss Harrison gives us a valuable study on the social origins of Greek religion. Her work is based on an hypothesis the elements of which she credits in part to the philosopher Henri Bergson and in part to the sociologist Emile Durkheim. From Bergson she took the idea that life, which he calls *durée*, is something indivisible and yet ceaselessly changing; from Durkheim she adopted the hypothesis that religion is not an individual, but primarily a social product. "These two ideas," she says, "(1) that the mystery god and the Olympians express respectively the

one *durée*, life, and the other the action of conscious intelligence which reflects on and analyzes life, and (2) that, among primitive peoples, religion reflects collective feeling and collective thinking, underlie my whole argument and were, indeed, the cause and impulse of my book." This theory, thinks the author, has been amply illustrated and corroborated by an archæological discovery in the temple of Diktæan Zeus at Palikastra in Crete. The finding consists in the Hymn of the Kouretes, which text embodies the group thinking, or rather group emotion, which the author considers must underlie all primitive religious representations. This Hymn of the Kouretes is the underlying plot of the book. The Kouretes are found to be initiated young men of a matrilinear group. They invoke the Daimon[1] and act out the mimic death of the youth who by his natural birth belongs to his mother and during the initiation ceremony is socially reborn as a member of the tribe. His "soul is congregationalized," he is received into his church, his *thiasos*. The new life emphasized is group life. Thus the hymn reflects a craving for social solidarity which creates a rite calling for a second birth, a regeneration, which makes the youth a fit member of society. From this text of the hymn and many other archæological remains, as coins, temple decorations, and sculptural works, the author illustrates her hypothesis as to the origin of Greek religion. To give the reader the gist of her argument we will briefly sum up her line of thought on the various important topics discussed in the book. I. Primitive gods are to a large extent uttered and formulated collective enthusiasms. Strong emotions collectively experienced beget this illusion of objective reality, each worshiper is conscious of something in his emotion not himself, but stronger than himself. Hence one element in the making of a god is the projection of collective emotion, the reaction of man on his fellow man. Another element is the stimulus which is exerted by the world of nature. It is, however, not the fear of the individual savage that begets religion; it is fear felt together, fear emphasized, qualified, by a sort of social sanction. A thunder-making instrument known as the Bull-Roarer, which the Greeks possessed and which has been found among many savage tribes, is the vehicle not of a god or even of a spirit, but of unformulated uncanny force. Almost all savages have some word expressing this uncanny something which arrests their attention and rouses them to a feeling of awe. Such were the orenda of the Iroquois, the mana of the Melanesians, the Kutchi of the Australian Dieri, the unkulunkulu of the Kaffirs, and the Wakonda of the Sioux Indians. Anthropomorphic deities are of a much later development; they are rather theological abstractions of the social emotions and reflect the existing social structure. Thus the Olympians have the social relation of a patriarchal family. The social structure reflected in the hymn of the Kouretes is that of a matrilinear group. The mother and the child are here the principal factors of the worship. II. The savage socially conscious of the uncanny, and at the same time

[1] The author uses the Greek word *Diamon*, "spirit," and *Eniautos Daimon*, "spirit of the year or season," throughout the book, since the Greek connotes some meaning unknown to the English words.

craving for power and life, seeks to control and manipulate the forces of the man. The art of positive control of these forces is magic; its negative social counterpart is taboo. Among the Greeks some of the magical rites were open and public, some the work of a specialized group, and some the work of an individual medicine man or medicine king. They also put great efficacy in magical birds and beasts and finally blended them with man. Thus the Picus of the Greeks was such a blend of bird magician and human king. III. The various stages of magic and the social conditions underlying the fusion of man and bird or beast are expressed in Totemism. The word totem means group. Totemistic thinking expresses unity and community of human members or objects. The psychology of this strange social phenomenon is best understood in the study of sacrament and sacrifice. The savage who has not as yet projected any individuality thinks in terms of his group. His self is undivided from the totem group, his will is undifferentiated, his soul not completely compounded. Totemism has its source not in any mere blunder of the individual intellect, but in a strong collective emotion and a sense of solidarity of oneness. The magical ceremonies, the shedding of the human blood, the counterfeiting of the animal, have for their object to restore the communion—that complete unity which is just becoming conscious of possible division. The sacramental eating of the totem animal—for the eating of the totem animal is otherwise prohibited—is the craving to partake of the life and *mana* of the totem and become reunited with him. The rite of sacrificing the sacred bull or goat at the Dithyramb spring festival reflects the same desire of the sacrificing group to get possession of the animal's life and *mana*. It literally dies for the people that they may have new life, new *mana*. A sacrificial scene in the Odyssey is a good illustration

> Then, straightway, Nestor's son
> Stood near and struck. The tendons of the neck
> The ax cut through, and loosed the heifer's might:
> The black blood gushed, the life had left the bones.

The loosening of the heifer's might and getting the life of the bones is the object of the sacrifice. There was the like sanctity, the like *mana*, in all edible plants and roots, and specially in the olive tree and the grape, which were used in the rite of festivities. IV. The Greek festivals, as the spring Dithyramb and the Olympic games, celebrated every fifth year at or after the summer solstice, were both of religious significance. Their primary gist was the promotion of fertility. The winner in the footrace was pronounced the daimon of fertility, who took on various names and shapes and finally bequeathed something of his nature to Zeus himself. The daimon is the product, the projection, the representation of collective emotion. In primitive communities this collective emotion focuses around food interests, and especially food animals and fruit trees. In consequence the daimon is conceived in animal and plant form, as theriomorph or phytomorph. The human Dionysos, the Greek mystery god, grows out of the sacrifice of the bull or the goat or out of the sanctification of the

tree. The snake among the Greeks stood for life and mana, not for death. He was a life-daimon, more than mortal and considered sacred not because he supported life as food, but because he was himself a life-daimon, a spirit of generation even of immortality; not personal immortality in our modern sense, but functionally perennial renewal of life through death for reincarnation, for *παλιγγενεσία*—"birth back again;" an ever-recurring cycle of life human and animal or plant. The Anthesteria feast was the feast of the revocation of souls and the blossoming of plants, a great reincarnation cycle of man and nature. In the Olympic games the winner of the footrace became the hero, or king, as Mr. Cornford shows. The race has the religious object of pointing out the man who is to take on not only the form and general function of the daimon of his year, but also his actual life-history as expressed and represented in his ritual. This is important for the understanding of the Greek drama. The forms of Attic drama are the forms of the life-history of an Eniautos-daimon; the content is the infinite variety of free and individualized heroic saga. The drama embodies the transition from the Eniautos-daimon as a functionary to that of personality. Homer marks the stage when collective thinking and magical ritual are, if not dead, at least dying, when rationalism and the individualistic thinking mark the approach of a skeptical stage in religion. With the process of individuation and rationalization the daimon of the social group became also individualized and rose from earth to Olympos. This brief survey has shown that in general the progress of a god is from emotion to concept, from totem-animal to Mystery God, from Mystery God to Olympian. The Greeks went a step further. The Olympians were not merely individuals, they formed a group, and as a group they claim to be considered. V. Themis is the headstone which completes the structure of Greek religion. Philologically Themis is equal to the English word "doom." Doom is the thing set, fixed, settled; it begins in convention, in the stress of public opinion, and it ends in statutory judgment. Themis, like doom, begins on earth and ends in heaven. Doomsday on earth becomes the last judgment in heaven. In Homer Themis convenes the assembly, but she is no herald, like Hermes, no messenger, like Iris, she is the very spirit of the assembly incarnate. She is the force that brings and binds men together, she is herd instinct, the collective conscience, the social sanction. Themis was before the particular shapes of God. She is not religion, but she is the stuff of which religion is made. It is the emphasis and representation of herd instinct, of the collective conscience, that constitutes religion. Themis is the substratum of each and every god, though herself never quite a full-fledged divinity. Religion has in it, then, two binding elements: social custom—the collective conscience—and the emphasis and representation of that collective emotion. In Greek mythology Themis, as social order personified, appears to be mother of Dike, the natural order. The difficulty of this relation explains itself when one remembers that, deep-rooted in man's heart, is the pathetic conviction that moral goodness and material prosperity go together. The psalmist's testimony illustrates this:

> I have been young and now am old,
> And yet saw I never the righteous forsaken,
> Nor his seed begging their bread.

Thus Themis begets Dike, who assures food supply. Religion, embodying what man feels together, what he imagines together, what he cares for together, can be bought only at the price of mutual compromise. This price is at first gladly paid, but when religion ceases to be a matter of feeling together, when it becomes individualized and intellectualized, a crisis is inevitable. This crisis or religious revolution is the subject of Professor Shotwell's book, and it will be a helpful supplement to review it at this juncture. The author observes that religion is shifting its place in society, that its scope has been declining, all along the ages, from the primitive world to ours. The religious revolution of to-day, viewed from the standpoint of the past, turns out to be but a swifter phase of an age-long movement—and the history of civilization itself is a history of secularization. This is not to say that the amount of religion decreases as society advances. What is lost in extent may be gained in intensity. Discussing the origins of religion, Professor Shotwell presents views very much like those of Emile Durkheim and Miss Harrison. It is by way of the group, the horde, or tribe that the individual first acquires consciousness. Thought is a thing of the camp fire, of gesture and speech. Objects of group emotional apprehension are the objects of primitive religion. In emotional strain and sensing of things lies the core of religion. Savage and antique societies furnish chapters of our own history, chapters which are not yet closed. The discovery of ourselves takes place from without. As antique culture opened up to the humanists of the Renaissance the possibility of a critical view of Christendom, so the new learning of to-day, whose classical speech is mainly the agglomerative grunts of savages, is forcing upon us a similar and much more radical reconstruction. The author asks the question, "Has the scope of our own religion been narrowing too?" His answer is emphatically in the affirmative. The world of primitive Christianity and that of the Middle Ages was one dominated by religion, but with the advance of science and the industrial revolution the secular has now so accelerated its pace as to obscure its own past history. In government, in legislation, in social life, in education, theological control has lost its grip. Everywhere are traces that the religious control has narrowed and in some walks of life entirely disappeared. This suggests that the process of civilization has been also a process of secularization. This does not mean, however, that religion is growing less, but that it is less in relation to other things. Religion is a process. Like every other institution of society, it is not a thing existing by itself, but a living organism sharing the life of society, whose aims it embodies. Hence the problem in dealing with the history of religion is one in dynamics, a weighing of moving forces, not a measurement of data at rest. Religion in the historical sense is not any one religion at any one time, but the element which is constant throughout the whole process. These common elements of religion are two: emotion and mystery. Religion in its most general terms is the reaction of

mankind to something apprehended but not comprehended. It involves two distinct elements: the object which stimulates and the psychic life which responds. The response to any mysterious stimuli is either by a recoil in fear or by a paralysis in awe, often followed by a curious desire to penetrate the mystery and discover its cause. These psychical reactions contain all the fundamental elements of religion and science. Fear, awe, and reverence make for religion; curiosity makes for science. Man enjoys the thrills of mystery: the emotional appreciation of the stimuli, the treasuring of the thrills which sting the psychic life into its new activity. Hence religion is a development of that sensing of shock which is already seen in the animal world. It is the total emotional appreciation of both stimuli and reactions; and we may give it the name religion so soon as the appreciation is registered in consciousness. There are two implications which follow directly this psychic experience. First, the stimulus is a reality. Whatever thrills is. Upon this essential fact religion is based. The second implication is the fact of value. The emotions enjoy the thrill and treasure it; and that appreciative valuation is the basis of the sacred. It lies in essence outside of habit and the categories of logic. Any attempt upon it is sacrilege, and this is also the secret of the conservatism of religion. In this setting belief plays its part. It is a continuance in consciousness of the tendency of nerves and senses to accept and repeat their stimuli. Doubt is an acquisition; belief is born with us. The will to believe is as deep as life itself. Myth is the embodiment, in the form of a story, of experience of shock and comes frankly from the realm of the un-understood. Reason is the critic which saves belief from credulity and purifies philosophy from myth. Science does not justify by faith, but by works. It progresses by doubting rather than by believing. Thus the religious revolution of to-day appears as the transference of our ideals from the world of faith to one of doubt, from myth to rationalism, from acceptance to denial. Curiosity now claims the lead, and reason our allegiance. Will it discard all but itself? No. There are two things which make reverence eternally possible. They are life and matter—which are final mysteries; and there is no fulcrum in all the universe to move them from our path, however we strain on the lever. But the sphere of emotional play in the realm of mystery tends increasingly to be limited by the dominant reason. The result is a knowledge which carries with it control—and the religious revolution. Reason is working out a *scientia scientiarum* which is not metaphysics or theology, but simply the great science of living. This, almost in the very language of the author, is the argument of the book. To recapitulate: Professor Shotwell believes religion and science to develop from the rudimentary psychic reactions to an unknown stimulus. These reactions are recoil in fear, paralysis in awe, and aggression in curiosity. The former two are emotional, the latter is rational. The emotional and the rational are diametrically opposed to each other and throughout the ages were in conflict. Progress of modern civilization is due to the growth of control of reason over the religiously mysterious and sacred. Hence the rate of civilization equals the rate of secularization. This process will

finally bring about the substitution of theology by a science of living. Life and matter, however, will remain a mystery and evoke reverence in man, which is religion. In conclusion, a question presses itself for consideration. How, if at all, may the truth of the two scholarly books we review affect our evangelical faith? Is it doomed to disappear? Are we ministers of Christ fighting a lost battle? Are we hindering progress? Or is our message of salvation through Christ as necessary to-day as in the days of Nero? Our opinion is that the facts brought out by the psycho-sociological study of religion should rather encourage us in our mission. If religion has proven to be a social dynamic force it will naturally change its forms, but it cannot be annihilated. As the social organism differentiates in structure, so it equally differentiates in function. Now the function of religion as a factor of social control is without doubt lessening and may entirely disappear. On the other hand, the ever-increasing psychic strain of modern life intensifies it as a factor of survival and as a dynamic of individual and social ethical perfection. The new science of living will find itself necessitated to allot to it this or a similar important role. Should it fail to do so it will be doomed to failure. The psycho-sociological method in studying religious phenomena can give us but the proximate, subjective, and human aspect of religion. It must necessarily remain agnostic in regard to the ultimate objective stimuli of all social and religious phenomena. Whether science will discover a method which will penetrate this now mysterious realm remains to be seen. Whatever will be, reason justifies us to believe in the possibility of revelation, and no consistently scientific man will dare to deny us this privilege. The final test will be life itself. If we interpret rightly the signs of the time, there is no need to fear that confessors and preachers of the Christian religion are to be classed with those who strut and fret their hour upon the stage and shall be heard no more.

Essays and Miscellanies. By JOSEPH S. AUERBACH. In two volumes. Crown 8vo, pp. 312, 325. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, cloth, $3.00.

A NEW YORK lawyer with ample means, son of a country doctor, finds time to illustrate in his own life his contention that it is feasible for the practical business man of affairs to cultivate familiarity with good literature, realizing therein a rich and varied and elevating intellectual delight. One of the chief evils of a strenuous and exacting business life is that it monopolizes a man's time and prevents him from the higher joys and finer development which should be his. Some of these essays are of persisting interest, others of little more than momentary pertinency. In the two volumes there are but fourteen of them, averaging forty-six pages each. The author insists upon the practical value of the higher aims of life, and of the literature to which the words of Lowell can be applied—literature in which "the intellect seeks to give ideal expression to those abiding *realities* of the spiritual world for which the outward and visible world serves at best but as the husk and symbol." And then Lowell asks: "Am I wrong in using the word *realities*, wrong in insisting on the distinction between the real and the actual, in assuming for the

ideal an existence as absolute and self-subsistent as that which appeals to our senses, nay, so often cheats them, in the matter of fact?" From the failure to attend to such realities serious peril menaces our nation, the author sees. He quotes from Matthew Arnold's American Address this warning: "The philosophers and the prophets, whom I at any rate am disposed to believe, and who say that moral causes govern the standing and the falling of states, will tell us that the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated must impair with an inexorable fatality the life of a nation, just as the failure to mind whatsoever things are just, or whatsoever things are pure, will impair it; and that if the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated should be real in your American democracy, and should grow into a disease, and take firm hold on you, then the life of even these great United States must inevitably suffer and be impaired more and more, until it perish." To this are added Emerson's misgivings: "The spread eagle must fold his foolish wings and be less of a peacock. In this country, with our practical understanding, there is, at present, a great sensualism, a headlong devotion to trade, to trade and to the conquest of continent—to each man as large a share of the same as he can carve for himself—an extravagant confidence in our talent and activity, which becomes, while successful, a scornful materialism, but with the fault, of course, that it has no depth, no reserved force to fall back upon when a reverse comes," The author calls upon literature to lift itself to the level of its task, and says that the duty of literature is to exalt what is ideal without ignoring or underestimating the worth of what is practical in the world; to show us nature as a land of loveliness to the eye, and recreate it as a land of the imagination to whose dominion and grandeur there are no boundaries; to put within our reach the invaluable possession of forceful, persuasive speech, and hold out to us the divine gift of charity, of right judgment, and of everlasting truth; to present to us infinite horizons and worthy aims, and enable us to see in everyday affairs and in great emergencies not only the opportunity for advantage, but the privilege of service; to enable us to view the things of this world in their true proportion and perspective by contrasting them with the things which are unseen and eternal; to put between us and sordid thoughts an impassable abyss; to teach us to write our laws and fashion our conduct so as to become mighty as a people in something else than material resources; and so minister to our higher needs, that the petty affairs of life shall become subordinate to its true purpose and morality become a religion and religion insure morality. The author believes that, despite threatening dangers, a more spiritual epoch may be at hand. Perhaps the most beguiling of these essays is that memorial of and tribute to disinterested "good fellowship," entitled "A Club," which fills 133 pages, but is not too long for the reader. In his eulogy of "good fellowship" the author quotes John Boyle O'Reilly's lines on Comradery in Bohemia:

I'd rather live in Bohemia than any other land;
For only there are the values true,
And the laurels gathered in all men's view.

The prizes of traffic and state are won
By shrewdness or force or by deeds undone;
But fame is sweeter without the feud,
And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd.
Here, pilgrims stream with a faith sublime
From every class and clime and time,
Aspiring only to be enrolled
With the names that are writ in the book of gold;
And each one bears in mind or hand
A palm of the dear Bohemian land.
The scholar first with his book—a youth
Aflame with the glory of harvested truth;
A girl with a picture, a man with a play,
A boy with a wolf he has modeled in clay;
A smith with a marvelous hilt and sword,
A player, a king, a plowman, a lord—
And the player is king when the door is past.
The plowman is crowned, and the lord is last!
I'd rather fail in Bohemia than win in another land;
There are no titles inherited there,
No hoard or hope for the brainless heir;
No gilded dullard native born
To stare at his fellow with leaden scorn:
Bohemia has none but adopted sons;
Its limits, where Fancy's bright stream runs;
Its honors, not garnered for thrift or trade,
But for beauty and truth men's souls have made.
To the empty heart in a jeweled breast.
There is value, maybe, in a purchased crest;
But the thirsty of soul soon learn to know
The moistureless froth of the social show;
The vulgar sham of the pompous feast
Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest;
The organized charity, scrimped and iced,
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ;
The smile restrained, the respectable cant,
When a friend in need is a friend in want;
Where the only aim is to keep afloat,
And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat.
O, I long for the glow of a kindly heart and the grasp of a friendly hand,
And I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land.

It should be the effort of the church to show that it can furnish a better and happier good fellowship for young and old than Bohemia can. Concerning the good fellowship club of which the author writes, he says: "If I were to attempt to tell you how far it, as well as the rest of the self-respecting God-fearing world, is from the world of the unseemly professional Turkey Trot—where, to use the suggestive current phrase, the bold modern girl is more danced against than dancing—I might be obliged to have recourse to the language of the astronomer, when giving the distance of the earth from the fixed stars, and state it in so many 'Light years.' Perhaps the mother, engrossed in duties or pleasures, often fails

to notice how treacherously slippery is the floor and how unwholesome the atmosphere of this dance frenzy and orgy, or appreciate what little effort the man-milliner and social rounder over there would really put forth to save that daughter from a fall—if amid such surroundings she grow giddy with the whirl and lose her footing." That is not the jeremiad of the preacher, but the cool comment of a New York city lawyer on the giddy social world of to-day; and one of the reasons he gives for speaking out on this subject is that when the preachers "grow drowsy on their watch, it may well be the privilege of the layman to volunteer as a sentinel in the outposts." But other and tenderer notes are heard in the essay on good fellowship. Too exquisite to miss is the touching tribute in which J. M. Barrie imagines the characters which Meredith had created in his novels attending the funeral of their creator: "All morning there had been a little gathering of people outside the gate. It was the day on which Mr. Meredith was to be, as they say, buried. He had been, as they say, cremated. The funeral coach came, and a very small thing containing human ashes was placed in it and covered with flowers. One plant of the wall flower in the garden would have covered it. The coach, followed by a few others, took the road to Dorking, where, in familiar phrase, the funeral was to be, and in a moment or two all seemed silent and deserted, the cottage, the garden, and Box Hill. The cottage was not deserted, as They knew who now trooped in to the round in front of it, their eyes on the closed door. They were the mighty company, his children, Lucy and Clara and Rhoda and Diana and Rosa and Old Mel and Roy Richmond and Adrian and Sir Willoughby and a hundred others, and they stood in line against the boxwood, waiting for him to come out. Each of his proud women carried a flower, and the hands of all his men were ready for the salute." And then Barrie imagines Meredith himself on that day rising and flinging wide open the door of the cottage to greet the great company of his creation: "In the room on the right, in an armchair which had been his home for years—to many the throne of letters in this country—sat an old man, like one forgotten in an empty house. When the last sound of the coaches had passed away he moved in his chair. He wore gray clothes and a red tie, and his face was rarely beautiful, but the hair was white and the limbs were feeble, and the wonderful eyes dimmed, and he was hard of hearing. He moved in his chair, for something was happening to him, and it was this: old age was falling from him. This is what is meant by Death to such as he, and the company waiting knew. His eyes became again those of the eagle, and his hair was brown, and the lustiness of youth was in his frame, but still he wore the red tie. He rose, and not a moment did he remain within the house for 'golden lie the meadows, golden run the streams,' and 'the fields and the waters shout to him golden shouts.' Box Hill was no longer deserted. When a great man dies—and this was one of the greatest since Shakespeare—the immortals await him at the top of the nearest hill. He looked up and saw his peers. They were all young, like himself. He waved the staff in greeting. One, a mere stripling, 'slight unspeakably,' R. L. S., detached himself from the others, crying gloriously,

'Here's the fellow I have been telling you about!' and ran down the hill to be the first to take his master's hand. In the meantime an empty coach was rolling on to Dorking." The author follows this extract from Barrie with something out of his own heart scarcely less beautiful and no less touching: "Is there much doubt in the minds of any of us that there is the 'Choir Invisible,' and that there proceeds from it a mighty, resistless influence for the fashioning of the thoughts and the words and the deeds of men? Perhaps you will bear with me for adding an experience of my own. Once a child came to our household; but ill fitted for the rough, dusty highway of life, he made but a short journey along it. His days were only sufficient to enable him to know a few things, and to lisp a few words. One of the things about him which he recognized and loved—perhaps because it was of such close kinship with himself—was the butterfly, and one of the words he first learned to utter was 'Butterf'y.' I see him now as I have seen him all these years—as clearly as one can see through tears—with tiny foot uplifted, to descend in little emphatic stamp as he said his one big word. There came a day when, summoned to a distant city on a professional errand, the last I saw of him was as he repeated for me with that voice which was all gentle music, his Butterf'y. Alas, before my return, the spirit of that child which had come out of the unknown to our household as a brief resting-spot, had fluttered back to the place whence it had come. Years went by, and now the counterpart of this precious memory, another little boy of a later generation only just a bit sturdier, has come into my life. This newcomer is my good comrade. Often he takes me by the hand—much more than I can be said to take him by his hand—and we wander off in the fields together, to see the flowers and birds, and talk over a good many things which are more worth while than some of us at times realize. It is true I do most of the talking, for he does not yet talk in language that we grown-ups think the only means of communicating ideas. Yet he expresses his assent and dissent in a way clearly understood by himself and quite intelligible to me. Then if his step suggests weariness, he climbs to my shoulder and we leave the bright skies and continue our comradeship indoors. Always at some part of the play, in his own invented way, outstretched on half-bent knees, he hides his face from me away down among some banked-up pillows. Thereupon I am to call the roll of the places where he is not to be found, and he is to answer, 'No,' with that musical, rising inflection all his own. Finally I must guess where he really is. And when—after his mouselike silence, which is confession—I find him laughing as only he can laugh, underneath a shock of golden sunlight curls, I am quite sure then, as I often am, that something of that other child has passed into the soul and into the face of this gentle, manly, and beautiful little boy." Here is a little sermon out of this lawyer's wallet: "Those of low as well as of high station, the poor as well as the rich, to their discomfort and at times their destruction, cling to the idols of possessions. The appalling sea tragedy seems but yesterday when that proud vainglorious ship the Titanic sailed boastingly out of one harbor never to reach another. On the deck of

that ship while she was foundering, her captain—with what anguish only we who knew him intimately will ever begin to understand—was directing how others were to be saved, with never a thought of himself. He was to be the last man on deck and go down with his ship. He told two of the crew to man a lifeboat filled with women. As the captain turned away one of them said to his mate that he would go down to his bunk for some of his belongings, but be back in a moment; the lifeboat was launched with a substitute, who was saved. He who was lost doubtless found the things he went in search of, but both he and they lie now at the bottom of the sea. What was true of this sailor is true of many a man we have known. Yes, more than this, for he perhaps could not afford to part with his belongings, while others come to grief in the greedy pursuit of the thing for which they have no real need. Alas, still others meet their fate in the pursuit of the thing which can never rightfully be theirs. What loathsome, destroying disease can the innocent-looking germ of a wrong conception of life breed in us!" Quoting the saying of Swift that "Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old," the author tells us that in his club of good fellowship "there are really no old men. A goodly number have toiled or run, as the case may have been, to the top of the hill and are now on their way toward the foot, and there are, of course, the lengthening shadows as the sun goes down; but these men are not old. They are really young fellows in thought and spirit and deed. On the wrong side of the hill, think you? No, you are mistaken again. For on the side of the hill where they are may be seen the wide prospects, the extended horizon, the glory of the slowly, gently approaching sunset, and the company of those who make life really worth the living. Would you tolerate the recalling of the rather hackneyed lines?—

> "Grow old along with me:
> The best is yet to be
> The last of life for which the first was made.

Let me add something that has not been called upon to do such yeoman's service in quotation—the Henley poem:

> "A late lark twitters in the quiet skies;
> And from the west,
> Where the sun, his day's work ended,
> Lingers as in content,
> There falls on the old, gray city
> An influence luminous and serene,
> A shining peace.
>
> "The smoke ascends
> In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
> Shine, and are changed. In the valley
> Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
> Closing his benediction,
> Sinks, and the darkening air
> Thrills with a sense of triumphant night—

Night, with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

"So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene."

We are given also Louis Stevenson's "Requiem";

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die
And I laid me down with a will;

This be the verse you grave for me,
Here he lies where he longed to be.
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

We close with this lawyer's remarks on a much-discussed subject: "We hear much about the lack of attendance at religious services, that some clergymen choose to attribute to a change in the beliefs of men. Yet this is by no means the whole, even if it is in any sense the correct explanation. Men's minds have not changed about religion, though it is doubtless true that they have ceased to regard certain doubtful, debatable Scriptural incidents as a fundamental part of belief. In all essential things the man of understanding more and more, as the mystery of life is borne in upon him, reverts to its religious interpretation. The trouble is that in our churches dogma is so frequently confused with belief. At other times the view seems to be entertained by many clergymen that, in order to be assured of interested listeners, things merely ethical or even sensational must be discussed. Too often for the fervent preacher of bygone days, with his quickening message, there is now the substitute of the prosaic, unimaginative lecturer upon intricate topics not admitting of a satisfactory discussion from the pulpit—but which he nevertheless disposes of in rather oracular fashion, though unequipped with adequate knowledge or experience or culture for the difficult task he has set himself. The fires of aspiration are burning perilously low in many a sermon we hear in this generation. And one reason why the churches are not filled as of old with intellectual men and women, is not because religious convictions have died out, but because the substance of what is heard from the preacher is no longer in the highest sense religious, and the method of presentation of even worthy ideas no longer persuasive." And then the author quotes the words of Emerson long ago, in an address in Divinity College, Cambridge, when he pronounced the office of the preacher the "first in the world," adding with his impassioned earnestness: "It is time that this ill-suppressed murmur of all thoughtful men against the famine of our churches—this moaning of the heart because

it is bereaved of the consolation, the hope, the grandeur that come alone out of the culture of the moral nature—should be heard through the sleep of indolence, and over the din of routine. This great and perpetual office of the preacher is not discharged. Preaching is the expression of the moral sentiment in application to the duties of life. In how many churches, by how many prophets, tell me, is man made sensible that he is an infinite soul, that the earth and heavens are passing into his mind, that he is drinking forever the soul of God? Where now sounds the persuasion that by its very melody imparadises my heart and so affirms its own origin in heaven?"

Monologues. By Richard Middleton. 12mo, pp. 287. New York: Mitchell Kennerly. Price, cloth, $1.25.

Thirty-two brief essays. "Literary journalism of a superior type," one thinks. Some of them appeared in Vanity Fair, which seems a suitable place for them. While reading them Shakespeare's words about the witches now and then seemed pertinent, "The earth hath bubbles as the water hath and these are of them"; bubbles light as air, lucid and iridescent: the brilliant banter and piffling persiflage of an accomplished man, adroit, unexpected, with much of the insistent cleverness and modern love of paradox seen in Belloc and Chesterton. There are semiserious pages, and moralizing veins, rather liberal if not loose, and very indulgent to human weaknesses. At times they run to dissipated ways. Here is an essay on "Dreaming as an Art," which begins by intimating that it is better to be a poet who "cultivates his dream pastures until their roses become like crimson domes and their lilies like silver towers under the stars," than to be one of those hard-headed practical men whose distinction is that they "can throw brickbats farther than their neighbors can." He holds that they who know how to dream highly are richer in their title-deeds to the pastures on the purple slopes of dreams that lean up against life's mountain ranges than the brick-handlers are in their piles of hard-baked dirt. Balancing dreams against so-called realities, he says: "If our dreams pass with the morning it is no less true that our realities pass with the coming of sleep. We see a man fall asleep in a railway carriage, and our illusory faculties tell us that he is still there, while he himself, who should surely know, is only too well aware that he is being chased by a mad white bull across the Bay of Biscay. Probably he will return to the railway carriage presently, but meanwhile the bull and the blue waters are as true for him as his stertorous body is for us who lament his snoring. And why should we prefer our impressions to his? The point is important, because in supporting the claims of the dream world against those of our waking life it is necessary to meet the case of the man who says: 'I should soon come to grief if I took to dreaming.' As a matter of fact (and this throws some light on the life histories of our poets) it seems impossible to be successful in both worlds. We all know the earthly troubles that overtake dreamers, and I am willing to wager that your Jew millionaire goes bankrupt half a dozen times a night in his sleep, where all his yellow money cannot save him.

Probably, if you cultivate the art of dreaming, you will pay for it under the sun, but whereas our chances on the earth are limited by our opportunities, the lands of sleep are boundless and our holding is only limited by our capacity for dreaming. There are no monopolizing trusts in dreams." Our author deplores luxury and avarice. He thinks poverty and hardship good for poets, plain living and high thinking. He doubts if Shakespeare or Burns or Stevenson would have written much if he had been really well-to-do. He says: "It is really pitiful to reflect what a lot of time our poets waste in dreaming that they have motor cars and yachts and music halls of their own, when the possession of these trifles would enable them to solve the riddle of the universe in a lifetime or so. Our poets have always been underfed, and, in consequence, they have given us a great account of life, like the hungry boy who flattens his nose on the cook-shop window and thinks nobly of sausages. A generation of fat poets would alter all that, and perhaps would shake our state of material contentment. To-day we are so sure of ourselves that we are prepared to classify miracles as they occur. I can imagine some one running from the bed of Lazarus to a present-day drawing room with the news that a man had just been raised from the dead. The twentieth century would comment, 'O, in America, I suppose,' and Lazarus would creep gladly back into his grave. The satisfied are damned because they need no faith, and nowadays in this sense nearly everybody is satisfied; but realizing the power of money, I think that a man who was at once a poet and rich might contrive a miracle or two to set the idiots gaping, as healthy idiots should gape, at this nightmare of a world." Richard Middleton is no worshiper of the Scientific Spirit, and denies its supreme authority and sufficiency. He says: "Specialization, the art of losing the infinite in search of the finite, has become the only art that the brute many who hold the golden pieces deem worthy of reward. Treated in this way, the eternal things that thrilled and troubled our fathers become manageable and duly subservient to the popular will. It is difficult to patronize death, but easy to prattle of cremation and curious epitaphs. Nor have we spared such semiconcrete things as the stars and the blue sky. We have weighed the atmosphere and measured the stars, setting limits to their wonder, and it would take a week-long eclipse of the sun to shake our reliance on the astronomers. Observing that the passion for specialization and the specialist is regarded in England as tending to efficiency, it is hardly necessary to add that it is insane. The wholly efficient man, if he exists anywhere, is certainly insane, for a man's soul lies neither in his strength nor his weakness, but balanced deftly between the two, like a ball in the hands of a child. A man without strength is an idiot, but a man without weakness would be a god—in an asylum. In terms of life a specialist might be defined as a person of unusually widespread ignorance, but his tragedy really lies in the fact that his absorption in one subject inevitably prevents him from knowing anything about that subject. Thus, to take simple illustrations, a bibliophile is a man who knows nothing about books; an astronomer is a man who cannot see the stars; a botanist is a man for whom the

earth provides no flowers; and yet it is to such folk that our modern simplicity would have us go for information. Concentration, even though it be a life-time long, can only give a man a knowledge of inessential things; truth can be won only from those inspired moments that build up eternity." "Lord Curzon once told a grateful audience that there was no reason why England should feel depressed, but to those of us who believe that Shakespeare, Keats, and Swinburne have done more for their country than Nelson, Wellington, and Gladstone, it matters little whether England is sorry because there are yet worthless things to which she cannot attain, or proud of the worthless things to which she has attained. But that those men who ought to be leaders in the camp of truth should encourage her in her esteem of inessentials, that they should speak to her of the little passing diseases that they dread, when love is out in the world and the great salt winds are beating in from the sea, that is the last treachery. I will give an illustration. I suppose, if people have not written in vain, that the Embankment has come to be considered a kind of rallying-ground for noctural misery, a place where vice and misfortune rub shoulders and wait for bowls of soup. As a matter of fact, the Embankment by night is the finest thing in all London, and in some measure London's justification. I had always appreciated the somber beauty of the river with its shadows and reflections, but it was a poet of my acquaintance who first pointed out to me the exquisite tracery of the shadows thrown by the branches of the plane trees on the gray pavements. Given a slight breeze to set the branches swaying, there can be nothing more beautiful than this in the whole round world. Now I confess that I have not conquered my natural aversion for all forms of human discomfort, whether exemplified in my own body or in those of other people, but let me add that in face of that lovely changing tapestry, these brief sorrows, and even these brief lives, seem to me of small importance. We are born to starve and shiver for a while in the gutters of life and presently we die. But beauty is eternal, and it is only by means of our appreciation of beauty that we can bear with our clumsy, rotting bodies while our life lasts. All other creeds seem to me forlorn and self-destructive. And to the young men for whom I write I would commend those delicate shadows on the stones of the Embankment, as giving this sordid city life a certain eternal significance. Doubtless the loathsome details of that life threaten to choke them, as they seem to have choked most of our older artists. But while God is content to spread his beauty beneath our feet, as he spread it beneath the feet of Shakespeare, of Keats, and of Swinburne, there is hope for those of us who can see it." Here is a Watch-night meditation somewhat out of the common: "There is something in the wind on New Year's Eve that affects most of us strangely. At no other time are we so much disposed to regard life as rather more than a series of haphazard moments. The years take ordered shape behind us, and while we regard them dispassionately we have the sense of other years no less ordered that wait our coming. The arbitrary division of our calendar assumes an almost spiritual significance. We can feel ourselves changing as the moments fall gently through the

hands of Destiny, and we return to our homes after the stroke of twelve not one year, but many years older. It is as though, in that moment of intense consciousness, we are permitted to catch a glimpse of the world that lies outside us. Our senses are abnormally keen; we can feel the breath of the bumping hours; we can hear the pulse of the world's heart. Almost it seems that our minds can detect the purpose of our strange, bewildered lives, dim, uncertain, incomprehensible, but yet endowing them with a new dignity, a new resolve. Afterward, we creep back to our hearths a little cold, with rebellious voices, our hearts struggling vainly against the disillusionment of actual life. Irritating trifles swarm into our minds and blot out our sense of the infinite. It is time the children were in bed. Christine has obviously caught a cold. We must remember to put 1915 at the head of our letters. The dream is over. But I approve those who observe the coming of the New Year with proper ritual. I think that the man who lightly misses an opportunity of resting for an instant from the whirl and babble of our breathless lives in serious meditation is much to be pitied, and, therefore, I patronize with my sympathy all those lost creatures who snore the New Year in in bed and shout it in in restaurants. The great thing is to stop for a moment and look one's life in the face; nor, after all, is it such a bad thing to regard the future hopefully. It will not do the future any good, but nothing can deprive us of the thrill proper to the optimist. Let us, by all means, 'greet the unseen with a cheer.' And a word in passing for the year that is gone, to come again no more. What days it has given us, what golden, magic days! It is true that only a minute fraction of it remains with us, but that fraction is the best of all. The pride of sunny fields; the gleam of a girl's face wet with autumn rain; the lonely star we found in a hollow of the Sussex hills; the fragment of song that came to us on Exmoor—how good these things were, how good they are even now! I can sit in my chair on the brink of the New Year, and think of a hundred moments in the old year to set my heart beating with excitement and make my body radiant with joy of life. And so can every one of my readers, if they have a mind to. Believe if you wish that the pains of life outnumber the pleasures, but bear in mind that it is your own fault if you keep the evil and forget the good. If I could thread the stars like beads, I should make a necklace of them for my good fairy, the New Year, and I should give him the sun and moon for playthings. Welcome the New Year as you will, but do not neglect to drop a tear of gratitude for the Old. What golden, magic days! What enchanted nights of stars! It really is a little hard to believe that the New Year will bring us anything better." The essay on "The New Sex" sees "women drifting into two strongly divided camps, the one intellectual, energetic, independent, and supremely useless; the other emotional, affectionate, placid, and in all things motherly. The weakness of the former camp will be its sterility, though doubtless every generation will send its tithe of recruits. The strength of the latter camp will be its numbers and permanence. With the intellectual women men will fight, as they fight with each other, on terms of miserable equality. To the

affectionate women they will go, as they go now, to justify their existence and to meet their fate. The woman who wishes that she had been born a man is a fool." A while ago our essayist fled to the friendly shelter of Surrey pine woods that won him as a child, and holds a part of him captive still. He says: "The man who has never made friends with a pine forest does not know what a forest can be. My own especial woods have the moving dignity of a vast cathedral; the cool dimness of untrodden aisles stretching between tapering columns, while here and there, as it were through stained glass, a brittle sunbeam falls to break into a thousand glittering fragments on the smooth roughness of the pine needles. The birds are the best of choristers, while numberless insects droning in the heather of the clearings imitate closely enough the devout murmur of a distant congregation. Moreover there are no females in these far solitudes, save for a few small pinafored atoms who gather fuel in silence, suffering the majesty of the pines to hush the shrill loquacity of their youth. In a world of feminine changeableness it is an agreeable quality in pine woods to be very much the same at any season of the year. They assume no sordid poverty in winter, no arrogant exuberance in spring. An oak forest has a thousand moods to perplex the heart of man; the pines have but one mood, and that a mood of noble and enviable serenity." We may as well leave him there in his beloved pine woods.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Browning's Heroines. By Ethel Colburn Mayne. Crown 8vo, pp. 325. London: Chatto & Windus. Price, cloth, $2.50.

Not even Shakespeare has a greater gallery of women than Browning has created in his poetry. In this book a woman criticizes a man's women. This makes interesting and spicy reading. When a woman's critical knowledge approves and praises a poet's women, sure is the poet's praise and great is his triumph. Miss Mayne does not always agree to accept Browning's women; her book would be dull if she did. When she differs, she gives frank, incisive, and lively reasons. A glowing and iridescent book is this. In "Part I, Girlhood" our author discusses Little Pippa and Mildred Tresham and Balaustion and Pompilia; in "Part II, The Great Lady" the poems studied are "My Last Duchess" and that rare poem "The Flight of the Duchess"; in "Part III, The Lover" we have "The Woman's Trouble of Love"; in "Part IV, The Wife" a "Woman's Last Word," and "James Lee's Wife"; in "Part V, The Man's Trouble of Love" the "Woman Unwon" and the "Woman Won." It is impossible for us to go through the book, chapter by chapter, analyzing and criticizing; and to prefer one possible extract over all the others is difficult. One of Browning's shorter poems, long favorite with us, and full of thrills, is his "Count Gismond." Perhaps we cannot better sample both this author and the great poet whose Heroines she studies than with The Girl in "Count Gismond," which follows here without quotation marks: It

is like a fairy tale, for there are three beautiful princesses, and the youngest is the heroine. The setting is French—a castle in Aix-en-Provence; it is the fourteenth century, for tourneys and hawking-parties are the amusements, and a birthday is celebrated by an award of crowns to the victors in the lists, when there are ladies in brave attire, thrones, canopies, false knight and true knight. . . . Here is the story. Once upon a time there were three beautiful princesses, and they lived in a splendid castle. The youngest had neither father nor mother, so she had come to dwell with her cousins, and they had all been quite happy together until one day in summer, when there was a great tourney and prize-giving to celebrate the birthday of the youngest princess. She was to award the crowns, and her cousins dressed her like a queen for the ceremony. She was very happy; she laughed and "sang her birthday-song quite through," while she looked at herself, garlanded with roses, in the glass before they all three went arm-in-arm down the castle stairs. The throne and canopy were ready; troops of merry friends had assembled. These kissed the cheek of the youngest princess, laughing and calling her queen, and then they helped her to stoop under the canopy, which was pierced by a long streak of golden sunshine. There, in the gleam and gloom, she took her seat on the throne. But for all her joy and pride there came to her, as she sat there, a great ache of longing for her dead father and mother; and afterward she remembered this and thought that perhaps if her cousins had guessed that such sorrow was in her heart, even at her glad moment, they might not have allowed the thing to happen which did happen. All eyes were on her, except those of her cousins, which were lowered, when the moment came for her to stand up and present the victor's crown. Shy and proud and glad, she stood up, and as she did so, there stalked forth Count Gauthier—

> . . . And he thundered "Stay!
> And all stayed. "Bring no crowns, I say!
>
> "Bring torches! Wind the penance sheet
> About her! Let her shun the chaste,
> Or lay herself before their feet!
> Shall she whose body I embraced
> A night long queen it in the day?
> For Honor's sake, no crowns, I say!"

Some years afterward she told the story of that birthday to a dear friend, and when she came to Count Gauthier's accusation, she had to stop speaking for an instant, because her voice was choked with tears. Her friend asked her what she had answered, and she replied—

> "I? What I answered? As I live
> I never fancied such a thing
> As answer possible to give";

—for just as the body is struck dumb, as it were, when some monstrous engine of torture is directed upon it, so was her soul for one moment. But only for one moment. For instantly another knight strode out—Count Gismond. She had never seen him face to face before, but now, so be-

holding him, she knew that she was saved. He walked up to Gauthier and gave him the lie in his throat, then struck him on the mouth with the back of a hand, so that the blood flowed from it—

> " . . . North, South,
> East, West, I looked. The lie was dead
> And damned, and truth stood up instead."

Recalling it now, with her friend Adela, she mused a moment, then said how her gladdest memory of that hour was that never for an instant had she felt any doubt of the event.

> "God took that on him—I was bid
> Watch Gismond for my part: I did.
> Did I not watch him while he let
> His armorer just brace his greaves,
> Rivet his hauberk, on the fret
> The while! His foot . . . my memory leaves
> No least stamp out, nor how anon
> He pulled his ringing gauntlets on."

Before the trumpet's peal had died, the false knight lay, "prone as his lie," upon the ground; and Gismond flew at him, and drove his sword into the liar's breast—

> "Cleaving till out the truth he clove.
>
> "Which done, he dragged him to my feet
> And said, 'Here die, but end thy breath
> In full confession, lest thou fleet
> From my first to God's second death!
> Say, hast thou lied?' And, 'I have lied
> To God and her,' he said, and died."

Then Gismond knelt and said to her words which even to this dear friend she could not repeat. She sank on his breast—

> "Over my head his arm he flung
> Against the world . . ."

—and then and there the two walked forth, amid the shouting multitude, never more to return. "And so they were married, and lived happy ever after." Gayety, courage, trust: in this nameless Browning heroine we find the characteristic marks. On that birthday morning almost her greatest joy was in the sense of her cousins' love—

> "I thought they loved me, did me grace
> To please themselves; 'twas all their deed"

—and never a thought of their jealousy had entered her mind. Both were beautiful—

> ". . . Each a queen
> By virtue of her brow and breast;
> Not needing to be crowned, I mean,
> As I do. E'en when I was dressed,
> Had either of them spoke, instead
> Of glancing sideways with still head!
>
> "But no: they let me laugh and sing
> My birthday-song quite through , , ,"

and so, all trust and gayety, she had gone down arm-in-arm with them, and taken her state on the "foolish throne," while everybody applauded her. Then had come the moment when Gauthier stalked forth; and from the older mind, now pondering on that infamy, a flash of bitter scorn darts forth—

> "Count Gauthier, when he chose his post,
> Chose time and place and company
> To suit it . . ."

for with sad experience—"knowledge of the world"—to aid her, she can see that the whole must have been preconcerted—

> "And doubtlessly ere he could draw
> All points to one, he must have schemed!"

Her trust in the swiftly emerging champion and lover is comprehensible to us of a later day—that and the joy she feels in watching him impatiently submit to be armed. Even so might one of us watch and listen to and keep forever in memory the stamp of the foot, the sound of the "ringing gauntlets"—reproduced as that must be for modern maids in some less heartening music! But, as the tale proceeds, we lose our sense of sisterhood; we realize that this girl belongs to a different age. When Gauthier's breast is torn open, when he is dragged to her feet to die, she knows not any shrinking nor compassion—can apprehend each word in the dialogue between slayer and slain—can, over the bleeding body, receive the avowal of his love who but now has killed his fellow man like a dog—and, gathered to Gismond's breast, can, unmoved by all repulsion, feel herself smeared by the dripping sword that hangs beside him. . . . All this we women of a later day have "resigned"—and I know not if that word be the right one or the wrong; so many lessons have we conned since Gismond fought for a slandered maiden. We have learned that lies refute themselves, that "things come right in the end," that human life is sacred, that a woman's chastity may be sacred too, but is not her most inestimable possession—and, if it were, should be "able to take care of itself." Further doctrines, though not yet fully accepted, are being passionately taught: such, for example, as that Man—male Man—is the least protective of animals.

> "Over my head his arm he flung
> Against the world . . ."

I think we can see the princess, as she spoke those words, aglow and tremulous like the throbbing fingers in the Northern skies. Well, the "Northern Lights" recur, in our latitudes, at unexpected moments, at long intervals; but they do recur. One thing vexes, yet solaces, me in this tale of Count Gismond. The Countess, telling Adela the story, has reached the crucial moment of Gauthier's insult, when, choked by tears as we saw, she stops speaking. While still she struggles with her sob, she sees, at the gate, her husband with his two boys, and at once is able to go on. She finishes the tale, prays a perfunctory prayer for Gauthier; then speaks of her sons, in both of whom, adoring wife that she is, she must declare a likeness to the father—

"Our elder boy has got the clear
Great brow; tho' when his brother's black
Full eye shows scorn, it . . ."

With that "it" she breaks off; for Gismond has come up to talk with her and Adela. The first words we hear her speak to that loved husband are—

" . . . Gismond here?
And have you brought my tercel back?
I just was telling Adela
How many birds it struck since May."

We should not think it necessary to tell that fib. We should say nothing of what we had been "telling Adela."

Memories of My Youth. By GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM. 8vo, pp. 447. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, $2.

THESE records run from a sojourn in England in 1844 to the end of the War for the Union in 1865. They cover experiences as a student in Göttingen, and Berlin, and the University of Paris, and strenuous years of service in the Union army in the Civil War from 1862 to the autumn of 1865, including campaigns in Louisiana and the Red River expedition, service with Sheridan in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and the decisive battle at Cedar Creek, also experiences in Libby and Danville prisons. From the close of the war until he was mustered out of service, Brevet Major Putnam of the 176th Regiment, New York Volunteers, was in Savannah engaged in maintaining order preparatory to the recstablishment of civil government. On his twenty-first birthday he was on duty in North Carolina under General Sherman, who was securing the surrender of the last army of the Southern Confederacy. When a boy, George H. Putnam attended Dr. Starr's school in Yonkers. In his accounts of schoolmates, this is one: "Philip R. was a bright, witty, but rather lazy-minded fellow who had the fortune, or the disadvantage, of a wealthy father. Philip had various plans of life, no one of which included requirement for any continued work. He said once that he thought that it would probably be easiest to be a preacher. 'A fashionable preacher, mind you, with a big salary and with lots of female parishioners to admire you and to send you presents.' Some one referred to the necessity of composing the sermons. 'O,' said Philip, 'that is easy enough. All you have to do is to choose a text and then say, "Beloved brethren," and then go ahead.' His father placed him in college with the idea of making a finished gentleman of him, but young Philip and the college authorities had many differences of opinion and he was obliged to leave in the middle of his course. When the property finally came into his hands he managed to squander it in an unnecessarily brief term of years, and he died young." Young Putnam heard Lincoln deliver the great speech which announced him to the East and went far toward making him President: "In February, 1860, it was my good fortune to secure a personal glimpse of Abraham Lincoln, the man who was to have the responsibility as leader in the great contest for the maintenance of the republic. Lincoln had been invited by certain of the Republican leaders in New York to deliver the first of a series

of addresses which had been planned to make clear to the voters the purposes and the principles of the new party. As a result of the series of debates with Douglas in 1858, Lincoln's name had become known to many Republicans in the East. It was recognized that he had shown clear understanding of the principles on which the new party had been organized and that his counsel should prove of distinctive service in the shaping of the policy of the coming presidential campaign. The committee of invitation included, in addition to a group of the Old Whigs (of whom my father was one), representatives of Free-Soil Democrats such as William Cullen Bryant and John King. Lincoln's methods as a political leader and orator were known to one or two men on the committee, but his name was still unfamiliar to an Eastern audience. It was understood that the new leader from the West was going to talk to New York about the fight against slavery; and it is probable that the larger part of the audience expected something 'wild and woolly.' The West at that time seemed very far off from New York and was still but little understood or little realized by the communities of the East. New York found it difficult to believe that a man from the prairies could have anything to say that would count with the cultivated citizens of the metropolis. The more optimistic of the hearers were hoping that perhaps a new Henry Clay had arisen, and these were looking for utterances of the ornate and grandiloquent kind, such as they had heard from Clay and from other statesmen of the South. My father had the opportunity, as a member of the committee, of smuggling me in upon the platform at Cooper Union, and from the corner where I sat I had a fair view of the speaker. The meeting was presided over by Bryant, and the contrast between the cultivated chairman and the speaker was marked. Bryant, while short, gave the impression at once of dignity and of control. His magnificent big head, with the mass of flowing hair, was that of a bard. Bryant's fame as a poet has possibly eclipsed the importance of his service as an editorial teacher with the highest standards of citizenship and as a wise and patriotic leader of public opinion. The first impression of the man from the West did nothing to contradict the expectation of something weird, rough, and uncultivated. The long, ungainly figure upon which hung clothes that, while newly made for this trip, were evidently the work of an unskillful tailor; the large feet and the clumsy hands of which, at the outset, at least, the speaker seemed to be unduly conscious; the long gaunt head, capped by a shock of hair that seemed not to have been thoroughly brushed out, made a picture which did not fit in with New York's conception of a finished statesman. The first utterance of the voice was not pleasant to the ear, the tone being harsh and the key too high. As the speech progressed, however, the speaker seemed to come into control of himself, the voice gained a natural and impressive modulation, the gestures were dignified and natural, and the hearers found themselves under the influence of the earnest look from the deeply set eyes and of the absolute integrity of purpose and of devotion to principle which impressed the thought and the words of the speaker. In place of a 'wild and woolly' talk, illumined by more or less incongruous

anecdotes, in place of a high-strung exhortation of general principles or of a fierce protest against Southern arrogance, the New Yorkers had presented to them a calm but forcible series of well-reasoned considerations upon which was to be based their action as citizens. It was evident that the man from the West understood thoroughly the constitutional history of the country; he had mastered the issues that had grown up about the slavery question; he realized, and was prepared to respect, the rights of his political opponents. He realized equally the rights of the men whose views he was helping to shape, and he insisted that there should be no wavering or weakening in regard to the enforcement of those rights; he made it clear that the continued existence of the nation depended upon the equitable adjustment of these issues, and he held that such adjustment meant the restriction of slavery within its present boundaries. He maintained that such restriction was just and necessary, as well on the ground of fairness to the blacks as for the final welfare of the whites. He insisted that the voters in the present States of the Union had upon them the largest possible measure of responsibility in so controlling the great domain of the republic that the States of the future, the States in which their children and their grandchildren were to grow up as citizens, should be preserved in full liberty, and be protected against the invasion and the control of the institution that represented barbarity. Such a contention could interfere in no way with the recognition that was due under the obligations, entered into by the grandfathers and confirmed by the fathers, to the property rights of the present owners of slaves. With the New Englanders of the antislavery group, the speaker emphasized that the restriction of slavery meant its early extermination; and with this belief he insisted that war for the purpose of exterminating slavery from existing slave territory could not be justified. He was prepared, however, for the purpose of protecting against slavery the national territory that was still free, to take the risk of the war which was threatened from the South, because he believed that only through such action could the existence of the nation be maintained. He believed further that the maintenance of the great republic was essential not only for the welfare of its own citizens, but for the interests and the development of free government throughout the world. He spoke with full sympathy of the difficulties and problems resting upon the men of the South, and he insisted that the matters at issue could be adjusted only with a fair recognition of these difficulties. Aggression must be withstood from whichever side of Mason and Dixon's Line it might be threatened." When in Richmond early in 1865 as a paroled prisoner of war he writes: "I got one glimpse of the tall figure of Jefferson Davis and hesitated for a moment as to the lifting of my hat. I was quite ready to show respect for a leader who had through the four years of struggle shown such persistency, courage, and devotion to his cause; but when I recalled the responsibility of Davis for the deaths at Belle-Isle, in Libby, and at Andersonville, my hand absolutely refused to reach up to my cap and remained glued in my pocket. If I had had the fortune to meet General Lee, my salute would have been both natural and heartfelt.

I believe that I shared the feelings of practically all of the men who had studied the history of the war in being ready to render to Lee homage, not merely for the magnificent defense that he had made under enormous discouragements and with a constant decrease in his resources, but for the exceptionally fine nature and character of the man." This book closes with the end of the war and the death of Lincoln: "It was at Greenleaf, near Goldsboro, N. C., that we received the news of the battle of Five Forks, the capture of Richmond, and the surrender at Appomattox. From Greenleaf we were moved to Durham, where a few days later the war was brought to a close by the surrender to Sherman of the army led by Johnston. The news of the death of Lincoln came to my division at Greenleaf, I think on the 16th of April, although it may have been a day later. Greenleaf had at that time no wire communication from the North. I know that a courier came to us across the swamp and through the woodland at noon each day with dispatches from some point nearer the coast. On this morning I had reported myself for a shave to an old darky whom I had visited once or twice before. He took up his razor, dropped it, took it up again, and again dropped it. I saw his hand was shaking and judged with him that he was in no condition for the task. 'I can't shave you this mornin', Massa,' he said. 'Why, what's the matter, Uncle Ben?' 'Why, sir, somethin's happened to Massa Lincoln, and I can't do nothin', sir, but jes' think about it.' 'Why,' I said, 'what has happened to Lincoln? You have no news that I haven't got!' 'We colored folk,' he said, 'sometimes get news, or half news, 'fore it comes to you white people, and we colored folk here all feel this mornin' that somethin's gone wrong with Massa Lincoln.' There was nothing more to be gotten from the old man and I made my way, unshaved, to the division headquarters, feeling anxious in spite of my understanding that the darky could have had no real news. The colored folk were clustered about the streets of the little village muttering, and some of them in tears, but no one of them was able to give authority for the rumor. I found the division adjutant and the officers with him troubled like myself at the report from the darkies, but still unwilling to believe that any trustworthy word could have come to them in advance of the dispatches for which we were waiting. At noon the courier made his appearance, riding out from the woods on the northeast, and we felt at once from the appearance of the man that he had bad news. He was hurrying his horse as he was bound to do, and yet he seemed afraid to arrive. In this instance, as was, of course, not usually the case, the courier knew what was in his dispatches. He handed his bag of documents, with one separate envelope, to the division adjutant, who stood on the step, and the adjutant, tearing open the envelope, began to speak, and then his voice broke down. He was able finally to get out the words, 'Lincoln is dead.' No more was necessary, or in fact, possible. I never before or since have been with a large mass of men overwhelmed by one simple emotion. The whole division was sobbing together. The feeling with all was the loss not only of the great captain, but of the personal friend, of him who was for the troops, as for the whole country, Father Abraham."

METHODIST REVIEW

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A STUDY OF THE PRAYING AND PROMISES OF JESUS

Is it not most significant that he prayed at all? Jesus had every form of strength which men associate with the most masterful masculine life. He had strength of body. He had strength of mind. He had strength of purpose and will. He had marvelous strength of affection. He had strength to move amid foul conditions without catching their contagion. He had extraordinary patience and was absolutely fearless in the presence of hostility. He was calm and undaunted when assailed by official religion. He had every form of strength which men count admirable. Yet this man prayed, and was constantly praying. He was the strongest who ever trod the ways of men, so strong and pure that he had no sense of sin, no need of repentance, no prayer for pardon, and yet we have no other such record of prayer. There are two ways of learning from a master: one is to watch him, the other is to listen to his teachings. In this study we shall combine both methods.

At one place where he was praying, when he rose from his knees one of his disciples said to him, "Master, teach us to pray" (Luke 11. 1).

This little sidelight from Dr. Weymouth's translation, showing Jesus on his knees, is very suggestive and most instructive. Jesus upon his knees. I think of this as, up to that time, one of the happiest moments in the life of the Master. He then realized that the disciples had begun to learn the secret of his strength, which was prayer, and when they said, "Master, teach us to pray," his joy must have been great. Let us watch him pray.

The first impression as we watch him is that, notwithstanding all his strength and purity, he had an ever-present consciousness that he needed help outside of himself, and, further, that that help was always available. Perhaps that truth is nowhere better illustrated than when he stood at the grave of Lazarus. There was nothing to be seen to encourage his faith. There was the body dead four days, and the doubting crowd weeping, but Jesus, conscious of both need and help, said, "Father, I thank thee that thou heardest me," with the suggestion that he had prayed it out privately with his Father, and added, "I know that thou hearest me always." Then he cried, "Lazarus, come forth," with the natural consequence, "he that was dead came forth." Thus this consciousness of need and a Father always ready to hear and answer is the first conception we get of the prayer life of Jesus, and in this incident the foundation of his prayer life and teaching concerning prayer is illustrated. That he loved to pray is the second impression. This love became a passion. The Spirit drew him back to the Father at every leisure moment just as naturally as the mother's heart turns to the child. This is manifested in the amount of prayer. There are fifteen recorded accounts of his praying, and in three of these, we read, he continued "all night in prayer." How many more is not recorded. A few statements clearly show that only a few strokes or outlines concerning his praying are given from which we can make our picture. In the fifth chapter of Luke it is said, "He withdrew into the wilderness and prayed," but a more correct rendering is, "He was retiring in the desert and praying." "But Jesus himself constantly withdrew into the desert and there prayed." These more correct translations suggest a habit running through his life. Again on the night of his arrest, when he selected his place for prayer, it is said, "And he came out and went, as his custom was, unto the mount of Olives; and his disciples also followed him. And when he was at the place," Mark tells us it was Gethsemane. Think of Gethsemane being known as the place of prayer where it was his custom to go. Three whole nights of prayer are recorded in three years of ministry. Not fanatical, so as to break his health, yet tremendously suggestive. Christ's prayer life by contrast to

most of ours will stand out if we ask ourselves, "How many 'whole nights' during a life time have I continued in prayer, in communion with my heavenly Father?"

His times and places of prayer impress us as full of significance. It appears that the very early mornings were his favorite times. "In the morning, a great while before day," or, "When it was day, he came out and went into a desert place," "He rose early, while it was yet dark." Christ's example would certainly encourage the keeping of the "morning watch." His most loved places of prayer are suggested by "the deserts," "the mountains," "a solitary place." But his constant spirit of prayer is suggested by another statement showing that he did not need to be in any of these places to be "alone" with his Father; "And it came to pass as he was praying alone the disciples were with him." The pictures of his prayer life are given like an etching in black and white where the fewest possible strokes make up the picture. What a revelation there is in this stroke—in the crowd, but "praying alone" with the Father.

In prayer he received wisdom and power for his lifework is another impression we receive as we watch him pray. When he was baptized as a fulfilling of the law before entrance upon his public mission, not for the remission of sin, it is said, "And praying, the heaven was opened, and the Holy Spirit descended," and in the power of the Holy Spirit thus received he went up into the wilderness and overcame the prince of devils. When the great crisis was upon him of choosing the twelve, what do we read? "It came to pass in those days that he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God. And when it was day he called his disciples, and he chose from them twelve, whom he also named apostles." And the narrative runs on naturally. The same day there is a description of "a great number of people" from all Judæa, Jerusalem, Tyre, and Sidon, who came "to be healed of their diseases." Then notice what followed: "All the multitude sought to touch him: for power came forth from him and he healed them all." Remember carefully that this marvelous day's work was preceded by, "And he continued all night in prayer to God." He had his own way of getting rested for so great a

day of service. What a comment upon his rebuke to his disciples when they could not cast the evil spirit out of the possessed boy! But Jesus cast him out. Then the disciples asked him privately, "How is it that we could not cast him out?" Jesus answered, "This kind can come out by nothing save by prayer"—"and fasting," which was in the Authorized Version, is not in the Revision. Dr. Weymouth's translation reads, "An evil spirit of this kind can only be driven out by prayer." His second night of prayer is recorded in the fourteenth chapter of Matthew and the sixth chapter of Mark, and was followed by Jesus walking on the water and coming the next day into the land of Gennesaret, where he went into the "village, or cities, or country," and "they laid the sick in the market places and besought him that they might touch if it were but the border of his garment, and as many as touched him were made whole." A night of prayer followed by a day of marvelous service. The third night of prayer was the night of the transfiguration, in which the disciples saw "a complete eclipse of all former revelations of God in man," when "his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light." The disciples were given a view of Moses and Elijah "in glory," or humanity as it is after death, and in Jesus of humanity as it can be in this life; illustrating the unappropriated power of prayer. Dr. Jowett has said of this prayer: " 'He went up into a mountain to pray.' And why did he go? Before him there stretched the darkening road to appalling desolation. Yonder loomed the cross. And this was the temptation which, I think, approached his soul: 'Is it worth while?' Should he go on to night and crucifixion, or there and then finish with translation? Reverently, I believe these were the alternatives in those days of gathering gloom. Should he choose an immediate reentry into 'the glory which I had with thee before the world was,' or a reentry into the world of resentment, where dwelt the evil spirits of malice and rejection? Should he finish there, or go on to the bitter end? 'He prayed,' and while he prayed he made his choice. He would go down to the scene of rejection, down to the waiting multitude, down to the envious eyes, down to the malicious designs, down to the cross." Who that has entered into fellowship with Christ in travail for souls

has not known a similar hour, as far as human limitations would permit? Who has never been tempted to ask if a certain bit of blood-demanding work was worth while? It was in that hallowed ground of prayer, where it was "his custom" to go, that in agonizing prayer he got the victory over everything for the final and greatest work for which he came into the world—to "give his life a ransom for many"—and was able to cease to mention his own will, and to say, "Thy will be done," concerning the cross. The Father who always heard him could not save the world and save his Son from that hour, but his prayer was answered, "for there appeared unto him an angel from heaven strengthening him"; and in the strength gained in prayer he finished the work given him to do and redeemed a world.

His method and order in prayer we may learn in his prayer of Intercession. Conscious that through a life of prayer he had finished his work, though the greatest event was yet to follow, he prayed first for himself, thus: "Glorify thy Son, that thy Son may also glorify thee." Having thus prayed that his own work might be so completed that he might glorify his Father, he next prayed for his disciples in these words: "I pray for them . . . I pray not that thou shouldest take them from the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil one." Then he passed on to pray, "Neither do I pray for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word." Here he passes on in his prayers to pray for all who were to believe on him through the influence of his disciples all down through the centuries. Here we learn the true order of prayer. First, each one should pray that he may so finish his own work that the Father may be glorified in his perfect life and the perfect accomplishment of what has been given to each to do. Second, to pray that all God's people "may be kept from the evil one," then to pass on to the great work of praying for the outside world that shall yet believe in Jesus through the influence of a church kept from the Evil One. What a marvelous program of prayer, and how vital the order. First, each disciple pure through his own prayers; second, a pure discipleship through united prayer, then those who are to believe, and finally the climax, "that they all [for whom he has prayed] may

be one, even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou didst send me." These are but some of the lessons we learn as we watch Jesus in his humanity as our model in the prayer-life. Only by following in his footsteps, in his life of prayer during his humanity, can any disciple fully accomplish his life-given work. Let us now proceed in our study to his teaching and promises to those who pray.

His teaching concerning prayer begins, "After this manner therefore pray ye;" not necessarily using these exact words, but after this manner, "Our Father, which art in heaven." Not, "My Father," or, "Your Father," but "Our Father"; the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God. For all the same as for himself, a Father in heaven. In the very foundation of his teaching he places this eternal rock of truth concerning prayer; the Fatherhood of God, which includes the Motherhood. This alone lifts Christianity into a realm of revelation infinitely above any other religious system. He takes the highest conception of human relationship and obligation and lifts it as high as the heavens are above the earth. Encouraged by a knowledge that all power is back of "our Father," we are taught to pray, "Give us," "Forgive us," "Deliver us"; that is, when we pray we are to think of our Father in heaven as the divine Giver, the divine Forgiver, and the divine Deliverer, and under these three conceptions we are to ask for all needed gifts, forgiveness and deliverance, the inheritance of all those who truly pray. There is a growth in his teaching of the laws of prayer. Andrew Murray wrote a book, With Christ in the School of Prayer. This suggests the true idea of his teaching; the possibility of a life-long advancement in the knowledge of the laws and life of prayer. It is a university in which none but he has ever graduated. Let us begin with his teachings to the little ones on the first benches. Matthew in the seventh and Luke in the eleventh chapter tell of the disciples saying to Jesus, "Lord, teach us to pray," and Jesus proceeds to give the first lesson in prayer. "Every one that asketh receiveth." Here he begins with. "Every one" has a right to pray, and any one who "asketh receiveth." There it stops. Receiveth something, but Christ does not say what. Nothing could be worse for a beginner in prayer

than to believe that he would receive whatever he would ask. There might be selfishness, enmity, and many other such elements, for the beginner to get what he would ask might prove his ruin. So the first promise is simply that he will receive—something. The second lesson is one of great encouragement. In giving an explanation of what the asking one will receive, Christ says, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children," "HOW—MUCH—MORE"—climb up to heaven on that ladder of three rungs, "HOW—MUCH—MORE—shall your Father who is in heaven give GOOD GIFTS to them that ask him?" "Good gifts" is what "every one who asks receiveth"—good gifts from your heavenly Father. The third lesson, "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him." Thus we are taught that those who pray receive answers in the following order: first, something; second, "good gifts"; third, the very thing they need. Not what they want or imagine, but what they need. "My God shall supply all your need." The fourth lesson contains a yet more wonderful promise: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" Here the Holy Spirit is promised to them that ask. It is in connection with the story of the man asking his friend at midnight to rise and give him bread. His friend, not for friendship, but "because of his importunity," arose and gave him all he needed. Blessed are they who cease not to pray until they have received the Holy Spirit. The teachings thus far in the blessed school of prayer are that every one who prays will "receive" something; that something will be "good gifts," then the very thing needed, then the Holy Spirit.

Passing on we come to the promises in his farewell address, in which after he had announced to his disciples, "I go to prepare a place for you," he went on to give them very special teaching and promises. They were to be Christ's representatives in their time, as is each generation of Christians in their time. In this address is found the outstanding promise of the New Testament concerning prayer, and I shall quote it in full:

"Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very work's sake. Verily, verily, I say unto you,

He that believeth on me the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto the Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name that will I do."

Herein Christ claims equality with the Father and promises that divine power is at the service of the asking disciple. This is such an amazing promise that one feels it is fair to carefully gather out from the address the conditions on which the answers will be given.

1. "He that believeth on me." Believeth the revelation concerning me.

2. "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name." "In my name" is a vital condition. To illustrate, Amanda Smith tells of being in Africa and needing money and of praying for it and expecting it from America. She prayed for months and watched every ship that came in from America, but no money came and she reports herself as being greatly distressed. In her distress she went one day into the woods to pray it out and to tell the Lord that he had never treated her in that way before. While she was there, as she reports, the Spirit said to her softly, "Amanda! Amanda! you are not asking in my name, you are trusting America. Cease to trust America and 'ask in my name.' Amanda says, "I fell on the ground, confessed my sins, and asked in His name only, and soon the money began to come from almost every country." Are we not all in danger of making in some form Amanda's mistake?

3. "That the Father may be glorified in the Son." Self dead, the Father's glory the sole motive. This also is most vital. It is in the promise itself. This condition means self-death. How often, after one has given a helpful address or Bible lesson, there exists a strong hope that appreciation of the service will be expressed by others. Just self; self struggling back to life and seeking the glory. The dew comes down and does its work and loses itself in the doing of it—that illustrates this condition of effectual prayer.

4. "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will and it shall be done unto you." Living the abiding life is another condition.

5. "If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in my love, even as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in his love." This tenth verse is Christ's own explanation of what it means to abide.

The conditions laid down in this final address are not hard; they are within the reach of the humblest disciple. They are not good works, large gifts, great learning, high standing. The conditions are within the reach of all. The promise is not indefinite, "I may do," but "I will." O, the power of God's "I will do it." As the disciple prays, God works. "You ask and I WILL do" is our marching order. Ask! ask!! ask!!! Is that hard? Is it out of your reach to ASK, ASK, ASK? This promise covers the whole range of Christian service. Jesus passes on to his disciples the privilege in prayer that he had himself when in his humanity on earth, and said, "I know that thou hearest me always." The church praying for an imprisoned Peter and the doors opening and the chains falling off is a sample of the way Christ worked in answering the prayers of the early church. In our day when scientists are making such marvelous advances in the knowledge of God as revealed in nature, should not the church be making surprisingly marvelous advances in gaining a greater knowledge of God in the realm of prayer? Is not lack of faith on the part of the church in such matchless promises the chief reason why Christ is not doing many more marvelous works in this greatest of the centuries? After one of Mr. Moody's great evangelistic campaigns in great Britain he returned to New York and was met by a delegation, who said: "Mr. Moody, we greet you. We glorify God in behalf of the things you have done over in Europe; but, Mr. Moody, you can't do that over here." Mr. Moody looked at those Christian men and replied, "If God Almighty will take the infidelity out of the heart of the church in America we will bring America to Christ." And Moody announced a truth as true as the promises of God. General Booth tells of a man who lost his position and went from one stage of poverty to another until he and his family were on the verge of starvation. With his wife and little ones about him he was sitting in the deepest gloom when there was a rap at the door and the postman brought a letter which

contained a message from a former employer, who told him that he had just heard of his distress, and that he would reemploy him, but in the meantime he inclosed a check for present needs. The poor man looked at it with such joy that his mind gave way, and in mental wandering he said, "Wife, I will frame it and hang it upon the wall." Then a little later he exclaimed, "No, I will take it to my friend and have him set it to music and we will sing it each day." He might do both of these and starve to death. What he should have done was present it for payment and live off its proceeds. General Booth truthfully commented on this incident: "We have been framing and singing God's promises quite long enough. Let us now present them for payment and we shall know that God is true."

Wonderful as are this theme and these promises, they are not the writer's words or theories or definitions of the "whatsoever." They are in the very heart of the teaching of our Lord. May the church anew take the promise in its hands, study it carefully, believe on Him who said it, look at its face value and present it: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." Ask! Ask! Ask! The Syrophœnician woman was at first unheard, then sent away, then reminded that she was not of the house of Israel, but a heathen dog; yet, undaunted, she asked on until the scene changed and the Omnipotent One served her faith, saying, "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Such illimitable resources of power are still at the disposal of the individual or church that asks in His name. Is not the whole church in the realm of spiritual power too much like Sir Isaac Newton, who when congratulated on his scientific achievements, modestly, yet truthfully, replied, "I have been like a little child playing with the pebbles on the beach while the great ocean of truth has been unexplored before me"? Is it not the time for the whole church to listen anew to the words of the Master to the disciples who found themselves unequal to their opportunity and, on inquiring privately for the cause, heard the Master say, "This kind can come out by nothing, save by prayer"?

Francis McKenzie

THOUGHTS ON RELIGION

Everywhere and always man finds himself in the presence of an invisible mystery, a force, a life, an unknown quantity, personal or impersonal, that commands his attention. This mysterious power has been conceived and spoken of as the cause, the ground, or the reason of all things. The least-informed savage as well as the thoughtful philosopher and sage has tried to explain it, or to adjust himself to it. Along with these facts arise beliefs and practices which evince deep spiritual convictions, especially the conviction of an everlasting Power to whom we are necessarily related and with whom it is desirable for us to be on friendly terms of relationship. The elaboration of these facts in the light of the religious cults of mankind and attempts to explain them in terms of rational thought have produced a vast literature on the philosophy of religion. In the elaboration of the subject the great leaders of thought have formulated a number of axioms, or fundamental propositions, with which we must reckon in a scientific study of religion. Among these the most important are the axioms of causation, of the conservation of energy, of the conservation of value, of the continuity of life, of the unfinished character of the universe, of illimitable evolution or progress, and of the principle of the unity of all things, suggestive of one all-conserving mind. Such a comprehensive statement of axioms may be somewhat modified in the light of future investigation, but the seven named above are too commanding to be set aside or ignored in our study of religion.

The thorough study of any great subject should begin with a collection of facts. The character, forms, ideas, and history of all known religions must be faithfully examined. It is not satisfactory to begin such a study with the question of the origin of religion. That beginning, like the origin of man, is far away from us; for the facts of the present time are so within our reach that we may examine them with care. The religions of ancient Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Phœnicia, Greece, Rome, and the

Teutonic peoples are made known to us by a study of their existing monuments. We have ample means for acquaintance with the old Shinto cult of Japan, the Taoism and Confucianism of China, the Brahmanism of India, the Buddhism of Ceylon and of the other countries into which it has been propagated. Mazdaism and Mithraism have had a remarkable history, and they show the mighty outgoings of the Aryan mind in its Westward march and sway. The religion of the Aztecs of Mexico and that of the Peruvians of South America present us with facts of exceptional interest. Along with all these we must give due attention to the facts of Fetishism, Totemism, and Shamanism, for these primitive cults exhibit the activity of religious feeling among the savage tribes of men. Like man himself, religion has had its natural history. No individual of our race has lived in utter separation from his kind. There have been hermits who have gone into solitude, but they were first reared in some form of human society. It must be seen by all readers of history that the growth and the differentiations of religion have been conditioned by the social relations of mankind. We are all born and bred in the midst of customs of long standing. It may not now be possible to determine when, where, and how the customs originated. The habits and the instincts both of men and of the inferior animals appear to be products of millenniums of struggle for life and of adjustments to ever-varying conditions and possibilities of advancement. Every type of religion now traceable bears characteristic marks of the ideas, habits, and practices of the people and times in which it originated. It is worthy of note that in not a few things even questions of conscience are largely controlled by prevailing customs, and the conscience and the custom determine the actual standard of judgment. In all the phenomena of religion the ideas and practices which gain ascendancy and ultimately prevail are seen to rest upon some concept of value to the worshiper. Ritual performances, costly sacrifices, pilgrimages to sacred places, and the pains of self-flagellation are so many supposedly effectual means of obtaining a desired result. In general, they are expected to secure the favor of deity, believed to control the invisible forces of the

world. The name of the deity in every cult is virtually a symbol of the invisible power or spirit with whom the worshiper desires to be at peace. And it may be further said that the names of God, Christ, Confucius, Buddha, Swedenborg, and Mrs. Eddy are to the devout worshipers or admirers of each so many symbols of real religious value. Furthermore, that religious cult which is able persistently to present the most convincing evidences of transcendent value is sure in the long run of the evolution of human civilization to supersede all others. But we do well to abstain from setting definite limits to the possibilities of the spiritual evolution of man. The deepest insight and the highest attainments of one generation seem to serve their noblest purpose in preparing the way for something still more excellent beyond.

It must be observed, however, that religious experiences of a deep and rich character are often found where there is little knowledge of the world. Religion is not dependent upon one's knowledge of the facts or of the mysteries of the universe. But our concepts and theories and dogmas and forms of worship may become greatly modified and sometimes changed entirely by a larger knowledge of the world. We are often reminded how marvelously the Copernican view of the solar system has revolutionized man's former concept of sun and moon and stars. Many biblical literalists, however, are yet entangled in the meshes of an antiquated concept of the heavens and the earth, and when the preacher says that "God is in heaven and man upon earth" (Ecc. 5. 2), who shall assure us of the exact meaning of his statement? Other scriptures tell us that God dwelt on Mount Sinai, and also on Mount Zion, and the Greeks thought of the gods as dwelling on Mount Olympus. The literalist puts great stress on such points of locality, and the statement that Jesus "ascended up into heaven and sat down at the right hand of God" becomes an embarrassing problem when we place importance on locality and directions of a physical nature. If the devout astronomer should ask us what direction upward from the Mount of Olives the form of our Saviour ascended when the clouds received him out of sight, and we reply that the ascent

was vertically upward from the top of the mountain, he will admonish us that, within ten seconds from the time of his disappearance in the clouds, a straight line upward from the point of his departure would, by reason of the earth's axial rotation, point to a local heaven millions of miles away in another direction. In a similar way a literal interpretation of the creation of the heavens and the earth, as told in the book of Genesis, breaks down in presence of disclosures of geology and biology. A thorough study of religious problems must recognize the magnitude and the mysteries of the universe of which we form a part, but we should feel no responsibility to explain all the mysteries of the world. In some sense, vague it may be, but deeply true as it is dimly vague, God and the universe are one. The God of the Hebrew and of the Christian faith is in all, through all, over all, holding all together and utilizing every element and every atom. But we can as little comprehend the limitless universe as the fly that lights on our hand can comprehend the body and soul and spirit of man. Modern scientific investigation into the nature or constitution of matter reveals the existence of millions of atoms, molecules, and electrons so minute that no microscope can clearly present them to the eye. On the other hand, our astronomers assure us there are stars so distant that a ray of light speeding at the rate of ten million miles a minute has not yet reached our planet.

The facts and truths of religion are of a spiritual nature and resolve themselves accordingly into matters of rational conviction. The varieties of religious experience furnish a most interesting and profitable study. Such experiences find self-expression in many ways. Some of the most deeply pious are reticent in speech and they shrink from overmuch expression of their inner life of faith. Others are quite the opposite and improve all occasions to "tell what God has done for their souls." It is worthy of note that many people, in relating their religious experiences, are unconsciously influenced by familiar customs of worship, modes of thought, and current forms of self-expression. And there are many very religious people who seem to be utterly ignorant of the amount of ritualism, dogma, metaphor, symbolism, and myth

that has become interwoven with their habitual modes of speech. There are at least eight different types of religious experience which are worthy of mention. (1) First comes the infantile religion of *fear.* It is seen among savage and uncivilized tribes, who seem to cringe before an unseen power and resort to incantations for relief and protection. An experience of this kind is of doubtful import. It is shown on occasions of peril as a last resort of the fearful spirit. In such connection we observe the close relations of magic and religion, and perhaps have an example of rational ignorance acting on the impulse and the habit of resorting to the last means of safety. (2) We mention next the bondservant of *authority.* Babes and children under law may ask no questions. They must believe and obey what they are told. (3) Then there is the *emotional* and *spasmodic* type. These are peculiarly affected by all that appears extraordinary and miraculous. They are not disturbed with doubts, or paradoxes, or miracles. Like Jeshurun, they wax fat and kick with exceeding joy over the stories of Balaam's ass and Jonah's whale. Nevertheless, apart from such excesses, the emotional type of religion has been characteristic of some of the holiest saints of history. (4) Then there are the *boldly confident,* who are courageous, strong, noble in spirit, but perhaps not always self-consistent. They are faithful and true to their deep convictions of what is right. Great heroes and leaders have belonged to this class. Luther at Worms and at Marburg was a splendid example. (5) Others are conspicuously *intellectual,* often dogmatic, but philosophical, inquisitive, rationalistic, earnestly searching after the truth. (6) Quite different from these is the *mystic,* the pious quietist, the dreamy, contemplative soul, at home in the convent or in some desert place alone with God. (7) Others exhibit *self-sacrifice* as a chief characteristic. They are patient, submissive, often sad and melancholy. They are sometimes morbid, but generally versed in the mystery of sorrow, and noblest when they pray, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." (8) I mention finally those who are conspicuously *active* in religious life and work. They are apt to be ambitious, restless, ever striving for some higher good. Their most inspiring motto might well be,

"My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." It is not impossible for all these types of experience to be found at different times in one and the same person. They may be to some extent a logical order of genuine religious experience in one vigorous and growing Christian life, but such a breadth and depth of personal religious possibilities is rare. Should all these types, however, coexist in one church or congregation, it is probable that sundry disturbing conflicts of opinion would at times arise. But our study of religion must take into account all these facts of individual experience, and one's own personal experience of any one of the types named above need not be a disqualification for the due appreciation of the others.

In examining such varieties of religious experience we should distinguish these three things: (1) the *experience* itself as a fact of consciousness, (2) the *expression* or relation of the experience by the person who claims to have had it, and (3) the sufficient *cause* or causes of the experience as told. We certainly have a right to inquire how far a given experience is credible. Sometimes the reports of it given on different occasions vary so much as to create a doubt and prompt one to inquire whether the person who tells his experience has in reality truly apprehended the things of which he speaks. All alleged facts must be submitted to the tests of a reasonable criticism. A definite experience as a fact of one's consciousness may be readily conceded. Whether he relate it in a quiet, unassuming way, or in extravagant terms, or claim to have received wonderful visions and revelations of God, it may be obvious to all that something of an extraordinary kind has occurred to the man who thus tells his experience; but whether his own account of the experience is altogether correct and trustworthy may be an open question. Visions and dreams and supposed supernatural voices are often quite delusive. A man may easily overestimate his own private opinions and yet be very sincere in maintaining them. We have many reasons for believing that a very religious man may be very much mistaken about the real facts of his own experience. But after we reach a definite conclusion as to the main facts in a given experience it remains to point out the sufficient cause or causes of the experi-

ence as told. Is there some fundamental truth or principle that is adequate to explain all types of religious experience?

In attempting to answer such a question we observe the utter inadequacy of the lower cults to offer a rational theory of the world or of God. A study of totemism, fetishism, and animism results in no satisfactory answer to the deepest questions of the human heart. But, accepting Christianity as the highest and holiest religion among men, we inquire first of all after its concept of God and of man, and of the relations between God and man. And first of all we should observe that the greatest fact in the universe, so far as we have any knowledge or conception, is that of personality. In our attempt to analyze the essence of personality we observe therein the self-conscious unity of feeling, thinking, and working, or of sensibility, intellect, and volition. Man exists in the image of God. He is God's offspring, and is therefore capable of feeling, knowing, and willing just as God does. Man's life on earth is a process of growth; enlightenment, discovery, and advancement into possibilities which we do not venture to define or to limit. The relations of God and man are those of the supreme and eternal person, conceived as the loving Father of his human offspring, revealing himself in many ways. God is thus to be thought of as the great Lover, the great Thinker, and the great Worker. Man himself is made to feel and know more or less of this divine-human relationship, and his response to it is to be seen in the various religions of the world. These religious systems are so many different interpretations of the relationship between God and man. Reverting now to our question touching the causal explanation of the facts and types of religious experience, we maintain that the Christian concept of God as the supreme personality presents the most rational answer given under heaven or known among men. His eternal being, and his personal immanent efficiency in the whole universe, must needs be the ultimate causal explanation of the things that are. It may be that, having once introduced into the world personal beings capable of sin, it is impossible for the Almighty himself to prevent the entrance of sin among his responsible and godlike offspring. Possibly the all-wise Ruler prefers a universe of moral

beings like himself, with all its risks and miseries, rather than a solitary world destitute of beings capable of sensibility, intelligence, and the power of volition. Whatever the facts or the truth in these realms of mystery, we make our appeal to things we know, and suggest the outlines of a rational philosophy of religion in a series of statements which, we believe, are sufficiently comprehensive and intelligible to account for the main facts of religion:

1. God and his universe are one and eternal. Everything existing has its ground of being in him and cannot be in any real sense apart from him. There has been doubtless many a "beginning," when a new heaven and a new earth and new stars appeared, and this is suggested in the sublime statement of Jesus, "My Father worketh hitherto." That is, he has been forever working, and has therefore never been without working material. The eternity of matter is no deeper a problem and no greater a mystery than the immensity of space. What we call "the order of nature" is itself a standing miracle. Saint Augustine long ago observed that the visible universe is a far greater wonder than those occasional marvels which attract popular attention and surprise, and that man himself is a greater miracle than any sign or wonder ever wrought by him (Civitas Dei, 10. 12). Professor Hoeffding observes: "Could the principle of the unity of existence coincide with the religious concept of God, a reconciliation between religion and scientific thought would at once become possible. The development of the scientific concept of cause would then be demanded in the interest of the highest concept of religion, and religious explanation and scientific explanation would no longer be mutually exclusive" (Philosophy of Religion, p. 40). But why should we hesitate to say that the God and Father of us all is the principle of the unity of all existence? He is in all, through all, over all, under all, the power that evolves all and holds all things together. He is the prime and eternal cause of all the evolutions, the differentiations, and the combinations of all things.

2. The religious feeling is begotten in man by reason of his being the offspring of God. Parent and child must needs be

vitally related and have a common nature. Religious impressions may be effected in ways innumerable, and God and man are capable of reciprocal action and communion.

3. When God thus impresses man, whether by the sense of fear, or by the word of a religious teacher, or by the wonders of creation, or by a saintly mother's prayers, or in any other way by which man receives the conviction of his own sinfulness and of a high and holy God, such impression or conviction is of the nature of a personal revelation. The acknowledgment of it is simply a confession and testimony that he has somehow had conscious contact with the invisible God.

4. All the religious cults of the past and of the present are but the outcome of so many types of religious experience. They are also so many attempts at the interpretation of the invisible mystery of the world. All the religions contain some deep eternal truths. They all have become mixed with erroneous human interpretations. And all the varieties of individual religious experience have their personal and local causes, even as tribal and national religions have their racial and historical causes.

5. The same causal principle holds good in the explanation of each distinct expression of religious life and activity. Fetishism, totemism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, and Christianity have each a philosophical reason for being what they are. The same is true of Puritanism, Methodism, Swedenborgianism, and Christian Science. Studied from either a historical, a philosophical, or a psychological point of view, these are to be explained as so many conditioned forms of religious experience and activity. The Spirit of God, who is the universal World-Soul, touches the spiritual nature of some man or woman, and the human spirit responds to that heavenly impulse according to its knowledge, environment, and capability. The high-caste Brahman and the Salvation Army captain are far apart in culture and in their concepts of God, but an intelligible explanation of their differences may be given when we duly consider all the facts that have had a causal relation to their life and work.

6. As each great religion has its geographical, social, and historical conditions, so has each its own peculiar forms of self-

expression. A man born and reared in the midst of the Buddhism of Thibet cannot know Christianity any more than he can speak a language of which he has never learned a sentence. But he will speak some language and thereby elaborate his own thoughts, and as travel and international commerce increase and men of all religious cults come to know each other better and compare their ideas and experiences, conditions must become greatly changed.

7. According to Professor Ladd, there is "a rational and spiritual unity of the human race which has been attained by an historical development" (Philosophy of Religion, Vol. I, p. 87). If this is fact, we may reasonably expect that certain estimates of real religious values will more and more assert themselves and prove their claims beyond rational dispute. Herein may be seen the ground and the inspiration of our missionary activity among peoples whose religious life is believed to be far inferior to the Christian gospel of personal fellowship with God. As the great world of mankind becomes better acquainted with itself, and all beliefs and practices are willingly submitted to reasonable tests, there must needs ensue a gradual elimination of those things which are obviously false. The great practical test to which every religion, and every doctrine, and every experience, must ultimately come is its answer to the question of its real value. What is it worth for the individual, the family, the community, the state, the nation, the whole wide world of men? Here the axiom of the conservation of value asserts itself and must be recognized.

Among the tests of value by which every system of religious thought must be brought into judgment are such as these: (1) How far has this cult or religion a noteworthy historical background? (2) Does it offer worthy and beautiful ideals of human life, and encourage all that is pure and ennobling? (3) Is it adapted to satisfy the religious needs of all men and give answer to our deepest spiritual yearnings? (4) Is it a demonstrably rational cult, and of a nature to encourage free and fearless inquiry into all truth? (5) Does it emphasize reality, estimating all claims of intrinsic value according to what is obviously true? (6) Does it answer in a reasonable way the various personal and cosmical problems that are naturally connected with religious thought? (7) Is it divinely

optimistic, making prominent the promise and the potency of improving the entire world of mankind? Other like tests of value might be added to these, and we are bold and confident in affirming that the Christian religion alone meets fully all these tests. For the essence of Christianity is a personal living fellowship with the invisible Mystery of the universe of being whom the worshipful human soul may freely call, "Our Father, in heaven." This fellowship attains its best when we love the loving Father in heaven with all our heart, and love our brother men as we love ourselves. This has well been called "the central idea of Christianity," and it contemplates one great family in heaven and earth, in which "there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for all are one in Christ Jesus." Such a blessed fellowship must needs emphasize the ethical element in a religion that is pure and undefiled. It requires that we not only worship God in spirit and in truth, but also cultivate a keen sense of moral distinctions. "He that loveth not his own brother whom he hath seen cannot love God, whom he hath not seen." If any man say, "How can I worship an invisible Deity, a Being I have never seen or known?" we say to him, "Practice first a while on your brother whom you can see. If you search deep enough and long enough you will find God's image in yourself and in every brother man."

There are those who seem to confound religion and its accessories. Sacraments, rites, ceremonies, dogmas of doubtful disputation, possess no ethical element, and the offices and ministries of the church are of the nature of so many means or agencies for the propagation of religion in the world. The sacred writings of the various religions are very unequal in scope and value, and are but the literatures of different cults. Questions as to the origin and authorship of such collections of religious literature are essentially problems of critical and historical research and of the interpretation of ancient documents. The authorship of the Pentateuch, or of the Hebrew Psalter, or of the Synoptic Gospels, is a question of fact, not of morals and religion. But all these sacred writings contain much that is profitable for religious teaching and for instruction which is in righteousness. Whether there are three heavens

or seven, and as many hells, is a query that has peculiar fascination for some minds, but such questions are without moral or religious content. We have long been in the habit of asking after some "external authority" that may be accepted as a court of final appeal for determining all questions of religion. General Councils, the Pope of Rome, the Bible of the old and new covenants, tradition and reason, have all been appealed to as having some such authority. But it should be obvious to every man who is versed in the facts of human history and in the normal operations of the human mind that no one of these assumed "authorities" can be, or is ever likely to be, accepted as final for all men. Such assumptions of "external" authority do despite to the rightful province of the human understanding. Imbeciles and small children may be properly required to accept and submit to many things which they cannot comprehend, but full-grown men who think and act for themselves will not accept the dictates of a foreign authority. Only such truth as clearly evinces itself to the pure heart and the intelligent, unbiased judgment has compelling authority for such full-grown men. They will take knowledge gladly of Pope, and council, and Bible, and prophet, and lawgiver, and apostle, and of all the great teachers of mankind, but they will exercise their own judgment and conscience on them all, and accept only such truths as evidence themselves in the depths of their own understanding. The great Master is the one who speaks with such clear content of value in his teachings that what he declares as truth is so transparent as to admit of no rational contradiction. The seat of such authority is the bosom of God, and its voice is the harmony of men and of angels. No external authority can add to its essential content. Love God with all your heart, and love your neighbor as yourself, so that whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you ye do also unto them—these commandments, "on which hang all the law and the prophets," need no other authority than their own intrinsic value to command the approval of mankind.

A sound and comprehensive philosophy of religion may become the great final apologetic of Christianity. This surely should come to pass if it is shown beyond successful contradiction that the Christian religion is the most complete provision known under

heaven for satisfying the religious needs of man. We may claim for the gospel of Jesus Christ that it is demonstrably a real fulfillment of all other cults that have aimed to bring God and man into a happy fellowship. The great apostle to the Gentiles conceived such a perfecting of the saints for holy service and for building up the spiritual body of Christ that we may finally "all attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ" (Eph. 4. 13). And profound philosophers of our time are telling us that, in spite of many hindrances, there is a steady trend in human civilization toward a deeper solidarity of life and thought than can be seen in any visible organization or church now existing. Is not this the working of God in human history? The deep rich thought prompts us to pray—"Thy kingdom come; thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth."

Milton S. Terry

THE MAGIC OF A BOOK

The pathos of the inarticulate was poignantly voiced in those lines of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes:

> Alas for those who never sing,
> But die with all their music in them.

Those who can feel what they never can express have great compensations, however. They have the treasure in their hearts even if they cannot put it on their tongues. The real problem is found in the life which has nothing worth expressing.

> Alas for those who never sing
> Because they have no music in them.

The empty life, and not the inarticulate life, is the tragic thing. There are numberless people who feel the magic of life without being able to express it in haunting word or in any words at all. There are others who look with dull, unseeing eyes upon all the fine pageant of days and experiences. Mrs. Humphry Ward once wrote a novel called The Story of Bessie Costrell. It began in a dull gray and ended in utter blackness. There was no ray of golden sunlight anywhere. All was heavy, unillumined, uninspired. The very tragedy was clad in rags. We need to face the meaning and the struggle of lives which never feel at home in the sunlight, which always feel like unwelcome guests in the world, which have no sense of being citizens in the republic of friendship, to whom life is quite colorless, quite without the magic of experiences which are full of glad surprise. The opposite extreme is represented by dealers in black art. They find life full of color, bright, dazzling, scintillating. They know the secret of every delicate and subtle fragrance. They are dealers in atmosphere so full of charm and strange allurement that it is difficult to resist them. But their emotion is not honest feeling for which the full moral price is paid. They are moral forgers, sending in false checks to the great bank of life. Sir Gilbert Parker's powerful story The Judgment House is a close and skillful analysis of this sort of character. Jasmine has beauty, magnetism, intellect, and personal

charm, without character back of them. She extracts the last ounce of emotional meaning from life. But she does it by black art. She does not develop character and accept feeling as a by-product. She seeks feeling and pays no thought to character at all. She knows how to buy and sell with the emotional coinage of life. She is an artist in the production of emotional effects. But the priceless treasure of sincere feeling she scarcely knows at all until after her soul passes through the fiery furnace. Then she knows one genuine feeling, if it is only the feeling of being burned. And on the basis of that sincerity a new character is formed. But a life does not have to be colorless in order to be sincere. A man does not have to be a Quaker in order to avoid being a dilettante. There is a wholesome magic in the world. An eye can flash with mysterious light and without that being a devil's light. A strain of music may capture the soul and carry it off to regions celestial without the music having moral anarchy in it. A noble picture may interpret hidden glorious meanings in the world, a haunting sunset may tell a story which causes whole oratorios to sing themselves in the heart. As that subtle and melodious poet Robert Valentine Hecksher has expressed it in "The Awakening of the Soul":

> All beautiful things do seem
> To startle me from dream!
> O morning, through our night
> Breaks in thy light.
>
> My organ's molten tones
> Make move the solid stones.
> O! clear the world away
> Up into day!

Now all the varieties of noble illumination are to be discovered and experienced by men to-day. The wholesome magic of the world is a part of our true heritage. Every man has a right to his share of the glory and the splendor.

In coming with golden keys to the great doors of life, in opening the ways to long vistas of wonder and beauty, in the interpreting and transforming and glorifying touch, mighty magicians are to be found in the libraries of the world. Books are full of magic.

They come to us with a mystic wand, and if we surrender to their spell they transport us to a new world. It will be worth our while to think informally and somewhat discursively of the Magic of a Book. In the first place, a library is like an enchanted forest. In the branches of its trees there perch large flocks of ideas, like flocks of birds, and the skillful hunter can come home after a day of sport, his hunting bag full of game. He can bring home as many ideas as he can carry. To go hunting for ideas is the rarest sport in all the world and to capture a live idea makes a day indeed notable.

There are some authors who have very few ideas, but these they use with infinite skill. To change our figure, we may say that they go into business on a small capital, but they have a thorough knowledge of securities and they always make good investments. It has been said of Matthew Arnold that he had only a small assortment of ideas, but these he used with unusual effectiveness and charm. The truth is, that only the intellectual democrat can have the very widest range of ideas. He is by nature a cosmopolitan and can enter into sympathy with all sorts of thoughts about life and things. He can even put himself in the position of the mental Tory against whose attitude his whole life is a protest. The intellectual patrician *per se* is by his very nature a provincial. He knows only the passwords of his own group. As regards many phases of life he is a Bourbon who never learns anything and never forgets anything. If he is a man of culture he has more words than ideas, and more finish of style than power of thought. Whole ranges of experience are forever shut out from him. No mental gifts will make up for this flaw of inner attitude. Mrs. Wharton might be the greatest novelist America has ever produced if it were not that she is quite incapable of seeing many types of people except through a microscope as a scientist might examine a strange insect. She does not know how to put herself in the place of the insect. Of course there is a blatant democracy which puts its own limitations upon a man and makes him incapable of appreciating the finished and finely chiseled and old, which mistakes the raw for the natural and the rude for the sincere. Walt Whitman, for all his robust cosmic energy, for all the prairie sweep of

the winds which blow through his writings, was not free from this limitation. But such a limitation is not characteristic of the man of well-poised intellectual democracy. When the democrat becomes a Pharisee his range is limited. But the democrat may be very humble-minded about himself, while he is reverent and eager in his appreciation of all the rest of the race. Then his mental range is limitless. You can go hunting in his books any day for stimulating and creative ideas.

Probably no writer of the nineteenth century had the mental range of Robert Browning. He would have inscribed over his works the words "All that concerns humanity is of interest to me." Even the snakes which crawl across the pages of his poetry—and what a partiality he has for serpents—suggest an appreciation of something genuine and significant, and even beautiful, in the coiling grace of their life. No conventional prejudice or hatred keeps him from understanding and getting the point of view of any man anywhere. Gilbert Chesterton has somewhere made an observation to the effect that Browning is all the while convicting knaves of virtue. This is the outcome of his amazing intellectual democracy. He is at home inside the brain of any human being. He tries to see just what can be said for a brilliant libertine, as we find in "Fifine at the Fair," he leaps within the mind of a renaissance skeptical ecclesiastic, and when the bishop orders his tomb we know all about the lines in the face of the bishop's soul. He is as careful with Guido as with Pompilia and as just to Paracelsus as to the Pope. Sordello is obscure because the movements of soul he is describing are very subtle and followed only by a man with enough intellectual agility to walk on a cobweb and to paint with words the invisible movements of the mind. The fundamental moral and spiritual wholesomeness of Browning comes not from the fact that he narrows the range of his sympathies, but that his very power of understanding all the strange and subtle pathology of a sinful world is a complement of the power to see the moral verities with simple and steady clarity. In his fundamental moral attitude Browning is one of the most orthodox men who ever lifted a pen, and no man was ever more cosmopolitan in the range of his sympathies. He can understand all the psychology of a

villain and what made him the man he is, and all the good things about him, without wanting to be a villain himself. But the range of Browning's ideas does not simply or principally consist in his gift of appreciating the point of view of every kind of villain. He can see the meaning of the lives of all sorts of good people, of all sorts of civilizations. He is an expert in the photography of the atmosphere surrounding all kinds of ideas when they become powerful in life. A man needs to have history and philosophy, biography and poetry, music and art at his tongue's end when he comes to Browning; and if he has not, every day with Browning will be a day at a university. He will be shaken out of provinciality. He will become a citizen of the great world.

Another characteristic of the magic to be found in libraries is the fashion in which some books have imprisoned emotions and set them singing like birds in a cage. Some of Charles Lamb's essays are treasure houses of delicate, exquisite feeling. Open a volume of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's poems at "The Blessed Damosel"; there is not an idea in the poem. It is all emotion, evasive, yet definitely present, the very atmosphere of certain furtive feelings captured and made our own. Keats's "Pot of Basil" has bent words to the service of certain moods until the very quality of the moods is brought to the reader in exquisitely musical speech. Matthew Arnold's poetry is like a beautiful winter day, cold and clear, the distant sun shining. Swinburne is like a hot luxuriant day in summer. There is a riot of vegetation; there is a bewildering array of color; and the rich tropical summertime is not simply pictured to the eye, but captures the feelings. Wordsworth can unchain a quiet night in the Lake country in a sentence which has caught its very atmosphere. Tennyson often has noble ideas, but he always has noble emotions exquisitely expressed. When he comes to the end of his ideas his music goes on. His gift of musical expression is much greater than his gift of thought. John Masefield's "Everlasting Mercy" is a remarkable reproduction of the feelings which connect themselves with certain moral and spiritual battles. It is a sort of biography of the emotions. You do not have the successive ideas about life of a certain man. You have his successive feelings about life. In "Drake" Alfred Noyes

has brought to us the feelings connected with some aspects of the life of Elizabethan England. You share the experiences of Drake and his companions. Your heart beats time with theirs in their great enterprises. Professor Caleb T. Winchester has defined literature as that writing which has power permanently to appeal to the emotions. From the standpoint we are now occupying, we may say that literature has power to create certain emotions. It not only enables us to think the thoughts of men of the past. It enables us to feel their feelings.

Going farther, we may say that the magic of a great book is seen in the subtle metempsychosis by which it can take us inside other lives. What Balzac dreamed of doing in the Comédie Humaine no one man has ever done, but in a manner the whole body of literature has done it. The clever book stands outside a man's life and describes it to us. The great book leaps inside the man's soul and tells the whole story from within. It was in this power that Shakespeare was supreme. He was a sort of mighty mirror of men's souls. The very circumstances which so often hide men's motives, and make the real meaning of their lives invisible, he uses in such a fashion as to reveal their motives and make the inner meaning of the life stand sharp and clear. A clever critic once said of Charles Kingsley that he has a way of liking to hit some of his characters. Shakespeare never bullies his characters—not even his knaves. He simply lets them speak for themselves. But he sees to it that they do speak for themselves. He sees to it that the reader overhears not simply their plausible defenses, but their inmost thoughts. By some weird power he keeps his characters alive while he dissects them. The heart is still beating as he holds it before you.

This power of cutting an entrance into men's souls was the possession of Robert Browning. The "Ring and the Book" is a brilliant picture of a type of civilization. It is a close and alert description of things and ideas and people. But at all its points of triumphant achievement another thing is done. The naked soul of some character is captured and held up before the astonished gaze of the reader. More than this, you have not merely seen Giuseppe Caponsacchi, you have been Giuseppe Caponsacchi.

You lost your own personality and woke up to find yourself Pompilia. You loosed the moorings of your own life and in a terrible hour you found that you were Count Guido Franceschini, illusion and subterfuge all gone, the hour of execution approaching, and a strange, bad, clammy thing you called yourself held in your hand as all you had to offer to the great God.

On a large and terrible canvas Dante performs this same great miracle. He is not so much interested in events. He cares for events as they reveal people. He travels through Hell and Purgatory and Heaven in search of reality. And he finds it. The Divine Comedy is a great study of environment made to conform to character. All the philosophy, the superstition, the imagination, and religion of the Middle Ages are exhausted in the attempt to make the material express the spiritual. And the endeavor succeeds. What you think of is not Heaven and Purgatory and Hell, but character. Dante has used a cosmic background for a great portrait gallery of souls.

Now the thing which these books do is just the thing we need to do and find it hard to do, the breaking of the barriers of our own lives so that we actually experience the meaning of other lives. In exact literalness you can speak of the thousand-souled Shakespeare; but the important thing is that he makes the reader have a thousand souls. He multiplies his personality—or, rather, he increases it—by a sort of amazing geometrical progression. Then a book has the power of abolishing time and space. You mount a literary express train and hear the conductor say, "First stop, Rome in the days of Julius Cæsar"; in one swift moment the journey is made and you find yourself walking the streets of the Imperial City amid multitudes waiting to shout their welcome to the victorious war general back from war with his strong-limbed, stalwart-hearted soldiers, the wonder of the world. Or you take a train whose first stop is Athens in the days of Plato and you walk in the academy with the disciples of the man to whom the world of spirit was more commandingly real than all the rude energies of the material world.

Historical novels may be both good history and good fiction and a revelation of human life at the same time. Many a man

has written a successful thesis for a doctorate in philosophy with less learning back of it than Charles Reade put into The Cloister and the Hearth. You may make a prolonged and intimate visit to the Middle Ages whenever you wish by means of that book. John Inglesant will give you a better knowledge of the spiritual side of the cavalier life, and the moral possibilities of a noble æsthetic interpretation of religion, than you might receive from volumes of learned essays. The powerful ideas of the world have all managed to get inside strong men and master their lives. An idea is only a ghost until it obtains command of some brain and tongue and arm. This is in one sense the inner meaning of history. It is the story of the marriage of men and ideas and the results which sprang from this union. It is a sort of genealogy full of surprises and fascination. The books which tell this story vividly are among the most revealing and kindling books in all the world.

But space as well as time is abolished if in the sense of which we are speaking space is not a sort of time spread out geographically. For different countries often live in different ages. On the other side of the world still lurk ancient civilizations, and in Africa primitive barbarism yet survives. Now books of sympathetic understanding, not mere chronicles or surface descriptions, abolish these distances and make us understand the types of life so far away in physical distance and in moral and intellectual and spiritual quality. The supreme books of the world not only bring ideas for the mind, an enrichment of the emotional nature and an enlargement of the sympathies; they also bring food for the will.

Thomas Carlyle was a moral tonic to his own age, and his writings continue to be a wholesome kind of moral bitters for the generations which follow. When you read Carlyle you have left the luxuriant valleys; you have passed beyond the lowlands; you are breathing mountain air clear and clean and crisp; and away on the mountains you are offered simple and nourishing food which will make a man of you. "Heroes and Hero Worship" is, first of all, a course in noble admirations; and no man has attained fullness of stature until he can admire with complete self-forget-

fulness and an abandon of enthusiasm. Your little man can never forget himself long enough to admire the greatest man of his age. He is expert in discovering the petty foibles of great men, and he foolishly supposes that by that means he makes them small. Your large-calibered man has as one of his outstanding characteristics the ability to admire. He is waiting for a great leader; he is glad to follow. To such a man Carlyle's whole message of finding sincerity and penetration and power in some great man, and then accepting his leadership with entire loyalty, comes as the word for which he is waiting. But the reader of Carlyle learns more than how to admire; he is driven to act. There is a crack of the driver's whip and a firm hand on the reins, and the reader feels like a horse recognizing the master and knowing that the time has come to go forward. The hours in the meadows have passed; he is in the harness; there is a load to draw; the word is spoken and he is glad to obey. There is nothing servile about this recognition of the voice of a master. Only a man whose freedom may be questioned is afraid to obey for fear he may be considered a slave.

Ruskin has this same power of leadership. He was an apostle of beauty; but it was moral beauty. As you see Fujiyama in most Japanese pictures, so Mount Sinai is always in the background of the writings of John Ruskin. His vision of beauty is always seen amid the lightning flashes of the moral law. So it comes to pass that his writings are constantly feeding the will. A man finds his moral nature enlarging and expanding at the very time when his sense of beauty is increased. He is given not only æsthetic emotions, but also moral tasks. The author of "Modern Painters" had not completely expressed himself until "Unto this Last" and "Sesame and Lilies" were given to the world. A clever skeptic once said that if there were a God he ought to have made goodness catching. As a matter of fact, goodness is much more contagious than smallpox. The fashion in which goodness leaps from life to life is one of the greatest things in the range of human experience. And the contagion of goodness is particularly seen in the portraits of noble character in great books. These are the finest sort of food for the will. "Evangeline" has lived again in the loyalty she has inspired in untold thousands. "The Vision of Sir Launfal" has

been the source of many a deed of generosity. The poets have sung nobility into lives where it seemed that every door was shut. Only a spirit or a song could penetrate. And the song captured the citadel. Jean Valjean is not merely a creature of Hugo's brain. He lives in struggling and victorious men to whom he has given new courage in life's hard battles. The epic of a strong soul is always a creative thing. It scatters its own qualities throughout the world.

Another aspect of the magic of a book is seen where it lets the light of the eternal shine in. Modern life is lonely and weary for the pillar of cloud by day and fire by night, and many a book seems to bring the reader into the very presence of the Shekinah. George Matheson was more than a great preacher, a genuine scholar, and a man of large philosophic attainments. He was a prophet of the unseen. Sometimes we are tempted to say that God made him blind in order that he might see. To read his books is to come into the presence of a kind of spiritual discernment which fills you with deep and quiet joy. His words seem to have a mellow light shining all about them; and it is the light never seen on sea or land, the light illuminating the hearts of those who have found the way to God in the midst of an external and secular civilization. The Representative Men of the Bible and The Representative Women of the Bible cause us to see characters of the Bible so clearly that their eyes flash and their faces mantle with the flash of shame or the glow of joy. They also cause us to see life with heavenly light shining upon it. They reveal to us meanings in human experience which we had never known before. George Macdonald, dead, is the pastor of more people than any preacher living. In crowded cities, in small hamlets, in the quiet countryside, you will find homes where his books are cherished as a rare and precious possession. What's Mine's Mine, The Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood, Robert Falconer, and the others are wonderfully gripping stories, but when you know the story so well that it has no surprise to you, the charm remains. Through the crevices of the story the light of the eternal shines in. These human, struggling people, with their failures and their victories and their high discoveries, know secrets you desire to learn. They

have fought your battle; you would share their victory. They have contended with your doubts and perplexities; you would share their assurance and noble faith.

Last of all, the magic of a book may be seen in the books which have the keys to Paradise. They do more than allure you by the light celestial; they guide you to the very glow which they describe. The classic illustration of this power is Pilgrim's Progress. Its language has the grip of actual life and the power of a mighty sincerity; and through the allegory the truths it has to tell come mightily knocking at the gate of your life. For rousing spiritual discontent and desire and for pointing to the source of its satisfaction, the Bedford Tinker is probably the peer of any writer who has ever held a pen. But the supreme book of the golden keys is, of course, the Bible. A man may approach it in all sorts of ways and he is sure to find rich reward for his approach; he may come as a man of letters, and it will develop his sense of the beauty of style and give him new powers of discernment; he may come as a scholar, and it is a veritable mine of precious treasure for his intellectual appropriation; he may come to it as a student of men, and it is a textbook of humanity, a repository of the types of different civilizations, a revealer of the inner secrets of the human soul; he may come to it as a moral struggler, weary, perplexed, downcast, heavy with a sense of failure and sin, and it will sharpen his experience until it becomes unspeakably poignant and creates a moral perspective unknown before. No man really knows the Bible to whom it has not become the Book of the Golden Keys.

Thought and feeling and purpose and power are imprisoned in the books of the world. Literature is a wonderful pyramid; its apex and supreme glory that library in one volume which we call the Bible. So it is that a book may be the gateway to the age and to the ages, and to the ageless truth about man and God.

Lynn Harold Hough.

A LABOR DAY MESSAGE

At twelve years of age I was a plow boy. From that until I was twenty-one years of age I was, from year's end to year's end, with the exception of three or four months in the winter, engaged in the hardest kind of manual toil on the farm. And the method of farming in those days was slavish enough as compared with modern methods. My sympathies are naturally with manual toilers. I was brought up in the good old belief that idleness and laziness are schools where students of sin are educated in criminal deeds. I was taught that idleness was dangerous and might lead to crime. These convictions have grown with the years. It comes more and more into view with the years that service is vitally connected with personal salvation. Neither the Bible nor the church of Jesus Christ teaches that honest toil is anything but a great blessing. Sir Andrew Clark used to say, "Labor is the life of life; ease is the way to disease; the highest life of an organ lies in the fullest exercise of its functions." The Bible, the church, and the everyday lessons of life all teach that "idleness shall clothe a man with rags." The Bible declares that "if a man will not work, neither shall he eat." "Blessed be drudgery" is not a joke, but a wise saying. The blessedness of service is linked with the blessedness of salvation. The idle rich are as useless as the idle poor, and neither one can possibly be happy. Honest work is necessary to human weal. Reasonable work for a reasonable wage is a necessary condition of human contentment. "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Neither injustice nor graft can live in the white light of that truth: a workman approved by the highest standards of right and justice, a workman whose work is so good and honorable that he is altogether unashamed. No man's product can be good if his purpose be bad. A man's work can hardly be first class when his methods are second class. Worthy work by every workman of the world—that is God's call to all the world's laborers.

Who is the "laboring man"? Answer: *Every man that labors.* The time has come to write *"Amplius"* over that threadbare phrase and give it a wider meaning. The popular application of the phrase is mischievous and misleading. "The laboring man" is a phrase that, in the minds of many, has been made to mean only a certain class of laborers. That narrowness of meaning has bred clannishness, prejudice, and unbrotherliness. It is time for all men to know that the "horny-handed sons of toil" are not the *only* sons of toil. Was not Noah Webster, who worked for thirty or forty years to make a dictionary, a son of toil? Was he any less a son of toil because he worked with a pen instead of working with a pick? May not a brain worker be as strenuous a worker as a brawn worker? Who is the "laboring man"? Any man who labors for men. Who is the carpenter that he should say the teacher of his children is not a toiler? Who is the builder of a fine house that he should say the builder of a fine hymn is not also a builder? Is he who works with the temporary stuff of the soil the only "laboring man"? Is he not also a "laboring man" who works with the eternal stuff of the soul? Let us know that it may be possible for a man to do hard work with soft hands. This whole question of labor is not so much a question of hands as it is of heads and hearts. The more our material becomes stained through with the mental and moral the better will be the quality of our work.

There are only three classes of workmen in the world. There is the *hand* workman. I mean the man whose work is chiefly physical. We are all greatly indebted to him. I often see in this California country swarthy sons of toil crawling on their knees from one end of a sugar beet field to the other. Not a bishop on the board would care to do that sort of work on his knees. As we put the sugar in our coffee we ought to lift a prayer for the brother who works so hard to keep us sweet. Only a little while ago I saw a beautiful Salt Lake train stand still in Long Beach for half an hour, with many fine folk on board, waiting till twenty Mexicans repaired a dangerous section of track just in front of the engine. These men worked hard and faithfully and rapidly for the ministers, teachers, editors, capitalists, attor-

neys, and all the fine society folk who might have been on that train. It would have been a gracious and brotherly recognition of that section-hand workmanship if the passengers on that train had thrown up the windows and given those workmen a cheer. Who knows what commercial, social, educational, and religious interests depended on the rapid and successful repairing of that track by those Mexican laborers? "No man liveth to himself." Every man's work is related to every other man's work. Every man's life is related to every other man's life. Every man's eternal interest is somehow vitally knit together with every other man's eternal interest. Take one brick from its place in the wall, and the entire wall may tumble to pieces. Spoil one key in the great organ, and you cannot have the capacity musically of that instrument. The complete keyboard is necessary to complete music. The business of Christianity is to make the keyboard of human society so complete as to bring out the full *crescendo* of Christian character. All honor to the "laboring man" who does faithful work with his hand. He does nobly and deserves praise. But if there is to be a "labor organization," surely this is not the only man to be in the organization. Certainly the man who builds a house is a laborer. The man who runs a machine is a laborer. But I am asking about the man whose brains invented the carpenter's tools. Is he not a laborer? What about the genius whose intellect invented the machine? Is he not a laborer? These questions bring us to the consideration of the second class of workmen.

There is the *head* workman. This is the man who does the most of his work with his head. This particular man can do better work with his mind than he can with his muscle. The man who works with his pen may not sweat as much as his brother who works with his pick, but it is likely that he does more thinking. He may do a more important work with his tongue than his brother does with his trowel. This head workman may do more with a speech than he could with a shovel. He may be able to put more into a word than some men could into a wagon. Does not even "organized labor" need its speaker, who does the most of his labor with his lips? Come to think of it,

does not head work need to be done before any man can do good hand work? Hand work, if it be of any value, is simply the expression of head work that has preceded it. Every inventor knows that a man builds a machine with his head before he builds it with his hands. I am asking whether the machinist is to be counted as a "laboring man" and the inventor of the machine to be counted out? Is the workman who does the most of his work with his head not to be counted as a workman? "The man with the hoe" is indeed a workman, but the man who painted the picture of "The Man with the Hoe" is also a workman. Edwin Markham, who wrote the famous poem on "The Man with the Hoe"—who will say that he is not a workman? I venture the saying—for I have tried both—that plunging a pen in a thought is even harder work than plunging a pick in a trench. This is not said to belittle the work of my brother workman who chiefly does his work with hands, but to point out the common ground of work as a basis of brotherhood. As the head of a laborer cannot say to his hand, "You do no labor," neither can his hand say this to his head. The principle of fairness is found in their working together as members of one body. The teacher, the lawyer, the physician, the editor, the author, the artist, the musician, the minister, will laugh at you, and rightly, if you reckon them out of the ranks of labor. They justly count themselves among the world's workmen. Did not Pasteur work patiently and prodigiously to discover the antitoxine? How many hard days and nights did Dr. Keeley work on his bichloride of gold cure? Thomas Carlyle worked about thirteen years on his great volumes of Frederick the Great. Alfred Tennyson sang sublimely for twenty years before England discovered the wonder of his work. The stupendous legal work of Story and Blackstone was not the easy dream of a day. Their pages represent long years of herculean labor. The idea that the manual laborer is the chief producer of wealth has been altogether overstressed. Such a claim is unsupported by facts. It is superficial. Let a man look under the surface as he would for gold. Turn the X-ray of truth on the real heart of the labor world. Give the hand worker full credit for the wealth he produces. The outstanding truth is that

he is not the only producer of wealth. Every inventor of a useful machine is a contributor to the world's wealth. Every discoverer of a remedy for human disease is a producer of wealth. In recent years a single author's book has brought goodly financial gain to the publisher. Who is the "laboring man"? We have been too narrow in our consideration of this question. Physical labor is not the only toil that turns out worthy workmanship. Dirt is not the only source of human wealth and weal. That is the point that needs to be fixed in the popular mind of our day.

But I must not forget to name the third class of workman. He is the man who does his principal work with his heart. We need to be constantly reminded—in this day of automobiles and flying machines, of mines and stocks, of railroads and lands, of grain and gold—that we have hearts as well as hands and heads. We may be "worms of the dust," but we are meant to be souls of the skies. "Man shall not live by bread alone." We must not forget the upper and eternal sources of human wealth and weal. Let it be written large across the skies of our day that men and women who are engaged in work that produces honesty, decency, and good character in a community are to be counted among the honorable producers of legitimate wealth. Dishonesty is perilous to honest wealth. Sound character has a sound money value. Good character is the greatest wealth-producing power in the world. Trustworthiness must be back of all worth. Real wealth could not be permanently held by the world's thieves and robbers though they were all syndicate scoundrels. Thieves and robbers are a very small percentage of our population. People can be trusted, as a rule. Our most valuable business asset, as well as social asset, is good, old-fashioned honesty and character. "Honesty is the best policy." The dear old country schoolhouse copy-book that always carried that "copy" at the top of the page may be faded or lost, but the truth of the copy is everlasting. It must be said and resaid that the heart worker is the most worthy workman of the world. Righteousness, not wickedness, is the greatest wealth-producing power. "It is God who giveth thee power to get wealth"—it is not the devil.

There are also three classes of wealth. Let it be noted in

this study that there is a root relation between the word wealth and the word weal. There is social and spiritual significance here that could easily be widened into pages—but I forbear. One of the three classes of wealth is the wealth of *power*. Without the wealth of power no other wealth would be possible. This is what we mean when we say of a singer whose voice reaches the ranges of genius that "he has a fortune in his voice." We mean that he possesses a power that will bring him fame and fortune. We mean that the people will be willing to pay money for the ministry of that singer's voice. So a man like Marconi or Edison may have in a like sense a financial fortune in his inventive power. It is so with any faculty or gift. The wealth of power—some kind of power—is the basis of all wealth. And surely every man is responsible to God for the use he makes of power. That is true of muscle power, mind power, moral power. All of these must be counted if you are going below the surface in your search for the sources of wealth. There is the wealth of *position*. There are big positions and little positions. There are men of large reach to fill the large positions and there are men of smaller reach to fill the smaller positions. Nor is this an invidious distinction. It is a difference grounded in fact. Some men are worth more to a cause or a community than others. This is so self-evident that it needs only to be stated. One of the wealth-producing conditions is that certain qualified men shall fill certain positions. Human organizations and governments must have human heads. Then there is a wealth of *possession*. It is a natural desire in every right-minded man to have enough earthly possessions to enable him to do his work in the world. No normal human being seeks to be a pauper. Every man who can honestly do so ought to own some property. He ought to own a home for his family. He ought to have some personal wealth in order that he might better contribute his share to the commonwealth of the community. But the great saying of Jesus must never be forgotten, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth." The real riches of a man's life are inward, and not outward; external, and not temporary.

He is foolish who finds fault with honest capital. Without

it where are we to get our endowments for schools, libraries, churches, and hospitals? Thank God for the moneyed man who is God's man of money. He is a benefactor to mankind. He ought to be crowned with our gracious approval. Let no man think that poverty is piety. Neither is it righteous to be rich. As the Master Man told us long ago, no man's life consists in what he has, or in what he has not, but in *what he is.* Life is not a matter of outward possessions, but of inward principles. You cannot feed a man's soul on physical husks any more than you can feed his bodily hunger on musical sounds. All riches, save those of the soul, must go into insolvency when the "death march" begins. There is only one key to our social situation. It is the golden gospel key. The ideal wage proposition is given in the gospel. Hear it: "Whatsoever is *right* I will give you." That is the clue that will solve all of our wage troubles. It is Christ's key to the situation. It is simple and sound. It is a brother workman's wage secret to the workmen of the world. It is good enough, and can never be improved. "Equal rights to all." That is a social slogan. "All men are created equal." That is another social slogan. These two slogans should be studied together. "Equal rights to all," yes; but it is not my right to claim pay for playing a pipe organ. Why? Because I cannot play a pipe organ. "Equal rights to all," certainly; but I have no right to claim a surgeon's fee. Why? Because I cannot give surgical service. To sum it all up, it is not fair for me to *ask wage for work which I do not do.* And what is true concerning the quality of service is also true concerning the quantity of service. I must not ask wages for two hours' work when I have done only the work of an hour. Equal wage for equal work, equal pay for equal people—that is utterly right. "Whatsoever is right I will give you." That is fair. That is good enough. By that principle every method should be measured. By that principle every task must be tested. "All men are created equal." Yes, but all men are not completed equal. They may be the same at the start, but very different at the finish. There is nothing to show that Shakespeare and Lincoln were, when babies, superior to any other babies. But a number of things indicate that they had few equals

when they were completed men. All people may be created equal, but all people are not equally creative. All people are not mathematically equal. All people are not musically equal. All are not artistically equal. All men are not *serviceably* equal. Because of this difference in capacity there must be difference in accomplishment. If there is a difference in work ought there not to be a difference in wage? No arbitrary decision of a "labor union" or of any other organization can change the eternal principle of right, either in work or wages. This principle of right and proportion must hold true across all the ranges of work, material, mental, and spiritual. "Whatsoever is right I will give you." That is Jesus Christ's golden key for the social situation. That is the only safe and sound basis for a workable, world-wide brotherhood. A bird cannot fly with one wing. Two wings are necessary to the normal progress of commerce. They are the two wings of labor and capital. When either wing is broken the business bird is crippled. In some workable relationship labor and capital must continue. They must be right in themselves. They must be right in their relations to each other. There ought to be a brotherhood of labor and capital. No brotherhood can be a real brotherhood and treat any other human organization unbrotherly. Capital must say what the great carpenter Christ said, "Whatsoever is right I will give you." Labor must say to capital what Christ said, "Whatsoever is right I will give you." Neither must do wrong in seeking its rights. Neither can do right in wronging the other. These are the two strong hands of the same business body. If business and capital are to flourish to the profit of all the people they must do it harmoniously, working side by side. If labor and capital are to grow as they ought they must be rooted in the common soil of right.

As Ruskin said, there is no music in a rest but there is the making of music in it; so a man may not be laboring while he is resting, but he is gathering fresh strength for labor *while he rests*. And it is a wicked system of labor that makes no provision for the laborer's rest. Any business is too busy that never stops to rest. He is a wicked and cruel man who demands that his workmen shall toil on every day in the week without any day for

recuperative rest. It is wrong by every social principle. It is wholly wrong from every standpoint of ethics. It ought to be reckoned as wrong from every standpoint of legal enactments. The whole working world ought to rise up against such tyrannical toil. No man on earth has a right to kill, either suddenly or gradually, any other man for commercial purposes. You may kill a man suddenly; you may also kill him gradually by wantonly wearing him out; but who shall say that it is not murder in either case? There are various methods of murder. You may overtax a man's muscles till it results in his death; you may overstrain his nerves; you may smother his soul in some dungeon of toil by killing every spark of his hope. There are various wicked ways in which you may overload a man's life till it breaks down in death. Overdemands of the working world on the willing worker have murdered many a man. Greed for gold has robbed many a family of a faithful father. Greed and graft are close of kin. The slaver's lash is not the only lash that has driven its victim to despair and to death. The lash of commerce is often keen, and cuts to kill. "Frenzied finance" is not a mere hack writer's word. It stands for a fearful fact in our modern world of money-madness. "Your money or your life" has often been the cruel cry of commerce. More than once the weary workman's muscle, exhausted of life blood, has been minted into the money of some conscienceless capitalist. Some little pale-faced, ten-year-old girl has had her soul and body shredded to quivering and bleeding strings by the beastly commercialism of some cotton-mill man. But be sure that above the din of the factory wheels God Almighty is calling "Halt!" to the despoiler of childhood. God is saying to him, "Thou shalt not kill." While the detectives of Christian civilization are on the hunt let them hunt out the factory murderers of little children. All the highwaymen are not on the highway. All the murderers have not gone to the gallows. When God makes inquisition for blood he will find stains on the hands of some of our factory folk who are tricked into thinking themselves "respectable" because they have money. In the finest parlor blood smells will still cling about a murderer's hands. It is high time that a Christian civilization came to the

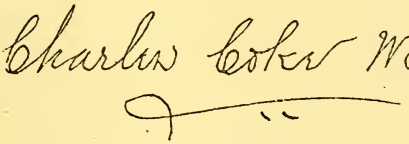
complete rescue of our little children. Let the words of Mrs. Browning sound afresh across our land:

Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And *that* can not stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in their nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blooming toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity—
"How long," they say; "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path;
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath!"

"Come unto me, all ye that labor, and *I will rest you.*" Does the sweltering, aching world of labor hear that call? Does the clamorous world of capital hear that invitation? Are labor and capital ready to respond to the call of the Christ? In their methods and principles are they both ready to come to Christ? The instrument must come to the musician's will before there can be harmony. Not until labor and capital both come to Christ can there be concord. "Strikes" will cease when that truth strikes home. Disagreements can never give rest. "Strikes" can never give rest. Prejudices will not give rest. Greed and graft will never bring rest. Mere socialistic theories will not give rest. Quarreling will never bring content. Sordid selfishness will not bring mutual satisfaction, nor any other kind of satisfaction. It is sure that your commercial clock would tick on forever and never give the laborer rest. Labor and capital in the great masses have never yet tried the carpenter Christ, the conqueror Christ.

"He shall not fail." Thus far everything else has. Capital and labor must come to Christ. Socialism must take its slogan from this "Man of Galilee." He is working among the workmen of the world this hour. How will coming to him give rest to capital and labor? That question is fair and its answer is full: He would give rest by imparting to every laborer and to every capitalist his spirit of fairness, faith, and friendship. Without neighborly love labor legislation can never give rest. "Come unto me and I will rest you." "This is the way, walk ye in it." And this is the way pointed out by the world's greatest Pathfinder. Rest will forever delay to come unless the feet of labor and the feet of capital are willing to walk this way together. We will save time by not looking elsewhere for the solution of our "labor troubles."



CHRISTIANITY AND THE NEW ORIENT

The great and increasing popularity of the poetry of Rabindra Nath Tagore, one of whose books is said to have sold over one hundred thousand copies during the last two years, is the more noteworthy because Mr. Tagore is the first writer of the new East to gain widespread recognition in the Occident. Yet it is abundantly evident that the poet has not revamped his work to suit Western taste. He has repeatedly expressed his surprise at the success of his work in England and America. Although he has translated his Oriental rhythms into an English prose so simple, so idiomatic, so nobly unassuming that it challenges comparison with the English prose of the King James Version, Mr. Tagore's poetry is always unmistakably Oriental in style, thought, and feeling. This poetry becomes, therefore, a profoundly interesting evidence that in the deepest and most abiding experiences of the spiritual life the East and the West can still speak intelligibly one to the other. It becomes also an interesting evidence that in the deepest and most abiding things of the spiritual life the West still finds that it has something to learn from the East. For this widespread enthusiasm among Christian readers for the poetry of a Brahman priest has already passed far beyond the stage of the cult. It does not appear to be based upon curiosity. Our instant recognition of the great Eastern singer has been due to our conviction that in his songs we hear the authentic voice of a greatly gifted spiritual teacher, no matter what his race or breeding or religious convictions. The religious question cannot be avoided in any careful consideration of Mr. Tagore's work. His poetry is profoundly and pervasively religious. Even in his poems on children, on nature, or on the love of man for woman, religion is the substratum of all his thought and feeling. There is no English poet in all the annals of our literature—not George Herbert or Richard Crashaw or Francis Thompson—whose verse so gleams and glows with religious passion as does that of Rabindra Nath Tagore. It cannot be that the popularity of this Brahman poetry has been won, in

Christian countries, in spite of its religious element, because in subtracting religion from Mr. Tagore's work we should take away its very essence and nature, all that gives it distinction and charm. It would rather appear that we have in him the unique phenomenon of a purely religious poet who is also popular. Neither is his appeal that of the merely novel, curious, and strange. Strange and curious his work is, to be sure, in metaphor and figure and in all that goes to make the outer garment of his thought. But the thrilling, compelling thing about him is that his songs, made on the banks of the Ganges and in the language of Sakuntala, do yet go home to the heart of the reader whose thought has been shaped by Shakespeare and Dante, Goethe and Milton. The astonishing thing is that this singer, whose religious life has been built upon the Vedas and the Upanishads, does nevertheless speak with manifest authority and immediate appeal to the Christian mind.

In reading Tagore we feel, at first, his strangeness. There is "the strangeness of the brooding East" in all his manner. But very soon, in accordance with our experience with all surpassingly beautiful things, we come to feel that we have known him always. Everywhere this poetry is so simple, so naïve, so direct, that it cannot be said to be either of the East or of the West. It is simply and profoundly human—universal. In its reading, indeed, one comes to feel that the ends of the world are not far apart. It seems to span at last the gulf that has yawned through all history between the East and the West. Doubtless this is due in some measure to the fact that the poet, while remaining true to India in thought and feeling and service, has found time to absorb the best of Western culture. He is one of the many highly trained minds in China, India, Japan, that have been reaching out eagerly during the last half century toward the West. And he has gained by this, as have many others, far more than the mere addition to his existing knowledge. He has gained, as is abundantly evident in his series of remarkable lectures, Sadhana, a view of the common destiny of the human spirit, a world-view. His poetry has the great Homeric quality of universal appeal because he has come to think with the world-mind and feel with the world-heart.

He has superimposed a broad internationalism upon his intense and passionate patriotism. He knows India the better for knowing England, France, and America so well. It is to be deplored that, with such persistent effort on the part of the newly awakened East to understand the West, there should be among us such general apathy and ignorance regarding things Oriental. It is to be deplored that even among the young men and women of Christian countries who are fitting themselves for missionary service in the Orient there should be apparent so little even of desire to know in an accurate and unbiased way the vast civilizations and religions which they are going out to meet and, if possible, to supplant. In Japanese schools English is everywhere taught. French and English books are published extensively in Calcutta. Western history and art and philosophy are part of every liberal Oriental education. But in the West some few poets translate or imitate Japanese models, some few enthusiasts collect and study Japanese prints and embroidery, some few adventurous scholars know the Vedas, the Upanishads and the Vedanta philosophy as more than mere names. But there is no effort in the West at all corresponding to the Oriental effort to get in touch with the thought of our day as a world movement irrespective of hemisphere and of race.

Perhaps we are too prone to lay the flattering unction to our souls that all of this is as it should be—that the East has everything to learn and the West nothing. We should not linger overlong in the smug satisfaction and self-sufficiency from which China is just now, at last, painfully emerging. There may well be, to the enlightened Oriental mind, something mildly amusing in our patronage of the descendants of men who were carving in ivory, writing poetry, and excogitating the world's loftiest idealistic metaphysic at the time when our own forefathers were learning to herd swine and to construct houses of wattles and mud. We may as well give over at once and forever any opinion that the further progress of the race is to follow lines determined alone by the spirit and temper of the West. "The one Spirit's plastic stress," although to all human seeming it is prodigal enough, has scarcely been so improvident as laboriously to prepare, through

thousands of years, the entire Orient merely that it might serve in the end as raw material for the exploitation, colonization, and missionary enterprise of the West. Such a view would overlook the immense inertia and reserve power of the East—its conservatism and faculty for passive resistance. It overlooks the inscrutable, Sphinxlike wisdom of the East. But most of all, it fails to take into account the law according to which all human progress, material, intellectual, or spiritual, has been or can be accomplished. In the natural world, as in human thought, it is only out of the meeting and mixture of two antithetical forces or principles that new forms can be brought into being. All form in matter is the resultant merely of the struggle between two forces, one expansive and the other contractive. The planetary orbits are resultants of two related forces which we call centrifugal and centripetal. In the realm of biology life is seen to be the product of sex-differences. So, in thought, psychology teaches that all cognition results from the opposition between subject and object. Even self-consciousness is attained and sustained by reference to things other than the self. We find, indeed, that the universe seems composed of couples—good and bad, light and darkness, male and female, love and hate, attraction and repulsion, spirit and matter, infinite and finite. And the history of the universe —its spiritual and its material history as well—may be thought of as no more than an eternal dance and interplay between these great fructifying differences. According to the "law of development," which Hegel made the very cornerstone of his dialectic method, thesis is followed by antithesis and the two are finally resolved and reconciled in the synthesis which includes them both. The most interesting illustrations of this law are to be found in the operations of mind and spirit, although the law is equally regnant in the natural realm. A concrete and familiar instance of its working may be cited from the field of religion.

The religious mind of the Middle Ages rested upon authority. The individual surrendered all private rights, all autonomy, all liberty of judgment. For more than one thousand years this condition of affairs, which seems to us little better than spiritual death, was generally satisfactory. The question was seldom or

never asked regarding a religious problem, "What do I, as an individual, think about this matter?" The question was, rather, "What does Aristotle think?" "What does the pope say?" "What is the opinion of Aquinas?" This, then, is the one extreme. Hegel would call it "thesis." But the so-called Age of the Enlightenment, the Age of Reason, which we associate with the names of Locke and Descartes, Voltaire, and the Encyclopædists, changed all that. For the eighteenth century, the unaided and unhampered reason of the individual was the sole court of appeal. Did revelation square with reason? If not, away with it. This second extreme Hegel would call "antithesis." And it is as extreme and one-sided as its opposite, the blind authority-hunting of the Middle Ages. But we are to-day living in the age of the "synthesis" of these two extremes. There are, to be sure, many among us still who are living in the Dark Ages and who seek, in spiritual matters, for authority only and make a tacit and easy act of faith when we have found it. This appears to be, even to-day, the dominant spirit of Roman Catholicism. So also, there are others who still insist that all questions of the religious life must be solved by the same faculties that we would bring to the solution of a problem in geometry—and if these faculties do not work, so much the worse for religion. But in so far as our religious thought is truly modern it has synthesized these two extremes and gives due weight, on the one hand, to authority and, on the other hand, to the individual's thought and experience. The operations of this law are profoundly interesting in the history of civilization. This is the law that lies back of the religions and the science of Egypt, the art and philosophy of Greece, the statecraft and jurisprudence of Rome, the painting and music of Italy. It controls the rise and fall of dynasties, governments, arts, and religions. It were a mere platitude to observe that the civilizations of the past were formed by contact of young, crude, powerful peoples with older, more polished and weakened peoples. Egypt lighted her torch in Babylon, Greece in Egypt, Rome in Greece, the Holy Roman Empire in Rome. The Italian Renaissance was born of a new contact of the medieval with the ancient mind and the successive enlightenments in France, Germany, and

England were all ultimately due to contact with Italy. In each of these cases we find the two conflicting extremes, and the synthesis resulting from their conflict is to be found in the civilization recorded for us by history. It may be noted in passing that this law or principle of development is nowhere more beautifully illustrated than in the history of modern Japan.

Every individual can test this law from his own experience in thought and action. For example, none of us can escape the great ideal of the Western world to-day—the ideal of service. It is an ideal of action, of out-going, objective interests and activities. Every man who lives vividly and keenly the life of to-day must feel the powerful impulse to live less and less in and for himself and more and more in and for the world. This ideal is so much in the air to-day, and we have so bolstered and buttressed it with the sanction of the life and teachings of Christ, that one hesitates to suggest that it is, after all, only a partial view of the truth. But when, it may be asked, in all the Christian centuries have we failed to find sanction in Christ's life and words for any ideal, however partial and one-sided it has afterward been seen to be, that has been rooted deep in the heart of man? Society may one day find even this ideal of service standing alone, inadequate to fulfill man's life. The individual finds it so. He spends himself in living for others, in giving and ever more giving, in a blind fury of works. And sooner or later, however high his ideal, the inner life goes thin and hollow. He has strengthened his purpose by such isolated texts as that which says, "He that loseth his life shall find it," and he has forgotten the thirty years of quiet, of meditation, of peace, which prepared for the three years of active ministry. He has forgotten the forty days in the desert and the many times in which Christ went alone into the quiet places. And so there is a contrary tendency to retire into one's self, to live in a constant storing and treasuring of spiritual experiences. Inevitably this leads to a spiritual vain-glory and to a morbid, because an inactive, ecstasy. And, accordingly, into every rounded life there comes at last the realization that for all healthy spiritual life the inner and the outer, the life of immediate communion and the life of service, must be kept in nice and deli-

cate equipoise. Any excess on either side means pain and commensurate failure. In order that we may truly serve there must be a constant storing of spiritual energy. But this energy finds its only meaning and utility in action. There are few who are not pragmatists enough to admit that the sole test of the validity and vitality of the spiritual life is its efficiency in action. And in this final conviction we attain a synthesis of two conflicting tendencies. A synthesis, an adjustment—but not a compromise! Both are equally true—the life of action and the quiet inner life of the spirit. They are equally important phases of one truth. As Hegel would say—and here Bergson, as so frequently, merely echoes him—the truth lies not in any stage of the process, not in thesis or antithesis, not even in the synthesis that resolves the two, but in the entire process itself. And in this matter of the East and the West it may be said that neither is absolutely right and therefore fitted to control the destinies of the future. But there is a sense in which both are right, for each must add its strength and furnish its quota of force in the stately, orderly march of humanity toward its far, dim goal, under a commander who sees his vast purpose all too clearly to disable half his force almost before the march is begun. Throughout the past human progress has been made possible by overemphasis upon each of two opposite phases of thought, action, or feeling, and by a resulting reconciliation between them. In this view all history becomes a storing of electric energy in opposite electric poles and the resulting flashes between them.

But the two greatest electric poles of all history, the East and the West, have not yet made their communicating flash. Through all the past they have been storing energy until now they are so radically opposed, so powerfully positive and negative, that it has even been supposed that there can never be communication between them. "For East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." But very certainly the many influences that are at work to-day in bringing the nations closer together are making this consummating flash each year more imminent. It will be one of the most momentous events in human history. No mind can vaguely imagine the results of this sudden mixture in the crucible of the world of two chemical elements

whose radically opposed properties have been developed since the beginning of time and have been preserved at their highest potency and purity. The nature of the compound is not to be predicted. But we may be sure that out of this inevitable and fast-approaching union of the East and the West will come results incalculably vast and profound for the entire race. For we have in the East and the West the two great extremes of mind and spirit—extremes in comparison with which the differences between primitive Greece and Egypt, which yet were sufficient to generate the greatest civilization of the ancient world, seem to melt into identity. The masculine West is ever releasing energy. The feminine East is ever storing energy. The aggressive, acquisitive West expresses itself in outgoing activities, in fight, conquest, and subjugation, but the pensive, pacific East, to which the inner conquest has been sufficient, knows better than we that "he who conquers his own soul is greater than he who taketh a city." The volatile West runs rapidly through many forms and is ever building new temples for the spirit of man out of the very dust and debris of the old which it has just torn down, while the quiet, profoundly conservative East has found the old temples adequate to its use, since it is the spirit of prayer that avails and not the form. The forward-looking West searches, explores, pushes impatiently at all horizons and frontiers in a fevered curiosity about the future. The retrospective East is anxious above all that every treasure of the past be saved. The materialistic West sees God through nature. The idealistic East sees nature through God. The practical West finds itself in works. The dreaming East realizes itself through faith. The Man West and the Woman East—out of the union of these two what giant birth will spring? What new strength for both, what unity, what concord? What "parliament of nations," what "federation of the world"? The very grazing of the question bewilders and dazes the mind. In such a view as this we see that human history has scarcely begun. Hitherto we have had only prologue, prelude. The chief actors have not yet come upon the stage. The human spirit is not, as we have so often feared, overwearied and exhausted. It is just entering the course, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn.

But this vision is too vast in scope. It is best to attempt only to adumbrate it vaguely. Some narrowing of thought to a single, manageable phase of the subject becomes imperative.

The poetry of Rabindra Nath Tagore is leading many readers and thinkers to ask to-day, "What will be the result of this inevitable fusion and synthesis of East and West upon the Christian religion?" Just here it seems worth while to proceed with care. For there are many earnest and thoughtful men who scoff at the suggestion that the Christian religion, in any the least particular or degree, may be modified by contact with heathenism of any sort, however lofty, however powerful and fascinating. Christianity, say they, is all one piece, one seamless robe from top to hem, and it is to-day what it was in the beginning, perfect and intact. The only fault to be found with this beautiful and fondly cherished idea is that it is false. In the first century of the Christian era our religion began to be warped and bent and shaped upon Greek religion and Greek philosophy, and this pagan influence, only one out of many, continued down to and beyond the times of Thomas Aquinas. The entire eschatology of Christianity has been profoundly influenced by Oriental paganism quite as certainly as have the utensils and ceremonial of Roman Catholic liturgy. Again say these who sometimes appear to think that God has revealed himself but once and that all the rest of history is dark and godless, "Are we not sending missionaries to the Orient, and are they not wonderfully successful in their fight against these very same overpraised and all too fascinating polytheisms and heathendoms? Does not this indicate vast superiority on the part of Christianity?" The answer would appear to be that the success of Christian missions in the Orient has indubitably demonstrated the superiority of the Christian religion to those phases of paganism which it has really met and grappled with. Such demonstration was quite unnecessary. But it cannot be said that Christian missions have as yet even grazed

upon the loftier religious life and thought of India, China, and Japan. And when they do at last come to touch that noble and intense spiritual life we need look for no rapid and sweeping results, but rather for slow modifications on both sides and a gradual harmonizing of differences. The success of our missions has been so immediate and so overwhelming because Christianity has wisely and almost necessarily centered its activities in the Orient upon those many millions whose condition is worse than godless. It is perhaps partially due to our preoccupation with missionary accounts that we have come to think of India, the land of loftiest spirituality and closest union with God, as the home of vice, besotted ignorance, and unspeakable degradation. Christian missions have seen the vice, the ignorance, the degradation of India, just as a similarly preoccupied East Indian might see the same things in America, because it was upon these phases of India's immensely various life that they could make their most effective attack. It would, of course, be folly to deny that vice, ignorance, and depravity are vastly more prevalent in the Orient than in any Christian land. The accounts of our missionaries have given us a true picture of one great phase of Oriental heathenism. But the poetry of Rabindra Nath Tagore is giving us an equally true picture of another phase which, in the interests of justice and all clear thinking, must not be ignored. Neither is this poetry a sole and unprecedented phenomenon. It is the product of a tradition, at once religious, philosophical, and æsthetic, that is more than four thousand years old, and Mr. Tagore is only one among thousands of religious seers and mystics in the Orient of to-day.

As a further answer to the query regarding the success of Christian missions in the East it may be pointed out in passing that Oriental thought has been decidedly successful in the Occident in spite of the fact that India has not the missionary spirit and has made almost no attempt to propagate the doctrines of Brahmanism. These doctrines, in a form distorted and garbled and wrenched almost out of recognition, have made their mark even upon our more intelligent people through the channels of theosophy and Christian Science. Our Christianity has been

represented in the Orient by highly trained, devoted, and earnest men and women. India's religions have been represented among us, for the most part, by quacks and charlatans. India's neglect of action has made Christian missions in the East pathetically necessary. Because of the necessity of our missions and because of their phenomenal success we have gained the idea that the native religions of India must be almost unthinkably degraded. And so many of them are. But it is well to remember that India is a vast country, comprising many races and many castes each with its distinct intellectual and religious inheritance and environment. We think of the physical degradation of her hundreds of millions. She has not inherited from ancient Rome the economic and political ideals to which Europe and America owe their degree of prosperity and well-being. We think of her vast poverty in the midst of the richest land on earth and convince ourselves too easily that poverty is a sure sign of godlessness. We think of her myriad gods, forgetting that even in polytheism there is often pathetic evidence of intense, though groping, religious life. We often forget, also, that if India is polytheistic, she is also the home of the oldest monotheism recorded in the history of religions.

It is, of course, apparent that if the Orient is to have any influence upon Christianity of the future, that influence will not be exerted by the degraded superstitions of the masses, but by those religions which we group together under the name "Brahmanism." This great body of religious doctrine, ceremonial and tradition, together with Buddhism, its comparatively modern offshoot, presents, in its higher manifestations, a spiritual structure which Christianity need not hope, even should it mistakenly desire to overthrow. The fact that Brahmanism has made almost no effort—if we except Buddhistic missionary effort—during its four thousand years to uplift the masses, the fact that in India religious enlightenment has been possible only to the few, is a great and nearly insuperable bar to the sympathy and understanding of the West, with its practical bent and its ideals of social service. But yet the reader of the Vedas, the student of the Upanishads and the Aranyakas, the man who knows his

Vedanta, cannot remain long in doubt that he is dealing with a type of mind that represents, on the side of communion with God, on the side of the inner spiritual life, the greatest religious genius of the world, excepting none. The influence of Brahmanism upon Christianity is inevitable, and it is not to be feared or deplored, any more than Brahmanism need fear the touch of Christianity. For, if India can learn from us the glory of works, of altruism, of self-realization and realization of God through action, we can gain from our contact with the lofty idealisms of India a spiritual insight and spiritual depth, a keener and more constant sense of the divine as present in all nature and in every act and thought of life. And there would appear to be nothing in this statement that should grieve or surprise the most reverent believer in Christianity as the direct word of God. It is not meant that there was any one-sidedness in the teachings of Christ. We are quite willing, for the most part, to consider Buddhism solely in the light of what it has become. Any attempt to see it in its pristine purity is likely to be thought of as mere archæological curiosity. It is wholesome for us to think of Christianity also in the light of what it has become and actually is to-day after twenty centuries of life and work among men, taking on new color and meaning, necessarily, in every one of those centuries, from the myriad minds that have worked in it and upon it. In their original purity Buddhism and Christianity were astonishingly alike—and yet not astonishingly, for they were both conceived close to the very heart of truth and reality. But the Oriental environment of Buddhism has bent it in one direction. The penchant of the East for the inner life of contemplation has made Buddhism relatively unfruitful and relatively deep and spiritual. So the penchant of the West for action has warped Christianity—originally fitted to fulfill the whole life of man—into a morality, a system of ethics. In India the immoral man is often felt to be really and profoundly religious. At this we are shocked, and rightly so; but we are not more shocked than is the Brahman when he sees that among us the merely moral man is often thought of as religious. We should never forget that Christianity, like every other great religion worthy of the

name, is Oriental in its origin. It has been long astray, and though it has gained much in its long sojourn its homegoing cannot but be for good. There has been much talk of late about a so-called "religion of humanity" as the religion of the future. It is difficult to determine precisely what the phrase is intended to mean, but if it indicates the substitution of some vague deification of the human spirit for the Spirit of God, we may be very sure that it does not define any religion that mankind can find permanently satisfying. The gain which we may anticipate for Christianity from its contact with the religions of the East is an increased sense of the indwelling of the Divine, a more constant, prevailing, and efficient sense of our oneness with God.

It seems beyond cavil that the church of to-day is in great need of spiritual awakening. The last half century has witnessed a tremendous increase of activity in all lines of Christian work. The best strength and talent of the church have been devoted to works. But works alone—witness the great apostle of work to our generation, Rudolf Eucken—can never satisfy the cravings of the human soul. Taken alone, work can never constitute religion. It is not less of work that we need, to be sure, but more, and ever more, consecration, depth of insight, spiritual vitality. The great problem of the church, from its very inception, has been the problem of relating itself actively and efficiently to a world from which it must at the same time withdraw itself. Monasticism, the Franciscan movement, Puritanism, and the "militant Christianity" of to-day, with the Salvation Army as its extreme exponent, are successive attempts at the solution of this dilemma. The church *must* be *in* the world. The danger is that in its preoccupation with environment, with mechanism, with crusades of many sorts, with politics within and without, it may become not only in the world, but *of* the world. This grave danger, incident upon our Western faith in the deed and our craving for practical results, the inevitable fusion of East and West may seem, upon a not too optimistic view, destined to avert. While it is, of course, impossible to predict with any degree of particularity the future of the East or of the West in this matter of religion, we may be sure that momentous modifi-

cations are in store for both. Exceptionally gifted individuals, we know, often foretell in their lives and thought the life and thought of the future. In the experience of Rabindra Nath Tagore the best phases of Oriental and of Occidental culture have been combined. His religious life would appear to have been unusually rounded and complete. He has had periods of mystic meditation and immediate communion, but he has also served his fellow men and his country with a whole-souled devotion. The proprietor of vast estates, he has spent many years in teaching, out of pure love and charity, a school of five hundred Indian boys. Honored and nearly worshiped by many millions as a seer and a saint, he spends his time and strength and money in patriotic service of his native Bengal. A truly "God-intoxicated man," he is the sweetest singer among modern India's many great poets, and he has so knitted himself to the hearts of his countrymen, by his love songs, his cradle songs and his national hymns, that they have come to call this "the age of Rabindra Nath." Although he is a Brahman priest, he has eschewed the asceticism of the Yogi devotee and his poems glow with passion and virility. Although he has spent his life in reverent study of the sacred books, he has found time to master the literatures and the philosophies of Europe. His life, as well as his poetry, breathes the purest and most essential spirit of Christianity. With all of this, he is unmistakably and without qualification an Oriental. The simplicity of his thought and manner, the charity for all which is evident in all that he does and writes, is the product of his wide knowledge and sympathy and of his realization of the fact that the God to whom he has been singing love songs in Bengal these forty years is not the God of India alone, or of the Orient alone, but of the world.

It is perhaps not too sanguine a hope that the life and poetry of Rabindra Nath Tagore may prove prophetic of the great religion of all mankind in future years.

William O. Shepard, Jr.

THE PROPHET

The greatest product of any time, clime, or nation is the Prophet. Beside him the great soldier, marshaling armies and extending geographical boundaries of a kingdom, is small; the statesman, manipulating the tendencies of his times and building up great material interests, is a dwarf; the king, the expression of the people's love for show, is a puppet. The Prophet is a real Gulliver among Lilliputians—with this difference, he never allows them to bind him. He is the wealth of nations. All the material possessions created in a century are not worth a single year of the Prophet's life. The whole pile of passing fiction, raved over by a generation, is far outweighed by one sentence of the Prophet's. He is not common, but he is far more common than is commonly supposed. He is not indigenous to any soil. No civilization begets him, yet all peoples have possessed him. Like some volcanic bowlder found on a mighty plain built by the sea, men call him erratic. That is because he belongs not to where he is; is not like where he is found. His origin is a mystery. He comes from some unknown land. While not ours in origin, he is our proudest possession. We learn to love him when he is no more, for then we have discovered that he made us: so that he is ours in the most vital sense.

The Prophet is so peculiar in property qualities that no one robs us who steals him. The larger the number that take him the more surely we possess him. The more of him they appropriate the more remains to us. We lose him if we keep him. He is in a class by himself. The Prophet is the measure of man, yet unmeasured by men. He blends with his kind without losing his identity. We are not impoverished by the discovery of two Isaiahs. We should be enriched could we find ten in place of two. Not one of them would be less because we had discovered more. To speak of Minor Prophets is a misnomer. If the greatest of all prophetic books shall be found to be the work of two men, so far as record is concerned, none but God will ever know how many prophets contributed to the discovery of the truths therein

revealed. The bulk of his message is not the measure of the Prophet, but of the circumstance beside which he stood. We hold that any prophet in the other Prophet's place would have done the Prophet's work. The difference would have been in method, and not result.

The Prophet is a promise; a predictor because he is a prediction. Change him and all is changed. Change the circumstance and you change the form, but never the message. The message is the measure of the Prophet. It is folly to think of him as less a man because he is more of a Prophet. To take him out of the order of life because he is above the ordinary life is like excluding a pumpkin from the vegetable world because it is larger than a cucumber. He is a man among children. If the people were not potentially prophets the message of the Prophet could have no ground of appeal. All workers in the hive are potential queens. The appeal is not in the sound he makes, but in the sounding-board on which he makes it. We are guilty when we disregard his message because that disregard is neglect of our higher self. We are not guilty because we do not attain what is possible only to others. We are guilty when we remain below what the Prophet calls us to be, not because he calls, but because we could be what he calls us to. That is true of our relation to Christ. It is not our disregard of the call of Christ from without, but our deafness to his call within. If this were not true, none could be guilty who had not heard our message.

The Prophet is not, primarily, a messenger, but a message. His highest attainment is not what he says, but what he is. It were better to be a prophet and never say a word than to fill the world with words and never be a prophet. The truths of life can be uttered only by life. The relation of thing to thing, mathematical formula, the names of the impedimenta of life, can be given in sound. Words are sufficient for the designation of material things. But the truths of life are uttered only in attainment. The burning words the Prophet speaks are but the atmosphere of a soul aflame, as light is caused by the sun.

The message of the Prophet is rather a revelation than his measure. You cannot measure prophets. Souls are neither sound

nor weight. To compare what we cannot measure is an interesting folly only. The time in which he lives, the language he speaks, have to do with the form, and only the form, of his message. All prophets have the same message. We must comprehend his speech that we may apprehend his spirit. We must in thought reproduce his day that we may know him. Of necessity we must locate him to understand his speech; but a fish is not a rat because you catch him in a trap. The circumstance is an accident. The Prophet is a personality.

It ought to be perfectly understood that prophecy—that is, prediction as to how life will go and especially how it *ought* to go—is both more simple and more trustworthy than history. By common forms of speech we come to think of ideas as though they were facts. We have lifted the notion of time into the realm of thought in such a way as to frighten people about the coming of eternity. All we can possibly mean by time is the movement of a body in space. Years necessarily differ in length on different planets. By time we really mean movement; but that movement is located in eternity. In the same way we have talked of history: by which we have meant that we have reproduced a mental picture that has corresponded with the fact; that we have explained an event; that we know by history. The history of no event has ever been written; it cannot be written. Read the description by different authors of the same occurrence. The divergence does not prove that either is untrue, but that both are incomplete. We may tell how many met in battle, the number that were slain, wounded, or missing; we may know the number of spears used, arrows shot, balls discharged; but the cause of the war none but God can know. It is conceivable that many a bloody war has raged because a thoughtless mother snatched her waking child from his crib; that act may have been the deciding factor in the disposition of the man who later went to war in a frenzy we call temper. All occurrences are related. No event, from the beginning of events until now, stands alone.

Take this simple event: Some months ago a gambler was shot in the streets of New York. Did the police lieutenant order it? Where was he when he gave the order? Whom did he send word

by? To whom was his awful message sent? Which of the gunmen shot the gambler? Why did he shoot? Was it for money, revenge, or fear? The State will spend many thousands of dollars searching for the history of this simple event and will finally rest in the land of probability. If it shall be proven that the police lieutenant was the chief criminal, who will tell us the factors mixed up in producing the policeman. How came he by his lust for gold? Why does money, the artificial, appeal so powerfully to men? Why to some men more than others? How far is the man guilty? What portion of the guilt is the property of society? No, the approach to life is not by the mazes of history. History deals with events, prophecy with their cause. The historian fingers the web, the prophet the spider. History busies itself with the garments in which life has garbed itself; it must be satisfied when it shall have decided which is the better garment. Prophecy deals with the maker and the wearer of those garments. They differ from each other as the dry-goods store differs from the dissecting room. When, some brief years ago, one of the "gunmen," then a mere youth, stood before a certain judge and the judge warned "society" that the youth ought to be put under restraint, or some dreadful thing would happen, the judge's prediction was far more rational in its basis than is the attempt of the State to get a history of the event in which the "gunman" is mixed up.

The Book of God makes no mistake in that it is prophetic in nature. The Bible is a prophetic book. In it the historical is incidental; the prophetic vital. The historicity of events is of minor importance. Does it rightly analyze the nature of the persons causing those events? It is of more importance to know that Jesus Christ reveals God than to know he is an historical character. His location mid the teeming events of human life is secondary compared with the validity of his nature. The Prophet deals with personality. We must thus approach life if we wish to save it. The punishing men for an act, while making no attempt to change their nature, is stupidly foolish. The prophet is not the embodiment of vindictiveness, but of virtue. Christ came not to condemn, but to save. The transmuting of microbes, accomplished by Mme. Victor Henri (see Literary Digest, May 16,

1914), is but the performing at the tail end of life what the Prophet has always accomplished in the upper reaches of life. She with microbes, he with men. The Prophet is the scientist of the ages.

That God cares to have us know the past is doubtful. Were that his purpose, he would not have buried the past so deep or so successfully have hidden the history of babyhood from manhood. God works in the spiritual world; he is growing souls. To live in the past is not best for souls that should go on. It is often a loss to turn in the day of battle. He that puts his hand to the plow and looks back is not worthy of the Kingdom. Yesterday is a groundwork for our feet and not a halo for our head.

What, then, is the Prophet? He is the materialization of the nature of God in human life; a spark from the unlighted fire of Being. To say "he is ethical" is to belittle him. He is more than ethical; he is spiritual. Honesty as a policy is ethical, but it is not spiritual. A man may be on perfectly good terms with his fellows and not know God. The Prophet discovers God; therefore calls on men to realize him. He "held on to Him he saw not, as though he saw him." To the Prophet the experience of his consciousness is as real as the sight of his eye. To the Prophet knowledge is not altogether a matter of perception; he leaves room for impression. He sorts out his inspirations, studies his affections, and believes in his emotions. He knows that God moves, to the manifestation of himself, in the realm of the subjective in human life, and so trusts his own inner experience. He knows the danger of this position; he also recognizes the greater danger of its denial. There is no apostasy that equals the denial of the direct and immediate contact of God with the human spirit. It is his supreme purpose to make men recognize God.

You must understand the Prophet through his purpose. You will never know him by dissecting his performance. Take, as an illustration, the attitude of the later Prophets toward the Mosaic economy. To understand their abhorrence of the sacrificial services of the temple you must remember two things: (1) that the service, in all its detail, was forged for the specific purpose of helping the people to realize the presence of God; (2) that the service

had taken the place of its purpose. The sacrifice was more than its meaning: the temple loomed above the Presence. When men put the instrument in the place of the God who ordained it as a path to his presence, then the Prophet scouts the instrument because it hinders that for which it was designed. The Prophet would pull down the temple when the building takes the place of the God for whose worship it was reared.

The whole Bible must be interpreted from this angle. The contention for the historicity of the story of Jonah borders on blasphemy. That God singled out this one traveler by sea to be the subject of the Divine care in contradiction to his way of caring for all who travel by land or sea is an outrage to the Christian consciousness of the Divine. God cares for all. Whether they are vomited ashore or drowned in the deep they are cared for by God. It does not follow that if we escape with life we are cared for; if we die we are neglected. No fish was ever big enough to take the place of the perpetual care. The incident reveals the habit.

When Luther turned his back on the institution, in answer to the inner voice, he joined the prophetic band. When Wesley turned from the formalism of his times and placed the emphasis on *experience,* he became a prophet. When a man to-day lifts his voice against the substitution of theology for spirituality, the placing of the great Book in place of the great God, he joins the Prophets. The reverence for the Book, coupled with the disregard of the Spirit of the Christ, that is becoming common in many places, calls loudly for prophetic rebuke. "Would God all the Lord's people were Prophets."

ALONG THE BEACH

A FAMILIAR beach is like an old friend; it constantly says and does new things. Even when it is most like itself it is most various. No successive tides are quite alike; no two waves ever behave in precisely the same fashion. The scrunch of the sand under your feet answers your mood. For me there is no other divertisement like a walk on the beach—and alone. (Two sometimes make a "crowd"; one may be great "company.") Tired, a walk at the edge of the surf tonics you; strife-ridden, it quiets you; heated of soul, it cools you like a mother's caress, chilled of spirit, it warms like a word of praise. Along a certain beach, then, I went one morning, recently. No destination mine. It is good to *go* sometimes and not go *anywhere* of purpose—just to *go*, with the orchestrated music of the surf stirring your soul. If we went oftener thus God would have better chance to say things to us. He cannot have his full say while we are making definite pilgrimages, or even walking for exercise.

I was alone on the beach, yet had I great sense of companionship. There were footprints the way I went, and half unconsciously at first I began to note the plain human marks in the sand. Heartaches and hopes, weariness and passion had gone up and down the beach since sun-up. Had I the requisite cipher I might have read the lives of my predecessors on the beach that morning as the archæologist spells out the story of bygone days, for a man's walk gives him away, tells his mood and how he destines, what he means and loves and fears. Napoleon's step on Saint Helena was different from that at Austerlitz. Washington Irving walked wearily after his sweetheart died. The padding of a thief is not as the gait of an honest man. There is a foot-writing as tell-tale and significant as chirography. Some day, perhaps, we shall learn it as we are learning hosts of wonderful languages.

But the footprints in the sand became few. And as, with an access of interest, I watched for them in my walk, one pair only, repeated at regular intervals, remained. The makers of the other tracks had gone back; to breakfast, perhaps, or high company,

or loneliness. Now my eyes were all for the single pair of footprints as they led on and on. One pedestrian had gone beyond the crowd. How far? I wondered. It is great to fare beyond the crowd, as Columbus did, as Roger Bacon, as Browning, as Saint Stephen. Discoverers of first grade are few because most people are lonesome away from the crowd. Creative artists, like Turner and Corot, are rare partly because the rest of us itch for company. No man can write a great poem or lead a great hope or live a great life so long as he feels need of another elbow at his own. He must always trust himself, his message, and his personal business on earth. Millais nearly starved to death while he was painting out the visions which had been given him. Greig ran the risk of popular ostracism because he dared use new musical phrase and harmony. Wordsworth was scoffed at for the very lines which have won for him literary immortality. Lincoln took great chances when he broke with the crowd which had elected him. Savonarola bore a loneliness which would frighten most of us to death. Jesus could not even take his choicest intimates into the black depths of Gethsemane.

Most of the world's richest gain is the usufruct of its pioneers, its trail-blazers. Erasmus had a more brilliant mind than Luther's, but Erasmus waited patiently for the crowd to catch up, and the crowd, led on by the doughty Wittenberg monk, went past. McClellan had certain clear advantages over Grant, but he was hesitant in action and the Union waited for the man who could fight it out "if it took all summer," and he had, withal, to fight alone. One must trust the people, of course; but trust that they need a leader who can go ahead and *keep* ahead of them. To be as good or as brave as the "other man" is to cheat the other man of his chance to be braver and better than he is to-day. Saintship, preeminently, is a dash for the Pole.

But the tracks in the sand—I came at length to the last of them. The beach was unbroken beyond me. The unnamed pilgrim had also gone back. Tired, perhaps, or craving companionship, or meeting an appointment, he had retraced his steps. I saw where he had turned, noticed his footprints pointing seaward, then I marked the steady plod, plod back.

There are times when if one persists in going ahead he cannot even claim the company of footprints. And the voices calling backward are so various—angry voices, persuasive voices, voices full of all pleading and passion and piety. Sometimes I have wondered what the world's pioneers in thought and action might not have achieved had they been able or permitted to keep on going ahead. Bruno, for example; precursor of the scientists of our day, dreamer of daring dreams, glimpser, at least, of truths without whose use mankind went heavily. Splendidly he fared alone until the church at Rome called him back. 'Twas impious to think outside the ruts of orthodoxy. Back, Bruno! He did not seem to hear, so they slew him in his tracks. Then there was Galileo challenging the astronomy of the ancients. Of course he did not realize that by questioning the astronomy he would break up the theology of his day. He lifted a daring eye to Orion and the Pleiades. And what he saw he had the temerity to say—for a while. Poor Galileo, he had to learn the unwisdom of going ahead of your age. They made him take down his telescope, compelled him to deny the wonders he had indubitably seen, bade him back. Possibly he was wiser than Bruno. At least he saved his life by turning back. Yet he died with his eager face turned toward the forbidden uncharted spaces, claiming again with passion the truth he had in terror forsworn. And John Huss, herald of a new day for the souls of men. How they shouted at him! They cried him down. Back to the fold of churchdom! Back, or your life! And so they took his life, just as his great torch was beginning to beacon all Europe.

Then there was Roger Williams, ill-content to let the majority do his thinking for him. Most are happy to accept thought in capsule form as prescribed by the doctors of current opinion. A live idea is always upsetting. The redoubtable Roger's nearly upset a colony. Every voice of prudence, of self-interest, cried, "Shame!" But Roger Williams's way led to Rhode Island, and the mother colony said, "Good riddance." Then there was Neal Dow, lifting and nailing aloft the impossible banner of prohibition and dying with more hurts than blessings in his ears. I think that truculent old fighter would almost die of joy were he alive

to-day and witting the status of prohibitory sentiment. And Jacob Riis, whose recent death has put us in grateful remembrance of his splendid human service. Had Jacob Riis taken counsel of fears Mulberry Bend would still soil the map of Manhattan Island. An impossible dreamer, did he not know that certain community evils are inevitable? No, he did not seem to know even when seasoned old politicians told him. He kept on insisting that such sinks of vice and squalor have no rights which a Christian manhood is bound to recognize. And Mulberry Bend disappeared from the map into history.

> He said, "Nay, nay," to the worldling's way:
> To the Spirit's clear voice he answered, "Yea!"

The Russian painter Kowalski painted Napoleon retreating across the pitiless snows from Moscow. You see the steam from the horses' nostrils. You feel in your bones the still white cold of a Russian winter. The twilight pink in the sky seems to sharpen the chill of the air. But what thermometer fashioned by man could register the temperature in the soul of the man in the sleigh? Beaten back, his dream of empire ruined, his invincible legions dabbling the snow with pathetic patches of color, the "little corporal" was retracing the steps he had taken so proudly. I have stood before the canvas for hours trying to read the mask on the face of the man in the sleigh. But the picture is parable too. There is no other cold so piercing as the cold of the soul that has had to turn back.

So I mused by the footprints in the sand. And I tried to guess the changes that will come over the gray-green earth as, one by one, men dare to pass the outermost bounds of other men's journeyings. It is not safe to say that anything is impossible to the pioneer. When his assistants assured Edison that the world yielded no metal suited to a certain need in his experiment, the wizard—and perhaps that is why he is a wizard—replied quietly, "Then we must make it." I heard echo of the same spirit in the laboratory of a hospital recently. "It can't be done," said all the textbooks. By which they meant that it had not *yet* been done. "It *must* be done," said my friend. And he has *done* it. Out from such a place, and under the power of such a spirit, will come,

some day, the exorcism of cancer. But the secret will hardly be found in collaboration. Some lonely, unadvertised seeker, disregarding the futile findings of other men as wise as he, leaving their footprints far behind, will track the foul secret to its hiding place. Inveterate social iniquities will be doomed in the same way. Not by legislatures in august session; not by committees of investigation charged with great business and voted full powers; not by vice commissions and courts of industrial arbitration, useful and painstaking as these may be; not by these, or such as these, will the solvent be found. Rather by some pioneering spirit, faring alone and asking only the present company of a high purpose. "Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of?" asked Jesus of some of his friends. The redemption he wrought was the achievement of One who could "tread the wine press alone." The cup of salvation he lifted to human lips everywhere was pressed from the grapes by lonely feet. And only those who dare follow in his train may even hope to share in his redemption. I do not claim to know how far Henry George's single tax theory would go toward bringing in the industrial millennium. But the spirit of the man is the spirit of the conqueror. Henry George dared to stand alone and be counted one. Maurice was probably wrong, both in his premises and in his conclusions. But his spirit was splendidly right; for he asked no man's leave to draw the thing as he saw it

For the God of things as they are.

It is easy, no doubt, to convict Count Malatesta of folly, but the real industrial saviour, when he comes, will be no less fiery of soul. Wanted: a man or woman who will walk clear into the ruck and spume of things and show to the rest of us the way out. No less heroic breed will do. One monk, leaping into the arena, theatrically, if you please, ended the old gladiatorial horrors. There was no precedent, there was no assurance of issue. Telemachus tried the lonely vicarious way. Who shall say there was another way? Some day, back along the beach, will sound the cry of a pilgrim more venturesome than any predecessor, "Eureka!"

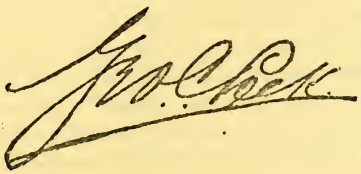
And our personal life. I wonder how any man expects to find himself by measuring the length of a conventional tether and

trotting back when the leash begins to tighten. "I go to prove my soul," cried Browning. How far to go he did not say. Nor can any other tell me how far I must "go to prove my soul." There is never complete precedent for the culture of the individual. Each soul is unique, and can attain full self-expression only by treading its peculiar path. Saint Augustine was not the original of Calvin, or Paul, or Luther. If no two fingerprints are alike, still less can two men or two women be found in duplicate. And, if each is different, how hopeless to look for a copy to follow. "That which each can do best only his Maker can teach him," said Emerson profoundly. Be sure, then, that one's Maker will never send him in quest of an example—not even to Jesus Christ. Our Lord is so much more than "example" that he is the inspirer of personality. He does for a man what sunshine does for an apple or an oak—develops the individual to his best. He never asks Peter how far he falls short of John's stature, but how far Peter falls short of himself. Only one Zacchæus climbed a tree for sight of his Lord. For anybody else to adopt the tree-climbing method of entering discipleship would be mere mimicry.

And heaven. "Heaven is not reached at a single bound," nor by a well-beaten path either. In one of his charming essays Brierley asks when it is heaven. The answer, if I may phrase it in terms of the prints in the sand, is very beautiful: Heaven lies just beyond the much-traveled lanes. Heaven is "when the soul lets go." "The bourne from which no traveler returns." Of course; otherwise it is not heaven, but something less.

> For though from out the bourne of time and place
> The flood may bear me far,

it is only in those distant lonely reaches that we may hope to "see our Pilot face to face."



JOHN MC LEAN

Judge John McLean of the United States Supreme Court has almost dropped out of sight. His active life fell into the fifty years between the war of 1812 with England and the war of Secession in 1861; between Hull's surrender and Fort Sumter. His image stands historically between the generation now living and the time passed into history. Some one ought to seize upon the receding outlines and rescue them from fading out. This sketch is from fragments gathered from meager records and from personal inquiry, by correspondence and conversation. A few men with whom I have talked knew him personally, among them Professor Merrick, of the Ohio Wesleyan University. When presiding at Columbus, Judge McLean was in the habit of inviting Professor Merrick to his room for fellowship. Professor Lorenzo Dow McCabe gave me most valuable information concerning the personal qualities of the great man, so also did Dr. Joseph M. Trimble, himself a son of Governor Trimble. Rev. Dr. Lyon, of Delaware, O., described to me the appearance of Judge McLean on the bench as stately but kind and gentle. He, though but a boy, was so impressed. A steel-engraving of him hung on a façade to an alcove in the library of the Ohio Wesleyan University represented a face of great firmness, and, but for the reports of men who describe him as gentle, polite, and kind, one would say he was austere and stern. The chin is well-molded, but firm; the finely outlined mouth large; the shapely nose prominent; the brows beetle over deep-set eyes, which were gray; the forehead lofty; the hair, having disappeared from the front, falls to the coat-collar behind, about a powerful, well-poised neck, which sits in a pointed standing collar, surrounded by a black "stock." The shiny folds of an ample vest hint of satin and the oldtime gentleman. When this man moved along the streets his stately form arrested attention, as once when Webster, passing along a street in London, drew forth the remark, "That man looks like a cathedral." General Scott looked the embodiment of the martial spirit; Judge Ewing seemed the impersonation of jurisprudence; Chase, as if

himself were the "sinews of war" which he brought to the hour of our nation's peril. McLean belonged to that physical order of uncommon men. Hon. W. F. Hunter was congressman from Delaware, O., and saw much of McLean during his stay in Washington. His impressions helped me.

The "Mc" in the Judge's name points to Erin as the source of his Celtic blood. He was born in Morris County, New Jersey, March 11, 1785. The family moved West, settling in Morgantown, Va., for a short time, then in Kentucky; thence his father transplanted him to Ohio soil in Warren County. That southwestern part of the Buckeye State has been the early home of many of the great ones of the nation. Whether native-born or imported, it has given to the world such preachers as Lyman Beecher and that Shakespeare of the pulpit Henry Ward Beecher; also John P. Durbin, the modern Chrysostom; such orators as Charles Anderson and Tom Corwin, the wizard, among stump orators; such presidents as both the Harrisons and Rutherford B. Hayes; such writers as T. Buchanan Read, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Alice and Phœbe Cary; such scholars as General O. M. Mitchel; governors, thirteen from Cincinnati; justices, such as Stanley Matthews, Bellamy Storer, Chase, Taft, and the subject of our sketch. John McLean began life in Warren County, O., for himself in 1801, as both school-teacher and wood-chopper while pursuing his studies. Sixty years afterward, when he died, he was one of the judges of the United States Supreme Court, a position he had held for thirty-one years.

He belonged to that order of American nobility who might be double-starred as wood-chopper and school-teacher. Thomas Ewing, Lincoln, and Garfield were wood-choppers all of them; Garfield a canal-boat driver, Lincoln a flat-boat sailor, Grant a tanner; and most had taught school. The list might be swelled, taking such as Presidents Arthur, John Quincy Adams, and even "Old Hickory." It must be confessed that many have felled trees who never became McLeans or Gladstones; some have followed towpaths who never became Garfields, some have wielded the birch who never turned out as did John Quincy Adams. There is still a way to raise men though the forests be felled and the towpath

fallen in. McLean's education was obtained under great disadvantages. It was substantially the equivalent of the nonclassical college course. So was that of John Jay, first chief justice of the United States, appointed by George Washington. McLean studied law in Cincinnati under Arthur St. Clair, son of the Revolutionary general. To pay his way he wrote in the clerk's office in Hamilton County, reserving time for his law study. At twenty-two he hung out his shingle as an attorney in Lebanon, O. To this he added the function of editor, starting the Western Star, but wisely sold out three years afterward. In 1807 he took as life partner Miss Rebecca Edwards, daughter of Dr. Edwards, formerly of South Carolina. Soon after their marriage she was converted. They lived happily together for thirty-three years. She died in 1840, ten years after he had been made one of the Supreme Judges of the United States. Three years after her death he was again married to a lady of rare intelligence and religious character—Mrs. Sarah Bella Garrard, daughter of Israel Ludlow, one of the founders of Cincinnati.

He was successful as a lawyer for a half dozen years. He then made a change which as a rule is perilous. He entered politics and was elected to Congress at the age of twenty-seven. Madison was then President of the United States. The war of 1812 was on with its cry of "Free trade and sailors' rights." In two years McLean was returned to Congress by a singular kind of vote: every ballot cast at the polls was for him. Next year his State offered to make him United States Senator. This he declined, preferring to hold on as Representative. The year after that he was made judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio and continued for six years in that congenial and appropriate place. Then President Monroe appointed him United States Land Commissioner, and here the hand of the just judge was felt. A year afterward, in 1823, President Monroe made him Postmaster-General. Throughout that department of the service was great confusion and inefficiency. McLean wrote a clear hand, which was but the sign of the vigor of his administration, preparing the way for the present marvelous perfection of our postal system. Congress raised the salary, even Randolph of Roanoke advocating it as

a tribute to McLean's personal merit. John Quincy Adams, who succeeded Monroe, was of the opposite political party, but he kept McLean at the head of the postal service, which is now one of his great monuments.

General Jackson was elected President to succeed Adams in 1824. McLean took no part in the bitter fight, having declared his purpose in advance. A man like Jackson knew not what to do with one like McLean. He had announced his political creed, "To the victors belong the spoils," but what to do with McLean embarrassed him. He could disgrace himself fighting duels, could crush the United States Bank, ride over South Carolina nullification, defeat Choctaw and Seminole and drive Pakenham's British army from New Orleans, but what could he do with this great clear-headed, pure-hearted statesman? He offered McLean to retain him as Postmaster-General, or make him Secretary of the Navy, or Secretary of War. Each was declined. "What can I do for you?" "There is a vacancy on the Supreme Bench," said McLean. "Thank you, sir," said the cob-pipe hero, and McLean rose to his normal place. McLean found his sphere preeminently on the Supreme Bench.

The Scotch-Irish, whence are they? In the north of Ireland is the province of Ulster, in size not over one fifth of the State of Ohio. Long before Knox's time the Irish went over to Caledonia and so far subdued its people as to leave their own name, Scott, upon the land. A thousand years afterward the Scotch in return went to Ireland and planted in Ulster an irrepressible Presbyterian Protestantism. Thence came to the American Colonies, about one hundred years after the settlement of the Puritans in New England and the Cavaliers in Virginia, a flood of immigration which, entering New England, Pennsylvania, and the Carolinas, broke through by degrees west of the Alleghenies into all the West. For a time they were busy in the work of settlement and subjugation of the soil; they helped in the Revolutionary War and the founding of the American government, silent as to their nationality; but in later years they have spoken out, made themselves known, and asserted their claims. There is some risk in their discounting the power of Puritanism in their sweeping claims

for having accomplished almost all in bringing the country to its present achievements. However, Puritans, having first had their say, can well afford to learn from this broad-shouldered, big-brained hardy race. They anticipated the Declaration of Independence in a lesser one at Mecklenburg, N. C., one year before '76. They dropped the English rose from their emblem, leaving only the thistle and the shamrock. Fortunately that rebellion never could be complete. The Stone of Scone having been placed beneath the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey was never removed from its place, neither the hardy Scot from his loyalty to the British throne, while Gladstone, with Scotch blood in his veins, practically effected the disestablishment in Ireland and unhappy Erin has come to her emancipation from a long, intolerable landlordism.

When the Declaration of Independence was signed there were placed in the immortal roll the names of eleven Scotchmen. When Washington formed his first Cabinet he called Alexander Hamilton to the Treasury; Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State; General Knox, Secretary of War; John Randolph, Attorney-General—Scotch blood in every one of them. Also Rutledge and John Marshall—chief justices—Scotch. In the conquest of the West David Crockett, Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton—these Scotch-Irishmen were breakers on the wave of civilization. There followed others of the same Scotch-Irish: General Sam Houston, George R. Clark, Andrew Jackson, Breckenridge, and Benton. Still later to this heart of the republic James K. Polk, and they claim Abraham Lincoln, whose whole make-up, physical and intellectual, seems to warrant the claim, while of Ulysses Grant there seems no doubt. As one hearkens to the puff of the engine, it seems to be shouting the name of Watt, Watt, Watt. If he listens to the muffled sound of the steamboat, it will speak the name of another Scotch-Irishman, "Robert Fulton, Robert Fulton, Robert Fulton." Do you hear the singing of the wires overhead? Their melodious note hums the name of another of this race, "Samuel Morse, Samuel Morse, Samuel Morse." When the trolley lines carry one swinging up and down our valleys, he may hear the name of a man with a Dutch father and a Scotch mother, as it sings "Edison,

Edison, Edison." Should there come ringing on your ear the telephone, hearken well and you will hear the name of a man born in Edinburgh, born again in Boston, "Bell, Bell, Bell." Look at the harvester rolling across the fields and you will hear it singing its inventor's praise, "McCormick, McCormick, McCormick." When you roll along a graveled highway in carriage or automobile you cannot forget that the macadamized way is whispering a Scotchman's name, "McAdam, McAdam, McAdam."

Salmon P. Chase and Mark Hanna were both Scotch-Irish. There is on the maternal side a strain of this blood in Theodore Roosevelt. Never was there a manlier Presidential campaign than when two gifted Scotch-Irish Christian men headed the Republican and the Democratic tickets in the persons of William McKinley and William J. Bryan. Forty colonial governors sent to this country before 1776, and twelve Presidents of the United States up to date, have been of this blood. This was written in sight of the cemetery where lies the dust of two Scotch-Irish Ohio governors, Duncan McArthur and William Allen.

They have been illustrious in law and jurisprudence. To name John Marshall is but to suggest a line of such: Thomas Ewing, Jeremiah S. Black, David Davis, Allen G. Thurman, Benjamin Harrison, William C. Preston, Attorney-General Crittenden, John G. Carlisle, and Proctor Knott—all great lawyers; Thomas Scott, and William McClintock. The list of orators were too long to call: Patrick Henry, John Witherspoon, Samuel Galloway, of Columbus, O. When President Lincoln introduced Galloway to General McClellan, he remarked, "I want to present my friend, Sam Galloway; there is but one of his kind."

To eliminate this race from the ranks of American preachers were to rob it of much of its glory in Canada and the United States. To specify were a long, invidious task. Part of its emphasis may be seen in its contribution to Methodism as well as to Presbyterianism and the other churches. It gave such as Mackenzie, McTyeire, Maffitt, Axley, McGee, Cartwright, and Lakin. It has furnished the episcopacy of the Methodist Episcopal Church with a Simpson and a Thoburn. Were the Fitzes and Macs, with all that strain of blood, to be superannuated, an

immediate election would become necessary to repair the wreck of the episcopal wheel.

A pair of Scotch-Irish brothers, Presbyterian and Methodist, John and William McGee, were humanly responsible for the great revival which occurred in 1800, known as the Canebrake Camp Meeting in Kentucky, which originated the evangelical Cumberland Presbyterian Church as well as the modern camp meeting.

As educators the Scotch-Irish have greatly distinguished themselves. Blair founded William and Mary for "the glory of Almighty God," some claim, before Harvard was established. There were the Tennents and Witherspoons, McCosh of Princeton, and the late William R. Harper, of Chicago University. The Ohio University, though started by New England Puritans, has had in the line of her presidents several descendants from Ulster. The portraits of Wilson and Howard are Scotchy. McGuffey, who did so much for the literary taste of young America by his school-readers, must have been Scotch-Irish. It is certain that President William H. Scott inherited his stalwart manhood, high moral tone, religious conscientiousness, and philosophical acumen from the North of Ireland on both the paternal and maternal side. Dr. George R. Crooks, of Drew Seminary, scholar and biographer, was of this stock. Some of the chief places in Johns Hopkins and the University of Pennsylvania are filled with Scotch-Irish. Such was the blood of McLean.

During his career McLean was voted for by Democrats, sustained in power by Whigs, advocated in 1856 by the Free Soilers, and was made a rival candidate against Fremont for President, receiving a hundred and ninety-six votes in their convention at Buffalo. In 1860, at Chicago, he was supported by his fellow citizens, who knew him best, as candidate for President in the place filled by Lincoln—fortunate failure. He stood through all the political changes going on for sixty years— Democrat, Whig, Free Soiler, Republican, and had the "Third Party" appeared he would have been pleased with its aim. This man stood like a Teneriffe fixed amid the tides. Parties came and went about him like floods. In that he rises a sublime model of lofty moral grandeur before the young men of America. As a contrast take the

experience of Daniel Webster, one of the world's greatest men in talent. Men who heard him were convinced that he had no equal as an orator. Who ever spoke as did he at Bunker Hill or in Congress?—especially in his reply to Hayne, March 7, 1830. He took issue, however, with the Wilmot proviso, the Free Soil doctrine. That was against the incoming tide of human liberty. Some suspected that it was a bid for the Presidency, but let us hope that it was intended to preserve the Union, "one and inseparable," for which he did such magnificent service. How stood McLean? The slavery power was dominant in Congress. It was compact. It swept the pulpit of a large part of the nation into its advocacy. "Onesimus the slave" furnished the text usually. Chief Justice Taney decided, "The Negro has no rights which the white man is bound to respect." Though chief justice of the Supreme Court, he, too, had been swept by the tide from his lofty position. Judge McLean wrote the dissenting opinion in this Dred Scott case. It was signed also by Associate Justice Curtis. That opinion formulated the idea of the Wilmot Proviso, which opened the way for the Free Soil Party. That resulted in the doctrine of "Squatter Sovereignty," followed by the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, thence on to Abolitionism, to Harper's Ferry under John Brown, then on to Bull Run, Gettysburg, Appomattox, and to Peace.

When McLean died the war of Secession was on and went in the direction of his life. Daniel Webster, as great a man in his possibilities, fell with his face toward the dark side of the conflict and its dismal failure.

In the critical time between his beginning as a young lawyer and his entrance on political life came McLean's religious conversion. He had always been upright, thoughtful, and kind, but skeptical. The Rev. John Collins preached in a private house in Lebanon, O. The room was overcrowded. Young McLean stood outside, an attentive listener. The preacher saw him and was impressed with the young man's looks. He paused a moment in the sermon and lifted his heart to God in silent prayer. He resumed his discourse, beginning the first sentence with the word "eternity." That proved the barbed arrow piercing to the con-

science and the skepticism of the young man. McLean's sturdy nature calmly faced the great fact of destiny. He sought the acquaintance of the minister. Collins proposed that McLean read the Bible daily for fifteen minutes at least, honestly inquiring for light, until his return to Lebanon. He was on his way to clear daylight by the time the minister returned. Another reasonable thing was proposed by Mr. Collins: secret prayer at sundown until they should meet again. Of course the sun in the heavens could sooner fail than that God should fail to enlighten a soul like that. He was truly converted. McLean accompanied Mr. Collins sometimes on his circuit, which included Lebanon, and with his young wife he established a family altar. From Lebanon there lie before me written testimonies from six men high in civil rank in and out of the church and of various politics, all agreeing in the opinion that McLean was profoundly religious and thoroughly clean. Bishop Clark in preaching the funeral sermon of the Judge in Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati, cited the testimony of a number of men by name, among them that of Judge Storer, who said of McLean that "he seemed to preside in court as though consciously under the eye of the Supreme Judge of the Universe." The bishop then sums up by declaring McLean's Christian character untarnished and unsuspected. When we remember that this covers the perilous career of a public life in Washington, beset as it is with temptation and calumny, it furnishes an instance of pureness which for our country's sake should not be allowed to pass into oblivion.

There were noble antecedents in the history of the Supreme Bench. John Jay, first chief justice, appointed in 1789 by George Washington, had been illustrious as legislator, as ambassador, as pioneer in great judicial decisions, and was at one time president of the American Bible Society. Governor Morris asked Jay to stand as godfather for his son, saying, "He shall learn from your life that one must be truly religious to be truly great." One said of him, "When the judicial ermine fell upon him it touched nothing less spotless than itself." Governor Hoadly said later of Judge Salmon P. Chase, "What helped him, what made him, he walked with God." John Marshall, so long chief justice, was a

defender of the faith and became a communicant toward the end of life. We may be happy to know that the spirit of McLean is not dead in this country. There are other men in as conspicuous life as devout as he. Of course publicity and detraction go together. McLean was opposed, maligned, sneeringly called the "Methodist preacher," in order to drive him from John Quincy Adams's cabinet. Marshall and Jay and Washington and Lincoln and Paul and Jesus were all slandered. Universal popularity is not always proof of spotless character.

Isaac Crook

SUBJECTIVISM

In an ecclesiastical gathering recently an attack was made upon a certain theological school. "They deny the deity of Jesus," it was said. "No," exclaimed a defender, "that cannot be; they teach his deity." "Well," said another defender, a peacemaker, "this is what they do: they present the arguments for and against and let the student take his choice." In an educational gathering in Kansas City not long ago the excellent lecturer, speaking of the new conditions which call for a new Sunday school activity, said in effect that we face a new theology with a new attitude of mind. The young minister no longer receives a certain body of truth from his instructors, but hears many sides and then fights out the battle of his own theology, works out with sweat and struggle his own message for men. At a late examination for ordination the young candidate was not sure of any of the great doctrines of the faith, or those formerly supposed to be such, but he was sure of this, that the Bible is not an authority to our religious consciousness. The religious consciousness is its own authority. On another similar occasion the candidate's answers on the great fundamentals were clear, but when questioned on certain supplemental doctrines and facts of considerable, though not primary, importance, he answered: "I do not know. They may be true or they may not be true. The Scripture seems to teach them. But they have not been verified in my own experience, they make no particular appeal to me, have no bearing on my religious life at least at present. I cannot say." For good or bad these incidents are symptomatic of a widespread and probably an increasing tendency in our theological thought, the tendency to make the subjective tests and criteria supreme, to make them, indeed, really the sole arbiters of religious truth. The tendency reaches its extreme form, or what some may call its logical consummation, in comparatively few, but it is found to characterize increasing numbers and to an increasing degree. It may be philosophical subjectivism; in its ripest form a pure idealism which grounds not only all teaching or thought but also all reality in the thinking of the individual.

Sometimes it is a critical method, or, even less than a method, a critical bias; as when Luther flouted certain books of the Bible because they did not fully enough exhibit his sovereign doctrine of justification by faith, or as when many a modern critic applies to Scripture books or statements his own highly trained historical or theological or literary sense or taste, rejects this, thrusts that to the background, and reconstructs the other, according to the deliverances of his own inner consciousness. It may in biblical criticism or theology be a rationalistic subjectivism, which decisively eliminates all in the teaching or the history that does not conform to canons almost or quite identical with those of the physical sciences. Or, like James Martineau's, almost pantheistic in its idealism, it holds that there is in men naturally a divine element of religious insight and common sense to which the Scripture must be subject and which may be trusted to select the wheat from among the chaff. In such men as Sabatier and Lobstein, as President Mullins suggests, it becomes an almost mystical subjectivism of a Christian type. A moral resurrection produced in us by the experience of Christ's pardoning love and by his presence in our souls has given us an inner life whose affinities and insight and selective powers are such that our own consciousness is a reflection or an outpost of Christ's consciousness and is therefore for us the ultimate test of religious truth, the ultimate authority. Or still further, it may be an agnostic or skeptical subjectivism which explains all religious experience as well as all religious ideas as being purely the product of the individual intellect and without any objective reality whatever. The strifes of the theologies or of the religious types are battles of moonshine warriors. No such widespread tendency can exist by mere force of error; it must somehow exploit, though it may overexploit, some legitimate element of truth, some actual spiritual force. Subjectivism could not command the intelligent, earnest, loving, and, in so many cases, spiritual following it commands unless it did make a really valuable contribution to our religious life. But it may do that when held within its own proper bounds, and yet, when carried to an easily possible extent, may become a virulent spiritual poison.

There are many things to be said for it, at least in its more

moderate forms. No one can help sympathizing with its assertion of the freedom of the human mind and soul against any outward compulsion, against authority of any kind that is really and fundamentally external. If an alleged authority cannot soon or late make itself an internal authority, an authority which awakens to true response that which is deepest and truest in our souls, it can never be anything but external; and purely external authority may fetter the hands, silence the voice, even paralyze the mind and atrophy the soul, but it has no lawful power over the inner and regal personality of the man himself. This is true of all so-called human spiritual authority. That is nonexistent. No longer can creed or council or prelate or church command us to receive their dicta or dogmas. And *any* external authority, divine as well as human, must somehow get itself credentialed to the soul itself as from God, and as the soul's own, before it becomes authority—before it becomes either valid or effective. God must somehow get into that soul, and become a dominating force there, before even his writs shall run in those domains. And it may be reverently said that that authority is the only authority God seeks to exercise. Again, and similarly, subjectivism deserves approval in so far as it is an affirmation of vitality and reality against formality and unreality. Creed-subscription always means the danger of being either hypocritical or hollow. A man may subscribe to that which in his heart of hearts he repudiates. Or he may take upon his lips or seriously undertake to receive into his mind that which really finds no contact with either mind or soul or spirit. Subjectivism demands that we profess to possess in thought or feeling nothing that we do not really possess, nothing that has not gripped us *to* the depths, or *toward* them. When subjectivism, further, or anything else, insists that our creed must come to living terms with our reason, our conscience, and our moral and spiritual sense, we cannot refuse to say, "Amen," to it. It must not confound ultrarationality with contrarationality and say that because a doctrine is beyond the grasping range of our reason therefore it is contrary to reason. It must remember that our moral and spiritual senses are yet immature, and their judgments always liable to correction by further knowledge and wider experience, or

by the greater knowledge and wider experience of others, especially of God. But we recognize with it that the human intellect, the human heart, and the human spiritual sense are noble gifts of God himself, from which he may indeed ask submission, but to which he will not do violence. "Credo quia impossibile est" is a hyperbole of faith of which man is not capable to-day, and which God has never asked. In so far, too, as subjectivism expresses the inner law, that we really do in the highest sense possess no religious truth that has not become vital in us by actual experience, it lays stress upon a most valuable principle of religion. Our effective Bible is precisely as large as that portion of it which we have obeyed, acted upon, tested by active, believing faith, attested by a living experience of grace and power. One may proclaim till doomsday that he believes the Bible from lid to lid, that he has a whole Bible, unmutilated by assailant's sword or critic's knife; he really has just as much Bible as has entered into his religious life by faith and obedience. Every age in the world has needed that truth; we need it as much as any. But, not to anticipate too much, it were foolish for any landholder to insist that he had no title to any other land than that on which his foot had so far stepped, or whose fruits he had actually eaten; foolish for any soldier to say that his order book contained no other commands than those he had already recognized and obeyed. To the extent, again, to which subjectivism really exalts the great law that obedience is the organ of spiritual knowledge, that he that doeth the will shall know of the doctrine, it is an admirable thing. It does not always do this. Too often it makes the test of the doctrine, not its workability and results in the hands of obedient faith, but its correspondence to certain ideas and principles preconceived before faith could begin or its reaction upon a certain susceptibility, or even irritability, in the spiritual nature. But in those cases where subjectivism does seek to do justice to the whole nature of man in its response to the whole nature of God, where it grounds its deliverance upon results obtained when will and feeling and spirit as well as the intellect are turned upon truth and God in active testing, it is certainly an inspiring and uplifting truth which opens up vistas of infinite and increasing possibility.

On no cheaper terms will God communicate his truth and life. And, lastly, we are grateful for the emphasis on subjectivism where it recognizes and asserts the inner life of God in the soul of man, especially where that asserted life is grounded upon the indwelling life and power of Jesus mediated through a definite religious experience. The pantheistic or merely natural ground leads us far astray into all sorts of error, but one greets with a thrill of fraternal recognition any man who sees authority coming, to valid effect at least, only through the response of a regenerated human nature to its God and Saviour, when the Spirit witnesses with our spirit that we are sons of God and the deep new chord of spiritual aspiration and power and insight within us vibrates in answer to the voice of God as he sounds forth the truths of higher living, the demands of higher duty, the invitations of higher privilege.

It is but another phase of the same valuable service in subjectivism when we say that a well-founded and well-balanced subjectivism gives us a base of inward assurance which raises us above the dangers and vicissitudes of current critical or historical thought and research. We are not nervously anxious when some traditional theories receive severe examination or even must go by the board. With the man whom Jesus made to see, we look with some detachment on the war of the theories and the battle of the doubts, and say, to spiritual Pharisees and Sadducees alike, "Why, herein is a marvelous thing, that ye know not from whence he is, and yet he hath opened mine eyes." We shall see reasons why even this service of the subjective in religion needs frequent supplementing and correction, but it is of wonderful service amid the winds of doctrine and the sleight of men.

Subjectivism, therefore, may and does supplement, deepen, enrich, vitalize, our objectivity in religion. Nevertheless, the tendency in its riper and more developed forms is open to the gravest criticism. It is erroneous and dangerous philosophically, theologically, vitally. It is ill-based, distorted, ill-balanced. In the first place, it is guilty of the philosophical error, from which flows many a vital one, of practically denying the objective reality of truth, and, indeed, of any entity outside the subject. It may

not theoretically deny the existence of objective truth, but this, as external, becomes practically nonexistent. This is pragmatism exactly reversed and carried to *reductio ad absurdum*. It is idealism running loose. For it is a bold idealist who will deny the actual existence of everything external to the individual thinker; he will modify by acknowledging the existence of other thinkers, especially the great Thinker whose thought is the universe, and he will further allow himself in all his practical dealings to treat with the external universe as if it actually existed. The transcendental Emerson rises from his table where he has been insisting on the oversoul and bargains for a load of wood or apples with a shrewdness which commands the full respect of the Yankee seller. And while the most thoroughgoing idealists of to-day, the followers of Mrs. Eddy, deny the existence of the whole phenomenal world, even they "have to draw the line somewhere," and they draw it at good clothes, comfortable homes, fine churches, and good round fees for spiritual healing. Here, however, in the realm of religion, where experience is indeed so dependent upon acceptance and appreciation, this theory in its extreme form shuts out all truth that has not in some way been included in our previous or present experience. All the rest of the whole world of religious truth, as far as we are concerned, is not. But in fact God is, and truth is, and reality is, and the subjectivist is Nelson turning his blind eye on any of God's signals which he has not yet seen and making them for himself nonexistent. This method makes the mistake, which so many of our philosophies do, in confounding epistemology with ontology, and limiting the things that are to the things we know. In thus shutting out all except that which the mind can at this moment verify, or which its inner life can experience, it also, if it is logical, destroys the effective testimony of the collective Christian consciousness, both ancestral and contemporary, since this, too, is alien and external, wherever it bears witness to realms beyond our present experience or comprehension. This is individualism raised to the *nth* power, like that of the jellyfish who swam in the tropical sea and exclaimed, "This world, it consists of Me." It deprives us of the richness, breadth, length, and height of the experience of the fathers and the brethren. That

passage which speaks of "knowing with all saints" the length and breadth and height of that love of God which passeth knowledge is nothing to the thoroughgoing subjectivist. No saint's experience half a stage ahead of him or one individuality away from him is of any significance, for it is not within the range of his own consciousness. Furthermore, when it comes to temptation, to doubt, to stress, to thronging forces of fear and faltering, the consistent subjectivist has foregone the buttressing, bracing, bulwarking, sustaining power of that mighty unity of Christian life whose bounds are so much wider, whose uplook is so much higher, than that of any single soul could ever hope to be. It is an inexpressible comfort when my own hope grows dim that other souls are aglow, and aglow with light warmer and more intense than mine has ever been. On the Alpine heights my foot may slip, but I am tied by the stout rope of fraternal experience to my brethren and in their sturdy stride I stand. The subjectivist, if he is logical, steps—and slips—alone. Another and most serious arraignment is that it leaves the religious life without definite intellectual content and without a corrective norm. One of its root principles shuts out all but the barest, most elemental, most general truths of religion. That root principle is that historical events or doctrinal declarations are to be subjected chiefly—only, in the last analysis—to subjective tests. Historical statement or detail of religion is really of little importance. If I can hold in mind and heart the general idea of a mediatory Christ, the supreme expression, or even simple ideal, of the love of God to man, the historic picture of an actual Jesus of Nazareth is of no importance. My value-judgment of Jesus is that of God in his expression of divine love. No doubt the literary and historical criticism has left me only the vaguest picture of an historic Jesus, but that will serve, since it is the value-judgment and the spiritual experience alone that counts. But, furthermore, any so-called historic fact or theological doctrine that does not yield religious experience, that does not answer to the test of my inner consciousness, is, as far as I am concerned, to be rejected. In other words, for the subjectivist all historic facts are tested by spiritual criteria, but, on the other hand, no spiritual fact is to be tested by historical

criteria. This leaves the religious life, as was said above, without intellectual content and without a corrective norm. Nothing is in it but the vaguest religious elements, and it is without form or shape. As a result of this indeterminateness in stuff and shape subjectivism is continually lapsing on the one hand into agnosticism, since there is nothing precise to be known and there is no precise way to know it; on the other hand, it becomes a vague shapeless pantheism in which we and our experience become merged into the all. Or, much oftener where there is more real religious experience back of it, it becomes a characteristic mysticism, which, if the man lives long enough or moves fast enough or is logical enough, gradually exfoliates all the Christian elements and becomes largely a mere self-hypnotism of the soul. For religion to be living and vital and forceful it is necessary that the divine force with which we have to do should be definite, personal, with clearly defined historical contact with the world, an actual living entity and personality: even Jesus of Nazareth, Jesus the Christ, Jesus the crucified, Jesus the risen, Jesus who sitteth at the right hand of God, Jesus who indwells and empowers as a personal living presence the lives of his people. The Christian character, the definite Christian experience, are impossible without the Christian content. He who starts from Christian experience and drifts into subjectivism may never drift altogether away from Christ, his inherited momentum may be enough to prevent his skidding, but he who starts from subjectivism will never move to the full Christian experience unless somehow his mind begins to attain the definite objective truths and facts which are the intellectual foundation of the Christian experience; the facts whose action on the soul gives rise to that reaction of the soul which is the awakening spirit's response to its enfolding spiritual environment—in short, Christian experience. Subjectivism tries to make the hands of the clock turn spontaneously without the objective force, the objective reality of Jesus, which moves the works. No man can have a Christian experience to whom the Christ, definite, personal, actual, historical, has not been presented. And here is found the answer to the insistence that no fact can be valid for the Christian consciousness which is not immediately experienced

by the Christian consciousness in one form or another. "That there is a divine power in the world to forgive and uplift and bless," the subjectivist exclaims, "I know because I have experienced it." "In a general way too," the Christian subjectivist adds, "I know that that power is connected with the presentation to my mind of the picture of Jesus Christ. It makes my heart burn within me. But there is nothing about your story of Christ's walking upon the water, nothing about the Gadarene demoniac, nothing about the virgin birth, nothing about his body actually rising from the dead, that ministers to my soul's need or finds response in me." "Furthermore," the boldest of them says, "as long as I have the picture it is of no importance to me whether any historic details are true or not. This is the picture of God's love and it does the work of my soul." But the unanswerable reply is at hand. Your picture of Jesus Christ is a beautiful dream. Since when did the beauty and charm of a dream constitute the proof of its reality? You say that must be a true picture of God's love, though no historical fact corresponds to it. If your dream has no historical fact back of it it has overwhelming historical fact against it. At the best it can be but an unprovable conjecture. Human life, Jesus Christ and those inspired by him being out of it, tells no such story. Nature, "red in tooth and claw," tells no such story. Law, rigid, inflexible, unpitying throughout the universe, tells no such story. All the things you can picture together out of nature's kindliness amid her ruthlessness make only faltering hints of such a story, poor, diverse, scattered fragments. Not unless God actually did come definitely into contact with human life through human life, not unless he did speak unto us in a Son, have we any foundation for your picture. You must prove your picture first. And in that process every historical detail of the life of Jesus has its part to play. To exhibit the tenderness, the character, the uniqueness, the power, the deity of that life, your walking on the water, your water made wine, your virgin birth, your bodily resurrection are all of importance. They are the little lines that make up the divine human face that rather than lessens grows, or decomposes but to recompose, comes my universe that feels and knows. Many truths are not directly valu-

able to the religious consciousness in themselves—they never can be, perhaps, though they are more often so than one thinks—but they assist to build up the general impression which is most valuable, most important, indispensable to the effect produced on the religious consciousness. They prove the fact, they complete the picture that does the work. Nothing will account for the idea of Jesus but the fact of Jesus; nothing will in the first place prove the fact of Jesus but the facts about Jesus. Happy is the man, and I trust that happiness is ours, who now apprehends Jesus directly, but he never gets to that point except by the stairway of the facts painfully traversed by some past generation, or by himself.

And this suggests still another grave defect. Its method is directly contradictory to the method of knowledge and advance in every other branch of human thought and learning. In these objectivity always takes the initiative. Subjectivity is the junior partner, needed, indispensable, but secondary, whose business is not to insist that objectivity coincide with it, but to get itself to coincide with objectivity. The very first knowledge we get comes by way of objectivity. I would not discuss the existence of original ideas in the mind before consciousness, still less would I concede that the human mind and personality are the creation of our environment, but the most hardened idealist must admit that there is no evidence that any human mind, on earth, anyway, would ever awaken if some ray from without, through some of the senses, did not impinge with stimulating power on this mere mass of latent possibilities. If Helen Keller's mind had been shut away from the outer world by a nerve paralysis which blotted out touch, feeling, the muscular sense, and smell, as well as sight and sound, we cannot conceive of any human power which could have aroused to activity that inchoate human spirit. The process begins with objectivity and it goes on that way. The universe presses on us with its innumerable facts and forces and processes, and subjectivity consciously or automatically summons its powers to receive and react. When we enter upon the process of our formal education, formal instruction, we observe the same order, and the mind of the teacher, some individual person, or the collective experience, skill, and knowledge of the race becomes a

deliberate, purposive, and active shaping element in our environment. Undoubtedly the constant effort of the true teacher will be to awaken subjectivity. "What think ye?" says Jesus again and again. But he does it by first presenting objectivity: "Verily, I say unto you." Subjectivism says, "Accept no alleged fact or doctrine that you have not verified or cannot verify in your own experience." Education, science, art, the arts, all say, "Verify facts as fast as you can, but meanwhile accept upon competent authority the facts which you cannot now verify, which perhaps never can be verified by you, but which others have verified." Subjectivism says, "Test before trusting"; education says, "Test by trusting." The navigator sits down with his nautical almanac packed with the results of observations which neither he nor a thousand like him perhaps could take in a lifetime; he turns to his table of logarithms which no one probably for fifty years has ventured to work out from the foundation; he takes these two objective things, fixes his gaze on an objective star or an objective sun, and with perfect confidence and perfect accuracy discovers his location and lays out his course. If he were a subjectivist he would scorn such slavish servitude to the external, pump up his facts and figures from the depths of his inner consciousness, deny all facts and figures which did not agree therewith, and freely, boldly, confidently sail—whither? And note what this means. It means that the garnered treasures of human thought, experiment, and experience are deliberately ignored, rejected, and you begin your religious life—as you would not care to begin any other phase of your life—naked, unarmed, unequipped, save with the native powers of your mind. If that gathered experience of the race in each branch of human life did not lift each generation to where it could begin at the highest level of the last all progress would be impossible. Joseph Knowles in the Maine woods is the subjectivist in religion. Fortunately for him there linger in his mind inherited or previously acquired thoughts, ideas, methods, experiences, attitudes which enable him to love after a fashion, to arm himself with certain rude draperies against the inclemencies of life, with certain crude implements of nourishment or defense to shiver through a scanty existence; but how different

from him who steps forth with the spiritual habiliments and equipments of the accumulated Christian centuries, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time!

In refusing submission to the yet unrealized objective, and in insisting on submitting all candidate facts or truths to the tribunal of their own Christian consciousness, the subjectivists once more subject truth to the arbitrament of a faulty and incompetent judge, or to various judges of widely varying degrees of competence. This individual judge may be very ignorant, with almost or quite no standards of comparison, like a pioneer justice of the peace with no law books. He may be an unconverted man, blind to the higher beauties of Jesus Christ and unconsciously fighting at the depths of his nature against the humiliating surrender to Jesus. He may be an imperfect Christian, Lazarus feeling in himself the thrill of a new life, but bound hand and foot with the graveclothes of old habits and theories and prejudices. He may be an immature and inconsistent Christian of the tricksy Jacob type, or of the sensual David type, or of the impulsive Peter type, or of the prosaic James type, or of the dubious Thomas type. His experience may be that of the seventh of Romans and not yet of the eighth. He may be a one-sided color-blind saint of God of whom there are so many. He may be one of those whom Paul denominates "Teleioi," full grown, mature, instructed in the wisdom of the kingdom, with spiritual insight and outlook and tact and feeling, with an anointing from on high, able indeed to judge all things. But alike to each one of these the subjectivist, to be consistent, must say: "Accept, believe in, acknowledge only such truths as commend themselves to your own inner consciousness. For you there are no other truths. There are no reaches beyond. The man who tells you there are reaches beyond and asks you to believe him before you know is an enemy to your soul's liberty. Resist him!" Was there ever anything more unscientific? It is the deductive gone mad. It is the *a priori* magnified to monstrosity. It is putting a razor, hydrofluoric acid, as a friend of mine has said, dynamite into a child's hand. It is feeding babies with strong meat and watching them die, as they do die, in convulsions, or waste away in marasmus.

A true, well-balanced subjectivism is the summit of Christian attainment. Forced on the immature, subjectivism is the devil in robes of light. Its method is unscientific and therefore directly antagonistic to the method of Jesus. Certainly no teacher has ever paid more regard to, more respected, more honored, more stimulated the legitimately subjective in men than Jesus. He demands that men think. He appeals supremely to the spiritual response of the nature to him. He wants them to believe him not because of his miracles, but because, hearing his words and seeing his face, they recognize in him the Sent of God. God must be worshiped, not in form, but in spirit and in truth. He explicitly promises that his teaching may be, will be verified in their Christian consciousness. "If any man willeth to do his will he shall know of the teaching, whether it is of God, or whether I speak from myself." But note just what his method is. Precisely the same method which he, the Creator, uses in the development of the intellectual life he, the Redeemer and Teacher, uses in the development of the spiritual life. He first awakens into life the latent spiritual powers by the presentation of the objective, himself. "Come unto me. Believe on me. Take my yoke upon you. Learn of me." When that life responds, reacts, not intellectually alone, but with the whole nature, mind, feeling, and especially will, which is the central spring of personality, he answers in return by a loving, vital personal presence, an experience in the soul's inner consciousness, "I will come in and sup with him and he with me." That initial and those early experiences are maintained and enlarged and advanced by successive and progressive presentations of objective truth and duty as, continuing in his word, they are truly his disciples, not servants, but friends, for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth. But even when they have advanced as far as the upper chamber through his successive disclosures of himself and his truth, he still can speak of spiritual realms and heights beyond them yet: "I have many things to tell you, but ye cannot bear them now." Nothing further from bare subjectivism could be imagined. He demands absolute submission: "Take my yoke upon you." He assures them of a body of truth yet to be gained whose existence he asks them to

believe upon his own bare authority: "Learn of me." He affirms the existence of an objective body of duty and obligation: "Whosoever willeth to do his will." He declares that the knowledge of the teaching is conditioned not on their approval, the test of their inner consciousness, the deliverances of their literary or theological or critical judgment, but on the surrender of the will and the obedience of the life: "Whosoever willeth to do shall know." He promises them that this proof of the doctrine shall be, not the discovery or creation of their own inner being, but an objective manifestation (within the spiritual realm, of course) of the divine itself: "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: . . . and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." By an objective manifestation in the spiritual realm is meant an experience, purely inward, which yet bears in itself the evidence that it is not the spontaneous uprush from the subconscious, or generated by the soul itself, but is produced by a power not ourselves, even the Spirit of the indwelling Christ; the love of God shed abroad by the Holy Spirit, the Spirit bearing witness with our spirit. Subjectivism insists that religion is the discovery of oneself. Jesus insists that it is the disclosure of the Christ. Subjectivism asserts that it wells up out of the soul's own depths. Jesus affirms that it comes down out of heaven. "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jonah: flesh and blood have not revealed it unto thee, but my Father who is in heaven."

Shall we note how far we have come? Subjectivism represents a tendency which is by no means all bad. Within limits it may be highly commendable. It is commendable in its insistence upon individual freedom; in its demand for the real and the vital; in its requirement that our creeds shall not war with our reason or our moral sense, two of God's highest gifts to man; in its suggestion that the only possession of truth, in the highest sense, is the possession of inner experience; in its recognition, so far as it does recognize, the great law that obedience is the organ of spiritual knowledge; in its perception of the potential unity of nature between God and man, and the possibility of man's filial response to God; also as an inward anchor to the soul in the waves of question and against the winds of doubt. On the other hand, subjectivism, in

its fully developed, untempered form, and in some degree in most of its lesser forms, is based on a fatal philosophical error in practically denying reality to all truths beyond the experience of the individual consciousness. It therefore really excludes the soul from the benefits of the collective Christian consciousness and gives it a range of truth and possibility of experience no wider than its own individual powers of insight and appreciation. It leaves the religious life without a definite thought content or any corrective norm, thus exposing it to vagueness, uncertainty, pantheism, a narrow pragmatism, a hazy idealism, a rationalistic agnosticism, or a formless non-Christian mysticism. It ignores the fact that only the fact of Christ can give rise to the experience of Christ, and fails to see that the facts about Christ are necessary stepping stones to the act of faith and obedience whereby the fact of Christ becomes operative in our souls. It makes a consciousness in various stages of imperfection the arbiter of religious truths. Its whole method is contradictory to the method of knowledge and advance in all other realms of thought, where the objective always takes the initiative and where by the bulk of men truths are first accepted and then tested by being trusted. Equally is it antagonistic to Christ's method, which is that of awakening life by objective presentation of himself and then developing that life by progressive presentations reached through faith, obedience, love.

Perhaps we ought to add that extreme subjectivism looks somewhat like a recrudescence of the human self-sufficiency, the human pride of intellect and spirit, the human defiance of the divine, or the arrogant human identification of itself with the divine which needs another vision of self and God, a real subjective-objective experience which will make it say with one of old, "I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear. But now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." But so many of the subjectivists are such lovable Christian men, they show so much perception of spiritual things, gained somehow, somewhere, that one does not feel like saying that. Only can we repeat to ourselves the saying of the Master, "Except ye humble yourselves and become as little children ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven."

What are the practical conclusions for us who teach and preach and live to-day? Certainly the first, perhaps the fundamental, is to reaffirm consistently, persistently, the objectivity of religious truth, the authority, when properly understood, of the Bible as the God-given repository of the facts of the divine dealings with men, and the necessary truths of the religious life, and supremely the absolute objectivity and authority of the Lord Jesus. Without that humanity's religious hopes will go drifting on a shoreless, uncharted sea without a compass, a rudder, a star, or a pilot. But also every effort must be made to secure the subjective response, witness, appreciation of the divine objective. Men will not long grip a nonvital religion. We preachers must seek to make ourselves and our people see the immediate or ultimate realizability of all truth. We must link every truth that can be so linked with immediate expression in action or in deeper attitude toward God. If there is any truth that cannot be so linked directly, and we still believe it to be truth, we must show that it is linked with those truths which have a direct bearing on conduct or on communion with God. A doctrine lying around loose will soon be picked up and thrown away. And after the mind gets used to that it will sigh for more worlds to conquer and begin to pry up doctrines that even look a little loose; and God knows where the process will end. And we must widen and deepen and wisen our religious consciousness by broader biblical knowledge, deeper consecration, expanding Christian experience, more intimate personal knowledge of Jesus Christ. Its deliverances will be more and more inclusive, its perception of the facts of Christ will be broader and keener, its grasp of him will be firmer. It will never abandon the objective; the spiritual objective indeed will be daily clearer to the gaze, but it will see that the Bible is not itself the supreme authority; it is the authoritative intellectual pathway and guide to the supreme authority, Jesus Christ. Our attitude toward the Bible therefore must be both reverent and free. Our Christian consciousness must fairly grapple with the question whether the Bible has a right to be heard as God's authentic word to men. If it decides that the Bible has that right, as of course it will, then, seeking a true method of interpretation,

we must let the Bible speak for itself about itself and about God and about Christ and man. It is impossible that on our first or second or third or hundredth reading the deepest things of the Christian truth will appeal to us. Plump upon a two-days' old novice in Euclid the last proposition in the book and it will meet neither acceptance nor comprehension. It cannot be otherwise here; we must take this book in hand freely, but humbly, reverently, and submissively, knowing that with advancing knowledge and penetration many mysteries will be not only clarified, but glorified in the unfolding light that breaks forth in and from the Word. And, it seems to me, we of the theological seminaries, without seeking to crowd our students into conformity with our own, or any, views, without neglecting the scientific methods or keeping them in ignorance of what is said on all sides of our questions, must nevertheless, in dealing with these minds maturing under our charge, continue to "prejudice" them in favor of definiteness, objectivity, the divine authority of the Bible, properly interpreted and related, and the actuality, deity, and total lordship of Jesus Christ. We must acquaint them favorably and with a strong presumption with the great distinctive doctrines of the historic Christian bodies to which we belong. No other course is honest toward the churches which support us and which these men are to serve. Any other course will mean inevitable weakness and disintegration. If, later, widened and informed by further study, thought, and life experience, their Christian consciousness find it necessary to shift from these things we have indicated to them, they must obey God rather than men. The world is wide. The soul is free. God's grace go with them. To their own Master they stand or fall. But we have delivered our soul. These leaders of Christ's churches have left our hands with a definite knowledge of what God's people have come to believe throughout the ages, and with a message sounding forth a ringing note of clear and decided certainty at its center.

P. H. Crannell

THE NEW INDUSTRIAL ERA

Human progress has been slow, so slow that it could be measured only by the centuries. In the long years of waiting and suspense, of hopeless hope and unrealized expectation, the heart of the dreamer and seer has often sunk in despair. The dissemination of knowledge has been going on and great truths have been presented to the mind for incorporation in the affairs of men. These truths have for the most part lain dormant as merely abstract ideas, and the wise ones have told us that it was impracticable to apply them to the concrete affairs of men. But the seed sown will not return void of its harvest. For thousands of years the navigators hugged the shores, fearful of the unknown seas beyond, but one day there came a bold seaman who launched out into the deep, explored the unknown seas, and came back with a wondrous story. After that all seas, continents, and islands were quickly discovered, and the human race has been richer and happier ever since. Man is naturally conservative, and this same fear of the unknown has clung to him and made him a cautious animal in the religious, social, political, and industrial world; but once the ground is broken we are astonished at the rapidity of progress. It outruns our fastest fancy and we stand appalled at its swiftness. The slow, slumbering current that scarce has stirred a ripple for many, many leagues suddenly plunges over some mighty Niagara, rushes through swift rapids, swirls in the whirlpool of public opinion, and passes out to the broader and deeper streams beyond. The action of the Ford Motor Company of Detroit on January 5, 1914, was a Niagara of the industrial world, with rapids and whirlpool all combined. The industrial life of the great auto city flowed smooth and calm. Then came the cataract, with its foam and mist, the surging rapids and the whirlpool. The calm has now come, and we can see that the great stream of better things will be a little closer to the eternal seas of God's purpose.

"The sun do move," argued Jasper of world-standing-still fame. And sometimes it seemed that Jasper had the best of the

argument. But God is yet a factor in world movements, and behind the still unknown he stands keeping watch over his own. In the city of Detroit on January 5 two men, heads of the largest auto manufacturing plant in the world, sat quietly talking. They were devising a plan to distribute some ten million dollars to the employees of the company. When they had come to a decision, with no more concern than making an announcement of a small dividend or a cut on the price of their cars, they called in the reporters, and that night the world read with astonishment what they had concluded to do. These two men were Henry Ford, the president, and James Couzens, the secretary-treasurer, of the Ford Motor Company. The proposition involves social democracy in its concretest form. The profits for the year are estimated at ten million dollars, and this vast sum is put in the semimonthly pay envelopes of the employees as an extra wage. Those who are over twenty-two years of age, and all under that who have those dependent upon them, provided they do not have habits of spending money in riotous living, are sharers in the plan. The women employees will have their wages substantially raised, but will not have a part in the division of the profits. No one is to be discharged until his inefficiency is thoroughly established in the various departments. The plant, if closing at all, will do so during the harvest times, when the men can get employment on the farms. There is a plan on foot between the Ford plant and the farmers whereby the latter will have extra help during their busiest times. That the farmers are to pay the five dollars per day is not stated, as that sum is to be the minimum wage for the window washers and floor sweepers of the employees of the plant. Sobriety, industry, and thrift are to be taught through a sociological department to be established in the main building of the factory. The hours of work are reduced to eight and three shifts per day put on. In all it is estimated that some twenty-six thousand employees will benefit by this profit-sharing plan. In the actual working out of their intentions there appear many strings on the five-dollars-a-day jobs of the Ford people, and as one studies the why and wherefore of these strings he cannot help coming to the conclusion that here is really con-

structive work; a kind of recognition of big business that they have a part in the uplifting of the race. While all its ins and outs are not made public, the writer understands that the laborer must establish the fact that he does not spend his money in riotous living. He must also have a disposition to save, and prove the same by the addition of money to a savings bank account. He must also prove himself worthy, efficient, and one who is willing to bear the burdens of a man. I think it can safely be said that everything possible will be done in this great plant to develop true men, to make better men, and to keep them from going to wreck over the increase of money coming to them by this truly humanitarian plan. And this seems to be the biggest part of the plan.

This act of the Ford Motor Company has stirred the industrial world as nothing else in human history. Front page space and editorial comment are given it in the world-wide press. Leaders of capital and labor are still discussing it. The importance of labor is emphasized here as never before. The latent possibilities of profit-sharing as it operates for the betterment of the toilers is beyond the comprehension of the mind. In its study the head grows dizzy and the brain whirls. Can it be done? What effect will it have on the industrial world? Will it help in the solution of the problems that must be solved? Will it create dissatisfaction in places where the business cannot afford to pay such high wages? These and other questions come surging into the mind and press for answer. I think it is hardly worth while to say that on the part of the Ford people this movement is perfectly sincere. This is conceded everywhere. That it will cause disturbance and produce unsettled feelings can readily be seen. There are some business concerns that need to be disturbed. But that the move will result in anything but good to the great public heart of the nation, that heart that throbs for social justice, we cannot believe. It is true the move is a startling one. It is more; it is revolutionary, iconoclastic. Yet this is what the Church of Jesus Christ has been contending for for years. The Federal Council of the Churches has declared for "one day's rest in seven," "a reduction of the hours of labor" and a "living

wage." Our own General Conference declared in 1912 that the Methodist Church stands for:

> The gradual and reasonable reduction of the hours of labor to the lowest practicable point, and for that degree of leisure for all which is a condition of the highest human life.
>
> A living wage as a minimum in every industry and for the highest wage that each industry can afford.
>
> The most equitable division of the product of industry that can ultimately be devised.

The Conferences throughout Methodism are establishing their Commissions for Social Service. The reading of the report of this Commission in the Detroit Conference on September 15, 1913, was an epoch in that body. It was ordered printed in full and ten thousand copies were subscribed for by the ministers that day. Space forbids us to quote from this paper, but the equitable division of wealth was emphasized in no uncertain language. In speaking of a certain man who increased his holdings $51,000,000 in six months the report says, "No one thinks this man earned this money. The conditions of our industrial life simply made it possible for him to seize it." In this report, adopted by the Conference and ordered printed, it is asserted that no Christian man has a moral right to be very rich while millions of his brothers are very poor.

Gerald Stanley Lee says: "I do believe that the next great thing that is going to happen in the world is one inspired millionaire. I believe that one will be enough. He will make the rest unhappy. They will watch him really living with his money, and doing big interesting things with it, and they will feel bored. And it will not be by being righteous and noble-looking that the inspired millionaire will appeal to the other millionaires, but by having a good time. He is going to do these things because he likes them, quietly, and all in the day's work, and without being a model, and without any fine moralizing flourishes, in a plain every-day business man's way, as a matter of course. This is what he will be like when he comes. And one will be enough." We wonder how many concerns that had planned to cut big melons for their preferred stockholders, and for themselves, are feeling bored; how many men who have lost that fine human sense for

another's welfare are in their heart of hearts cursing the Ford people for this act of tom-foolery. One man in Detroit said, "Why did he not let things go as they were, and at the end of the year give ten million dollars to some worthy cause?" But that is just it. Things have been let go too long. Worthy causes need money. Cities need hospitals. There are thousands of needs on every hand. But human interests are above all other interests and human need is paramount to any need of the community. For a long time there has been a deep feeling in the real heart of America, the heart of the square deal and fair play, that things were not going right in the industrial world. Labor unrest, large dividends, great wealth and pitiful poverty, are proofs of this that all might read. Contrary to divine command, men had laid up treasures on earth. If they did not put their trust in riches they put their riches in trusts. The head of a factory, that others own, often spends a hundred thousand dollars on his family, travels abroad, owns his private yacht, and moves in state, while the men who make his money live without luxury and sometimes without the common comforts. That brain is worth so much more than intelligent brawn the world of brawn will never concede. The allotments of life are largely accidental. No man has a right to pride himself upon winning wealth when in the truest sense he did not earn it. The heart that beats behind the strong arm is just as much heart as that which beats beneath the strong head. And his love, his aspiration, and his life are just as dear to him as the love, aspiration, and life of the other. Justice to him is just as sweet and just as ennobling as the other. And methinks when the brother with the big wallet and the big brain recognizes him, and makes him know that he is just to him and is giving him his share, then the man with the strong arm will be a friend and brother to the man with the big brain. Then they will each help the other, and the world will grow better, man nobler, and life more interesting to us all. Almost every paper that comes to hand tells of some firm adopting in some form the plan of profit-sharing. There is no doubt that the industrial conscience of the nation is being stirred; that the exploiters of labor are having nightmares, and that the better

nature of the angel of business is asserting itself. This is what the idealists, the dreamers and prophets, have preached. This is what social democracy has taught. This is what social reformers have toiled for. The day of the coming of the Lord is here, and the principles of the Kingdom are no more abstract thoughts, but concrete realities. God's prophets wrought in plastic soul while capital plied in yellow gold. Money flowed, but from the masses to the few. The millions became poorer and the hundreds richer. The wealth of the nation passed into the control of a very small per cent of the people. But God's prophets will yet triumph, and the forces of wrong will be humbled. The crown of gold will be turned into one of fadeless service, and its beauty will never, never die. The right is sure to triumph, and the equitable division of the profits of the employer with the employee is a principle of right. It is no new thing, but has been tried successfully in two continents. France leads the world in profit-sharing industry and Germany follows as a close second. Godin's stove and iron works at Guise, Bon Marché, the greatest of dry goods stores in Paris, Laroche-Joubert, Lacroix & Co., of Paris, and the Paris and Orleans Railway Company, are examples. In England, the South Metropolitan Gas Company of London, and the Lever Brothers, soap manufacturers of the same place, are thriving industries, and in the United States are found many firms running on this plan. The Peace-Dale Manufacturing Company of Rhode Island, the Procter & Gamble Co. of Ivorydale, O., and the N. O. Nelson Manufacturing Company of Saint Louis, are a few. In some the profits are not enough to give dividends to employees, but they maintain the system. The Ford Motor Company is the largest firm yet to enter the field.

The Detroit News says editorially: "Mr. Ford's plan is inclusive. It includes, first of all, employees. It includes also the question of wages. It includes, next, the question of working hours. It includes, further, the problem of giving work to more men by reducing the worker's day without reducing his pay. It includes, still further, the question of inevitable slack times and suggests the possibility of providing healthful harvest work during such times, and, lastly, it includes the distinctly socialistic

program of profit-sharing." The day the announcement was made about eight hundred or a thousand men stood before the plant of the Ford factory seeking employment. "That is the reason," said the auto king, "for the three shifts and more men." That there was need for providing places for jobless toilers the days following proved only too true. The day after, ten thousand men surged before the factory in Highland Park. The next day fully twelve thousand stood in the cold waiting to get in. Announcement went out that the factory would not then take on more men. But many hovered near during the days that followed. And on the twelfth, when the plan was to start, the pressure was so great that the big hose had to be turned on the men to get them to disperse. Some rioting occurred. After this word somehow got out that the mayor had the giving of jobs and the office was besieged. On the surface of things the plan is hailed as a great move. The press, pulpit, and private citizen have been unstinted in their praise. On the editorial page of the Free Press we read: "The name of Henry Ford, already brilliant by reason of its wearer's miraculous achievement in the world of industry and his conspicuous acts of public service, has been raised still higher in general esteem by the fairly startling announcement that the huge sum of ten million dollars will be divided next year among the employees of his company. This munificent gift—if, as seems to be the case, it is planned to be an annual contribution—eclipses in its size and directness of its delivery to its beneficiaries the philanthropies of any of our modern business men of wealth, while surely ancient history contains no such incident." But in spite of this great praise there is heard the muttering of protest. A leading business man and philanthropist stated privately that Mr. Ford had made a great mistake. "Why not give that money to some good cause?" he argued to a close friend. "It could have been used to build a great hospital here in Detroit." This same man said he would have accepted the money for such an enterprise, admitting at the same time that the men who are to get it have earned it. So in that case, if the money was given to a hospital, it would not be Mr. Ford giving it, but the men who really earned the money.

There are others who are feeling really uncomfortable, and a better day is coming for all the people of this great country.

Said the prophet of old: "They shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat; for as the days of the tree shall be the days of my people, and my chosen shall long enjoy the work of their hands. They shall not labor in vain, nor bring forth for calamity; for they are the seed of the blessed Jehovah, and their offspring with them . . . They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith Jehovah" (Isa. 65. 21-25). Shall we look for better things for all men—the man of toil, the man of thought, and the man of wealth? Shall we not expect the day of the coming of our God? Shall we not see the principles of the Kingdom in operation in all business and the reign of the brotherhood of man established in the earth? Then all the affairs of men must be reconstructed and placed upon the plane of the ethical teachings of Jesus Christ; and this means, among many other things, the equitable division of the profits of capital with labor. And many who now live will see that day and cry out with that old servant of the temple,

> For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,
> Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people.

And the cry will go out to all people, "There is nothing that hurts nor destroys in all God's holy world; for the earth is full of the glory of the Lord as the waters that cover the sea." Yes, the New Era is here, and the common brotherhood of mankind is near.

Grant Perkins

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE REAL GEORGE WHITEFIELD

Inasmuch as it will be two hundred years next December 16 since this prince of sacred orators, "the Demosthenes of the pulpit," made his first appearance in the world which he was to influence so mightily for good, it is every way fitting that we take this opportunity to make a fresh estimate of that career which now for nearly a century and a half has been in completed form before the minds of men. It behooves us to ask who he was, what he did, how and why he did it, and what lessons may be drawn by us from his life and labors. Very much has been written about this great Methodist —little or nothing, however, in the Methodist Review—but a compact, well-studied statement, wrought in the light of this latter day, placing before us the real George Whitefield, apart from meaningless, indiscriminate panegyric, on the one hand, and hostile or captious criticism on the other, cannot be without value to the student of history and the lover of salvation.

A Most Interesting Personality

Whitefield was a peerless pulpit orator, an unrivaled evangelist, a Christian of uncommon consecration, and a most interesting personality. Taking up this last point first, one finds a large variety of entertaining facts that seem worthy of mention. He was somewhat above the average height, with regular expressive features and small dark-blue eyes, one of them having a slight defect, caused by measles in early childhood, not enough to attract much attention, but sufficient to enable the caricaturists to dub him Dr. Squintum. He was in youth slender of body, but about forty began to put on flesh, which was solely the effect of disease, for he was always remarkable for moderation in eating and drinking. He was fastidiously neat, punctual, and orderly in his habits. He retired at ten and rose at four; never made a purchase without paying for it immediately, was avaricious of time, exact in his appointments, extremely generous in the distribution of his charity.

There were some clergymen among his ancestors, but his father

was an inn-keeper at Gloucester, and his mother, in spite of her deep interest in her distinguished son and his strong desire for her salvation—in his letters he beseeches her to "fly to Jesus Christ by faith" —gives no evidence in the correspondence of having become converted. He himself served in the inn for a while, then worked his way through Pembroke College, Oxford, as a servitor to the gentlemen students, being helped also by some presents from friends, and at the end of three years was only twenty-five pounds in debt. He was in debt, in one sense, a good part of his life, because of the heavy burdens entailed by his Orphan House in Georgia; but he died (September 30, 1770) possessed of fourteen hundred pounds, received in various legacies a short time previously, half of it from his wife in 1768. He distributed the money among his relatives and friends, five hundred pounds going to "Ambrose Wright, my humble and faithful servant and friend," one hundred pounds to Lady Huntingdon, and smaller sums to brothers and nieces. He left a mourning ring "to my honored and dear friends and disinterested fellow laborers, the Rev. Messrs. John and Charles Wesley, in token of my indissoluble union with them in heart and Christian affection, notwithstanding our difference in judgment about some particular points of doctrine."

His wife, Mrs. Elizabeth James, a widow ten years older than himself, he married in 1741 when he was twenty-six. He says she was "neither rich in fortune nor beautiful as to her person, but I believe a true child of God, and one who would not attempt to hinder me in my work for the Lord." This she did not. She went with him to America, helped in the Orphanage there, and conducted herself, as far as can be learned, with entire discretion. She was possessed of a strong mind, as was proved more than once under trying circumstances. Wesley calls her "a woman of candor and humanity." It is clear that she had both courage and common sense, and probably deserved more attention than she received. Some writers have termed the marriage an unhappy one, but there is not sufficient proof of this. Abel Stevens describes it as "not as unfortunate as John Wesley's, nor as fortunate as that of Charles." Her husband's letters contain many affectionate references to her, and when he preached her funeral sermon he praised her many virtues. Eight months after her death he writes, "I feel the loss of my right hand daily." The marriage could hardly be expected, under the circumstances, to yield either of them any great satisfaction, for he could give her but little of his time or company. "My lot is to be a pilgrim and a run-about for

Christ," he was accustomed to say. One child was born to them, a son, named John, but he lived only four months. The loss was a great grief to him, for he had been confident that he would find in the boy some one to succeed him in the pulpit. But the bereavement was not allowed to interfere in the slightest degree with his work. That was foremost with him always.

He had a great many illnesses, being constantly overworked, never favoring himself, and was several times thought to be on the verge of dissolution. He was a great sufferer from asthma, from which he died. But he kept up most persistently and courageously, often seeming to find a tonic in the preaching, and having a hope that he might drop in the pulpit or at least labor to the very end, which indeed he did. Three years before his death, when he was only fifty-three, John Wesley speaks of breakfasting with him, and of his appearing to be "an old, old man and fairly worn out in his Master's service." And in February, 1769, Wesley writes: "I had one more agreeable conversation with my old friend and fellow laborer, George Whitefield. His soul appeared to be vigorous still, but his body was sinking apace." At no time did he spare it. On the day before his death he addressed a vast assembly in the open air at Exeter, N. H., preaching for two hours (from the text 2 Cor. 13. 5, "Prove your own selves"), his last field triumph. And that evening, before retiring in the parsonage at Newburyport, although utterly exhausted, he could not deny the clamor of the crowds to hear him, and gave his last exhortation from the stairs on his way to his bedroom, until the candle which he held in his hand burned away and went out in its socket. So did the flickering flame of his life expire, for God took him to himself as the morning broke.

He was wholly indifferent to money, except as a means of doing good. He collected large sums for his Orphan House and for other charities, but never took out of it a single penny toward his own expenses. His own private contributions toward the Orphanage were more than three thousand pounds. He was once offered a salary of four thousand dollars a year if he would stay in Philadelphia, with the privilege of "ranging" half of the time. But he declined it, saying, "The Lord Jesus keeps me from catching at the golden bait." A lady in Scotland offered him as a personal gift a fortune of thirty-five thousand dollars, but this also he refused. "I make no purse," he said; "what I have I give away. 'Poor, yet making many rich,' shall be my motto still."

He was indeed a unique and blazing original. At sixteen a tapster, at twenty-six he had become the most brilliant and popular preacher the modern world has known. By the neatness of his person, the courtesy of his manners, his entire freedom from improprieties, he commended himself to the aristocracy, who thronged to hear him at Lady Huntingdon's; while by his simple colloquialisms, his vein of humor, his familiar illustrations, his use of expressions most in vogue with the common people, he was equally acceptable to the democracy. Although springing from a lower social class than Wesley, and having much less education, he had more favor from the nobility, whom Wesley did not think it worth while to propitiate. As a humble devoted servant of the Lord Jesus, and a bold soldier of the cross (although timorous by nature), he put on the whole armor of God and became in very truth, by the breadth of his endeavors and the miraculous success of his labors, the apostle of the British Empire, the evangelical free lance of two continents. He bore himself with humility in the midst of applause, with love toward his enemies, with patience and meekness under reproaches, injuries, and slanders. He had an extraordinary spirit of sweetness and universal benevolence. He had too noble a nature to be easily spoiled. His love was broad as humanity and could not be repulsed. No persecution cooled the burning ardor of his zeal nor subdued the intense passion which he felt for all the children of men. Nor could his most violent opponents long doubt the sincerity of his motives. With no companion but his Bible, and no object but the salvation of sinners, he plunged fearlessly into trackless forests, found his way over untrodden mountains, crossed unfrequented and stormy seas, waded through treacherous morasses and swamps reeking with the deadly miasma. His motto was *"Nil desperandum, Christo duce."* He said, "I desire no other epitaph than this, 'Here lies George Whitefield—what sort of a man he was the great day will declare.'"

A Thoroughly Consecrated Christian

His piety was of an exceedingly high grade. Not that he was without faults and infirmities of various sorts, and occasional minor transgressions. The wonder is that he had not a great many more, being ordained to the ministry at twenty-one, with a very imperfect education, as well as a somewhat wild youth amid unpropitious early surroundings, and being almost immediately, after he began to preach, followed by such crowds as might easily have proved his undoing. He

made many mistakes, of course, often erred in judgment, was frequently hasty with his tongue and with his pen, severe in censure, as young men are apt to be, branding as enemies of the Lord those who did not come up to his standard or conform to his ideas. He realized later that some of his expressions had been ill-considered, and his apologies were ample. He was impulsive and imprudent, not always patient. His highly sensitive, nervous temperament made him irritable, but he was soon appeased and sincerely sorry for even the slightest infraction of the law of kindness or the smallest departure from highest rectitude. It may perhaps be said that his limitations and defects were practically inseparable from the great qualities which made him so successful, and that if he had not occasionally erred he would have accomplished less. In the main he was unquestionably a very holy man, a man of one work, utterly devoid of selfish ends, without personal ambitions or the slightest desire to make a name for himself or found a sect, laboring purely for the glory of God and the good of humanity, prostrating himself continually at the foot of the cross, wearing himself out gladly in the service of his fellows, toiling unstintedly to save the lost, refusing to rest even when many were beseeching him so to do.

He was in no way injured by his amazing popularity. The adulation of the multitude affected him not a whit. He refused to receive honor from men, but transferred it, when offered him, straightway to his Master. It was not cant or pretense, but a genuine humility that led him to sign himself habitually, "The chief of sinners." He concludes his last letter, September 23, 1770, by ascribing himself "less than the least of all." "I am a dwarf," he cries; "I am a dwarf." "Alas, alas, how little have I done for thee, my God." "O for growth in grace! O for the total destruction of selfishness!" "Lord Jesus, stamp thine image in what way thou pleasest." "My greatest grief is that I can do no more for Him who hath done and suffered so much for me." The opposition he met with and the consciousness of his daily infirmities, he says, were but ballast little enough to keep him from oversetting.

Here are some further expressions from his letters: "Were it not sinful I could wish for a thousand hands, and a thousand tongues, and a thousand lives, all to be employed night and day without ceasing in promoting the glory of the ever lovely, ever loving Jesus." "I value neither name nor life itself when the cause of God calls me to venture both." "If one sentence is blessed to the

conviction and edification of any single individual, I care not what becomes of my reputation, though there is no occasion of bringing ourselves into needless contempt." "I find more and more that one's whole life should be a continual sacrifice of love." "Lord, make us all flames of fire!" "Send me some news about the upper world; this is scarce worth a thought." "O that the prison door was let open and the bird suffered to fly out of the cage. Then would I fly to heaven, and upon one of the boughs of free grace sing the praise of redeeming love for ever and ever." "That is my comfort, all my goods are gone before me." "I hope to die fighting, though it be on my stumps, and to go on till I drop." "The pleasure I have had this week in preaching the gospel I would not part with for ten thousand worlds." "I would not lay out a farthing but for my blessed Master." "Happy trials that bring us to our knees." "What sweet company is Jesus Christ." "I fear prosperity more than adversity." "O, to be nothing that Jesus may be all." "I want to see my own faults more, and others' less." "As the love of God comes in the fear of man goes out." "Nearly forty years old, and such a dwarf." "I am ready to sink into the earth when I consider how little I can do for Jesus." "The thought of how little I have done for Jesus sometimes almost breaks my heart." "I have met with some unexpected rubs, but not one more than was absolutely necessary to humble my proud heart." "I have just put my soul as a blank into the hands of Jesus, my Redeemer, and desired him to write on it what he pleases; I know it will be his image." "Lord, when thou seest me in danger of nestling, put a thorn into my nest to prevent my doing it." "All is well, and why? Because all things are of our Lord's offering." Such was the inner life of this man.

He often spent whole nights in prayer. Prayer meetings were places where frequently his soul was overwhelmed with the divine presence, and he seemed to exchange earth for heaven. It was where he found superhuman strength and caught the heroic impulses which gave him such power to pull down the strongholds of Satan. The spot where God first spoke peace to his soul in 1735 was unutterably precious to him. He writes, "I know the place; it may, perhaps, be superstitious, but whenever I go to Oxford I cannot help running to the spot where Jesus Christ first revealed himself to me and gave me the new birth." The device on his seal was that of wings outspread ready for flight, with the motto, "*Astra petamus*" (We seek the stars), which well expressed his ardent desire to mount beyond the

sky. "My prayer is," he writes, "Lord, give us clear heads and clean hearts."

He was hungry and thirsty for the largest measure of divine grace. He writes in 1741: "I am resolved not to rest till everything contrary to true catholic Christian love be rooted out of my soul. Christ's blood and Spirit are able to do this for me. I only need to pray to God to make me willing to have it done. I believe I shall see greater things than ever. I cannot expect too great things from God." "Nothing can satisfy me but the highest degree of sanctification and inward holiness. Here I believe I am laudably ambitious. My Saviour would have me filled with all the fullness of God." Whitefield did not fully agree with John Wesley in his doctrine of Christian Perfection, did not perhaps fully understand what Wesley meant by it (if indeed Wesley did himself), and was far from being ready to count himself perfect. But he daily pressed forward toward the mark for the prize of his high calling, panted after the fullest liberty of the children of God, and writes in 1741, "I think I can say that God brings me nearer and nearer to himself daily, and I will not rest till I am molded into the image of my bleeding Lord." Just how far he attained that image, how far he was able to claim by faith the fullest possible deliverance from that "inbred sin" of which, in the language of his day, he was fond of speaking, it is very hard to say. But it is sufficiently clear that his love to God and his fellow men was exceedingly intense, that in the midst of the excitements around him and his absorbing outward labors he continually cultivated his own inward personal walk with God, that he was ever on guard against the temptations that his success involved, that he aspired after the very highest things—"the whole mind that was in Christ"—in short, that his piety was of the most genuine, thoroughgoing kind, a perpetual joy to his own heart and one of the main sources of his great usefulness.

An Unrivaled Evangelist

Yes, it is abundantly clear that he could not have been the power for good he was had he not been an exceedingly good man. This, of course, was only one element of his success as an evangelist, but it was a very important one. As people listened to him they could not escape the feeling that he meant every word he said. They could not fail to see, unless hidebound with invincible prejudice, that, as the inscription on the cenotaph of his burial place in Newburyport

declares, "he preferred the honor of Christ to his own interest, repose, reputation, and life." On the same monument we read that "his deep piety, disinterested zeal, and vivid imagination gave unexampled energy to his look, and utterance, and action."

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to separate his oratorical triumphs in the pulpit or the fields from his evangelistic victories. With him they were substantially the same, for he aimed always and everywhere to win trophies for his Master. He had but one theme, one purpose. His doctrinal outfit was very small. He had not much learning, theological or otherwise, and made no pretense of having it. Perhaps it was just as well that he did not know a great deal of this world's science and philosophy. It is very sure that no doubts ever intruded to weaken the intensity of his convictions or dull the edge of his dogmatic utterance. Had he known more it may be that he would have believed less, or at least would have failed to make so profound an impression upon his vast audiences. His sermons contained no learning, no poetry, no elaborate expositions, no profundity of thought, no embellishments of language. They were variations on one or two key notes: Man is guilty and may obtain forgiveness; he is immortal, and must ripen here for endless weal or woe hereafter. These two cardinal principles were ever in his heart and on his tongue. Justification by faith and the necessity of the new birth were fundamental in his discourses, and had the freshness of new discoveries to most of those whom he addressed.

Something like eighty of his sermons have been preserved in print, but only sixty-three were published by himself; the rest were from shorthand notes unrevised. Fifty-seven of the sixty-three are in two of the six volumes that constitute his collected works published shortly after his death—three of the volumes are occupied by his letters—and it is interesting to note the prevailing topics. Here are some of them: "The Pharisee and the Publican," "The Gospel Supper," "The Conversion of Zacchæus," "Saul's Conversion," "The Almost Christian," "The Power of Christ's Resurrection," "The Seed of the Woman and the Seed of the Serpent," "The Best New Year's Gift," "The Knowledge of Christ the Best Knowledge," "The Benefits of Early Piety," "Marks of True Conversion," "What Think Ye of Christ?" "The Wise and Foolish Virgins," "Eternity of Hell Torments," "Blind Bartimæus," "Christ's Transfiguration," "Duty of Searching the Scriptures," "Walking with God," "Family Religion," "Abraham Offering up Isaac," "Satan's Devices."

Most of these deal with the basic elements of salvation and contain little of interest to the ordinary reader. There is little effort in them at originality of thought or even of statement and arrangement. Occasionally an analysis is somewhat striking and an outline gives indication of study. Almost always there is solid truth and sensible counsel. In a few cases they afford excellent reading, even now. Under "Directions how to hear sermons," he makes six points; namely: "(1) Come not out of curiosity, but from a sincere desire to know and do your duty; (2) give diligent heed to the things that are spoken; (3) not to entertain the least prejudice against the ministry; (4) not to depend too much on the preacher, or think of him more highly than you ought to think; (5) make a particular application of everything to your own heart; (6) pray the Lord both before and in and after every sermon to endue the minister with power to speak and to grant you the will and ability to put in practise what he shall show from the Book of God to be your duty." He gives five Scripture marks by which we can easily judge that we have received the Holy Ghost: (1) Our having received the spirit of prayer and supplication; (2) not committing sin; (3) our conquest over the world; (4) our loving one another; (5) loving our enemies. In a sermon on "The Clay and The Potter" he has two divisions: first, every man in the sight of God is as a piece of marred clay; second, he will be renewed by divine agency. There is not a word about election.

Two of the sermons are on "The Folly and Danger of Not Being Righteous Enough," from the text, "Be not righteous overmuch," from which a certain Dr. Tripp, a master of ecclesiastical Billingsgate, had preached four outrageous discourses directed against Whitefield. The latter explains that we are righteous overmuch (1) when we confine the Spirit of God to this or that particular church and are not willing to converse with any but those of the same communion; (2) when persons spend so much time in religious assemblies as to neglect their families; (3) when we fast and use corporeal austerities so as to unfit us for the service of God. In the course of his reply to his reviler he says: "If you have a mind to know what the devil has to say against us read Dr. Tripp's sermon. It is with grief I speak these things, and were not the welfare of your souls and my Redeemer's honor at stake I would not now open my mouth; yea, I would willingly die (God is my judge) for the person who wrote such bitter things against me so it would be

the means of saving his soul. If he had only spoken against me I would not have answered him, but on his making my Redeemer the pattern of vice, if I was not to speak the very stones would cry out; therefore, the honor of my Redeemer and love to you constrains me to speak." This shows the spirit in which he met all the mendacious, malignant attacks which were continually being made upon him by bishops and rectors on the one hand and by the rankest of the ungodly on the other. Although he abominated controversy, his replies were in good taste and good temper, and he had the better of the argument as well as showed far more of the mind of the Master.

It has often been remarked that his printed sermons give little or no indication of the power which invariably attended their delivery. This is very true. They were not prepared to be read, and that which chiefly made them effective could not be transferred to type. For the most part they strike one when read as commonplace, unattractive, and in the main devoid of anything to mark them out as at all above the ordinary; although for that time the doctrine was unusual and their reading did occasionally lead to important conversions, were indeed in a few cases the beginnings of quite extended revivals from which many congregations were gathered. But if we had only these discourses we should be utterly unable to account for the scenes which nearly always took place whenever Whitefield opened his mouth in public. It is, perhaps, the best illustration we possess of the difference between the written and the spoken word, and the paramount importance of the way a thing is said.

He had in him from the start the making of a great actor. He was a born orator, elocutionist, and dramatic performer. He was brilliant in this direction while still a schoolboy, and fonder of the theater than of anything else. If he had taken to the stage there is no question but that Garrick and the other heads of the profession would have been outshone. The best actors of the day watched him with the utmost admiration, and were loud in their praises. His exquisite voice was an asset of incomparable value. There was bewitching music in it, a charm to which no one could be insensible. In clearness and strength and penetrating power it had no equal. It was a flute, a trumpet, a harp of a thousand strings, a whole organ on which ever-changing melodies were faultlessly played. Its depth and compass were an unceasing wonder and an unspeakable delight. Under favorable circumstances he could be heard for nearly a mile.

His whisperings and thunderings were equally effective and were intermingled with consummate skill. He could sound every note at will, now appealing in the tenderest of tones, now appalling with terrific, overwhelming rebuke. The terrors of Sinai and the tremors of Calvary were equally at his command. His emotions were acute and poignant. His tears were very near the surface. He rarely finished a sermon without weeping, would sometimes pause to weep, the people meanwhile sobbing aloud. He was master of the pathetic. Melting compassion and heartfelt sympathy permeated his soul. His heart was well-nigh bursting with desire that men should turn from their sins. He could, moreover, realize his subject with such vividness, could see every part of it himself so plainly, that he forced others to see it, supplying their lack of imagination from the fullness of his own in a way that roused and thrilled the dullest. He had a most expressive countenance and a fine presence; his gestures were the perfection of grace.

Furthermore, he spared no pains to cultivate what he rightly felt was a special talent intrusted to him to be made the most of in the service of his Lord. He did not rely on his genius, unquestionable as that was, but supplemented it with hard work, studying perpetually how to improve at every point. Conscious of his histrionic powers, he cultivated them with an assiduity which would have done credit to a disciple of Covent Garden or Drury Lane. Good judges, like Garrick, Foote, Lord Chesterfield, and Benjamin Franklin, who heard him frequently, affirmed that only when he had delivered a sermon thirty or forty times did it reach the full perfection of which it was capable. Then, they said, every accent and tone and gesture, every vocal modulation, facial expression, and bodily posture was exactly suited to the sentiment and accurately adapted to produce the impression desired.

His command of language was very great, and his powers of description were phenomenal. All the customary rhetorical and oratorical devices—exclamation, interrogation, personification, apostrophe, etc.—were familiar to him, and were used with marvelous facility. Yet there was nothing florid or ornamental about his style. It was mainly conversational and colloquial. His simplicity and lucidity were very marked. He made the boldest and most direct appeals to the consciences of men. He was quick to seize upon every casual incident that arose and turn it to advantage for heightening the effect of his words. And the perfection of his art was that the

art in no way appeared to the throngs that hung upon his lips. He gave them no impression of artificiality. He seemed to forget everything else in his intense desire for the salvation of his hearers, in his burning love for the souls of sinful men. He profoundly felt, from the bottom of his heart, all the words that he uttered. They seemed to be lofty and irrepressible outbursts of mind, carried away by its conceptions; as indeed in a true sense they were.

Preaching was as natural to him as flight to an eagle. "Preaching every day in the week," he said, "is the best preparation for preaching on the Sabbath." He threw himself lavishly into his work with the utmost intensity of action. The whole man spoke, and spoke straight to the hearts of those who listened. There was language in every feature of his face, every motion of his hands, every expression of his searching eye, every attitude of his graceful figure. Alive and alert in every fiber of his being, he was usually wet through with perspiration long before he concluded; and quite copious vomitings of blood often followed, which may have acted in part as a relief to his overexcited system. "My continued vomitings almost kill me," he said, "yet the pulpit is my cure." He presents a truly remarkable combination, perhaps never before or since so fully effected. The foundation of his eloquence lay in a soul of intense emotions stirred to its depths by the power of religion and enabled to express itself most effectually by a dramatic genius of the first rank. He had the unction from above together with a strong natural sensibility; a histrionic gift rarely equaled, together with the fullness of the Holy Ghost. He combined the saint and the actor, seraphic zeal on the one hand and dramatic skill on the other. Feeling deeply his utter dependence on God, he leaned wholly on him for power, yet at the same time he omitted no prudential means to enhance the effect of his message.

And the effects were prodigious. They would be from such preaching were it to be heard at the present time. But in that age especially they could not fail to be stupendous. For utter religious deadness had long prevailed. The preaching, nearly all of it, was Christless, conventional, and cowardly in the extreme. It was apologetic and emotionless, with little faith and less love. Cold formality characterized the pulpit of the Established Church. Whitefield blazed like a splendid meteor or a dazzling comet across the ecclesiastical firmament, illuminating and coruscating while at the same time warming and healing. The great truths of the Reforma-

tion had been largely forgotten. He put them into the language of the time and declared them in such a way that the common people easily understood them. The results were indescribable. The slain of the Lord abounded on almost every occasion. Physical prostrations and convulsions among those of weak, nervous organizations were common. A large number of ministers, especially in this country, ascribed their conversion to his instrumentality. How many thousands of people were born anew under his word will never be known. They came many miles to listen. At earliest morning or latest night they were ready for him. Immense throngs packed the churches or assembled in the open air, standing spellbound as long as he would address them. It is true that the numbers which he gives are much exaggerated, and can in no case be relied upon. He was not good at figures, a very poor guesser, indeed, in these matters, like some modern evangelists, apparently deeming it for the glory of God to give the largest possible totals and allowing his imagination to run pretty wild. Still standing are some of the meeting houses in Boston in which he thought he saw six thousand hearers, but it is physically impossible for them to contain more than one fourth of this sum. To divide all his numbers by two or three, especially when he runs them up to sixty thousand or eighty thousand, is the only way to arrive at a fairly correct estimate. Even then the throngs were amazing. That considerable discount should be made as to the permanence of the work in very many cases must also be allowed. He tarried but a few days in any locality. He was a rover, perpetually on the move. Change and excitement was doubtless necessary to his nervous temperament. He was not an organizer, nor had he the gifts of the pastor. He mightily stirred the masses, and then passed on to repeat the process elsewhere, leaving to others to conserve the results and carry forward the work. His feeling about forming societies he expressed as follows: "My attachment to America will not permit me to abide very long in England; consequently, I should but weave a Penelope web if I formed societies: and if I should form them I have no proper assistants to take care of them." It is evident also that he had no special taste or aptitude for such management.

But his unsurpassed earnestness, his unquestionable zeal, his indefatigable toil, his unflagging devotion we may admire without stint. He traveled and preached with such consuming energy, says one, "that the attempt to follow him produces a sensation of breathlessness." From the time of his conversion at Oxford in 1735, and

his ordination at Gloucester in 1736, he threw himself into the work with the most disinterested abandonment and allowed himself no rest until the silver trumpet dropped from his dying lips at Newburyport in 1770. For years he spoke forty hours a week and sometimes sixty. If the time spent in traveling and some brief intervals for repose be subtracted, his life might be called almost one uninterrupted sermon. He scoured the three kingdoms and the entire Atlantic coast of America, riding thousands of miles on horseback with little pause except to preach from fifteen to twenty times a week. In the last week of 1738 he preached and lectured twenty-seven times. Some days he preached five times. During a three weeks' campaign in 1753 he traveled twelve hundred miles and preached one hundred and eighty sermons. In five months in America, 1756, he traveled two thousand miles and preached two hundred and thirty times. This was common, but it did not satisfy him. He would frequently say, "I now intend to *begin;* for as yet, alas, I have done nothing for Christ." Mobs often attacked him, but never daunted him (although by nature he was rather timid) or got a victory over him. He crossed the Atlantic thirteen times when such voyages were attended with great hardships and no little danger. He preached eighteen thousand times in thirty-four years, or an average of ten times a week for the entire period. The Orphan House, which he established at Savannah on his second visit, in 1739, modeled after Professor Francke's in Germany, was a constant care to him throughout his life, an enormous burden, entailing large perplexity and continual efforts after money; it was well meant, but a design of questionable wisdom. He derived, however, much satisfaction from the great good that was done—one hundred and eighty-three children in all were provided for—and the work did him much good, a standing appeal to his tenderness, a test of his faith, and an anchor to his excitable mind. It was a chief element in drawing him so often to this country. He left it to the Countess of Huntingdon when he died.

He came to America seven times, in the following years: 1737, 1739, 1744, 1751, 1754, 1763, 1769, spending here in all quite a large portion of his active life, and, finally, laying his bones beneath the pulpit of the Old South Church at Newburyport. He was greatly attached to this country, especially to New England, where he had some of his most memorable triumphs. "If I forget her may my right hand forget her cunning," he writes, and again, "My heart is so full for dear New England that I must go to God to vent it."

"O America, how dear dost thou lie upon my heart. God preserve it from popish tyranny and arbitrary power." He sympathized with the Revolutionary movement, which was just beginning in Boston in 1770. In the last letter which he wrote he exclaims, "Poor New England is much to be pitied! Boston people most of all! How falsely misrepresented." Harvard College did him scant justice, but when her library was burned in 1764 he hastened to send books from England to replenish it. The Indian school at Lebanon, N. H., which afterward became Dartmouth College, he greatly helped, introducing in England the Indian preacher Sampson Occum, a descendant of Uncas, chief of the Mohicans, who raised funds for it, and interested Lord Dartmouth himself, a personal friend. He greatly aided also the beginnings of Princeton College, making collections and subscriptions for it in Scotland. The University of Pennsylvania also, in its early stages under Franklin, owes not a little to him; it was started in the meeting house built for Whitefield. He founded the Presbyterian Church of Virginia, and through Benjamin Randall, of New Hampshire, whose heart had been touched under his sermons, began also the Free Will Baptist Church. Through all the colonies he kindled anew that spiritual life of the churches which had to so large an extent grown cold. But the benefits he conferred upon America can in no way be more than hinted at in a brief paragraph.

A comparison between George Whitefield and John Wesley, inseparably linked in thought as the foremost leaders of the evangelical revival, is inevitable and very interesting. It is remarkable to what an extent Whitefield anticipated Wesley, although his junior by eleven years. He was thoroughly converted in 1735, while Wesley for three years more groped in the twilight of legalism. He preceded him in making Bristol a center of Methodist effort, in publishing journals, in issuing a hymnal, in founding schools, in open-air preaching, in preaching without notes, in public extempore prayer, in employing laymen to preach, in calling his preachers to a conference—and these were some of the main features of the movement. In swinging clear of churchly bonds and cultivating the friendship of nonconformists he surpassed Wesley. His success at Savannah is in strong contrast with Wesley's failure there immediately before. In Scotland also and in Wales he was far better liked than Wesley. Wesley had immense advantage over him in his early home life, from his learned father and wonderful mother, was immeasurably superior to him in point of learning and brain power. He was also

an organizer, an ecclesiastical statesman, while Whitefield was simply a preacher. Whitefield was soul, Wesley was system. The former, in his later years, recognizing the difference, said: "My brother Wesley acted wisely. The souls that were awakened under his ministry he joined in societies, and thus preserved the fruit of his labor. This I neglected, and my people are a rope of sand." Wesley, too, was a great preacher, but in a different way from his friend. He was always self-controlled, while Whitefield, a man of emotion and impulse, was carried away by the storm of feeling his own eloquence provoked. The latter was a furious torrent, the former a tranquil river. After a preaching paroxysm Whitefield lay panting on his couch, spent, breathless, deathlike. Wesley, from his morning sermon at the Foundry, would mount his pony, trot and chat and gather simples till he reached some country hamlet, where he would bait his horse, talk through a little sermon to the villagers, remount, and trot away again. Whitefield moved the passing crowd, Wesley changed the face of the nation. One left behind him a tradition of phenomenal oratory, the other has his monument in the greatest group of evangelical churches the world has ever seen. Wesley for fifty-two years preached about eight hundred sermons a year, as against Whitefield's five hundred a year for thirty-four years.

The one thing that interrupted (but not for long) the close friendship of these two great men was Whitefield's adoption of Calvinism in 1739 and 1740. He was by no means logical or theological in his bent of mind. Coming under Calvinistic influences in Scotland and America, the theory appealed on some of its sides to his feelings of humility and fell in with his extremely literal interpretations of Scripture. It is quite certain that he did not go into it at all deeply or really comprehend it. He scarcely ever preached it, always offering salvation to sinners without reserve and wholly ignoring reprobation. He was wholly unwilling to argue about it, doubtless being aware of his own small capacity for this. For a short time there was some bitterness on his part toward Wesley because of the latter's very strenuous Arminian position, and some unseemly language was used, which may have arisen, it has been suggested, from his consciousness of being overmatched. However, they soon became one in heart again and were devotedly attached to each other until the end, although the Revival, because of this variance of opinion, parted into two streams, which in many respects was an advantage. It gave Whitefield large favor with the Presbyterians and Congregationalists

in America, with the Scotch and Welsh, with the Dissenters, with Lady Huntingdon and many others of the aristocracy whom he influenced in her drawing room. Wesley preached Whitefield's funeral sermon, by his request, at his great chapel in Tottenham Court Road, and at the Tabernacle in Moorfields, November 18, 1770, and paid the highest possible tribute to his character, laying special emphasis on his "most generous and most tender friendship," his unblemished modesty, the frankness and openness of his conversation, the steadiness with which he pursued whatever he undertook for his Master's sake, his unimpeachable integrity, his matchless love. His catholicity and liberality were extremely prominent. "If I see a man," he said, "who loves the Lord Jesus in sincerity I am not very solicitous to what outward communion he belongs." Wesley says of Whitefield in 1766: "He breathes nothing but peace and love. Bigotry cannot stand before him, but hides its head wherever he comes." Charles Wesley, who was even nearer to him than John, wrote a noble poem truthfully portraying his high qualities. Here is a single stanza:

> Though long by following multitudes admired,
> No party for himself he e'er desired,
> His one desire to make the Saviour known,
> To magnify the name of Christ alone;
> If others strove who should the greatest be,
> No lover of preeminence was he,
> Nor envied those his Lord vouchsafed to bless,
> But joyed in theirs as in his own success;
> His friends in honor to himself preferred,
> And least of all in his own eyes appeared.

William Cowper also made haste to embalm his memory in melodious and accurately descriptive lines:

> He loved the world that hated him; the tear
> That dropped upon his Bible was sincere;
> Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
> His only answer was a blameless life,
> And he that forged and he that threw the dart,
> Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
> Paul's love of Christ, and steadiness unbribed
> Were copied close in him, and well transcribed;
> He followed Paul; his zeal a kindred flame,
> His apostolic charity the same;
> Like him crossed cheerfully tempestuous seas,
> Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease;
> Like him, he labored, and, like him, content
> To bear it, suffered shame where'er he went.

The distinguished critic Sir James Stephen, of Cambridge University, calls him "a great and a holy man, among the foremost of the heroes of philanthropy and as a preacher without a superior or a rival. The springs of his benevolence were inexhaustible and could not choose but flow." Benjamin Franklin said, "I knew him intimately for upward of thirty years; his integrity, disinterestedness, and indefatigable zeal in prosecuting every good work I have never seen equaled, I shall never see excelled." The Rev. James Hervey said of him, "I never beheld so fair a copy of our Lord: such a living image of the Saviour; such exalted delight in God; such unbounded benevolence to man; such steady faith in the divine promises; such fervent zeal for the divine glory; and all this without the least moroseness of humor or extravagance of behavior; but sweetened with the most engaging cheerfulness of temper, and regulated by all the sobriety of reason and wisdom of Scripture." The Rev. Dr. James Hamilton, of London, says: "Whitefield was the prince of English preachers. Many have surpassed him as sermon makers, but none have approached him as a pulpit orator. Many have outshone him in the clearness of their logic, the grandeur of their conceptions, and the sparkling beauty of single sentences, but in the power of darting the gospel direct into the conscience he eclipsed them all." Dr. Abel Stevens writes: "In proportion as the historian of his times should, by the soberest study of facts, approximate an exact estimate of his life and its consequences, would he incur the suspicion of exaggeration. It is not only questionable whether any other one man ever addressed by the voice so many of his fellow men, but whether any other ever swayed them more irresistibly. He has the grand distinction of having traveled more extensively for the gospel, preached it oftener, and preached it more eloquently, than any other man, ancient or modern, within the same limits of life." W. E. H. Lecky, in his History of England in the Eighteenth Century, says of Whitefield: "A more zealous, a more single-minded, a more truly amiable, a more purely unselfish man it would be difficult to conceive. He lived perpetually in the sight of eternity, and a desire to save souls was the single passion of his life. Very few men placed by circumstances at the head of a great religious movement, have been so absolutely free from the spirit of sect. Very few men have passed through so much obloquy with a heart so entirely unsoured, and have retained amid so much adulation so large a measure of deep and genuine humility. There was indeed not a trace of jealousy, ambition, or

rancor in his nature." Over all such human infirmities the grace of God had triumphed.

Is there anything that we may learn from the life and labors of this wonderful man? Wesley said in his funeral sermon that the main lesson was "to keep close to the grand doctrines which he delivered and to drink into his spirit." Have not the Methodists of the present day high need to lay this to heart? It was Whitefield's faith which filled and fired him with enthusiasm. He spent his life in testifying to a few great truths, the only truths which meet the yearnings of the human heart, and those yearnings are much the same to-day that they were two hundred years ago. These truths are still the staple with the successful evangelists of modern times, with Moody, Torrey, Chapman, and Sunday. Should they not be heard more frequently in our pulpits? Can there be genuine abiding spiritual power except where these grand cardinal doctrines of grace are the main themes? If they are proclaimed with the same dead earnestness, the same overmastering passion which animated Whitefield, will they not have much the same results? God can do amazing things with men who are entirely dedicated to him. Of course he can do more when such men have large natural endowments than when their gifts are small. But a comparatively small endowment that is wholly subjected to or utilized by the power from on high, that is thrilled through and through with love divine, means far more for the world than a much larger one that can only in part be used of the Lord because self is not wholly eliminated. This age is far better than that in which Whitefield fulfilled his course. But there is still crying need for such laborers as he. Methodism needs them. All the churches need them. America needs them. The world needs them. Who will do for this day what Wesley and Whitefield did for theirs?

THE ARENA

THE RETURN OF THE INDIVIDUAL

What's His Name once said that history moves in cycles. If I am not mistaken, contemporaneous events are busy proving that What's His Name was right. In the world of events and in the world of thought, too, the generations march round and round, making some progress, it is true, but touching again and again at certain fixed points. For instance, our

remote ancestors slept sweetly in high four-posted beds, and sat in strange, unreliable rocking-chairs that threatened disaster to him who ventured beyond that fixed angle of incidence. The next generation, however, grew ashamed of such ugly furniture and stored it safely in the secretive twilight of the ample attic. But the generation following ransacked those attics, restored the abandoned antiquities to the place of honor and usefulness, and we of to-day are even manufacturing the four-poster that we may sleep in comfort and style. So we might cite the millinery of the present painful period, or the revival of romanticism in literature, or the insistent recurrence of the Colonial in architecture, any one of which would illuminate the point. But we turn from the realm of things to the realm of thought because that is there which means more to us. For a decade now we have been told and retold that this is a social age. That information has been conveyed to us in a hundred languages and forms. And no sane man dare gainsay the fact. This is a social age, probably *the* social age of history. Machinery and organized capital have created an absolutely new industrial world. In that world the individual is lost to view and men simply must be dealt with in the mass. Practical science, as applied to contagion, sanitation, and transmitted disorders, has eliminated from the physical world the ironical question, "Who is my neighbor?" and is slowly giving us a whole earth with the community interest and obligation. The crowded city, with its growing bulk of moral disorders; a deepened moral insight, revealing the ineffaceable fact of the race's moral solidarity, and a score more of modern conditions or discoveries make ours a social age whether we will or not. Side by side with all this must be noted, too, the new alignment of the forces of good for the meeting of new needs and the solution of these new problems. The Good Samaritan has gone and the Better Samaritan is already on the ground. To begin with, he is more scientific. He probes deep into the social wound that the disturbing matter may be expelled. And, then, too, he is thorough. He seeks prevention rather than cure and reconstruction rather than relief. Not baskets of provisions, but employment and opportunity for self-support! Not old-age pensions, but fair wages and just prices! Not crutches for the old, but new lungs and strong limbs for the young! Of these he talks and for them he works. And, in a period of organization, our Better Samaritan is utilizing organizations. Brotherhoods and societies, committees and commissions, institutions and foundations, are doing thoroughly and scientifically to-day what a quarter of a century ago was being done bunglingly and imperfectly by isolated and undirected and, very often, incompetent individuals.

Now all this is laudable and wonderful. It has enriched our knowledge, widened our view, deepened our sympathies, and perfected our service. Science and the second commandment, harnessed side by side, are dragging the chariot of the Kingdom over seemingly impassable heights. But—to change the figure most abruptly—the signs of the times all point to-day to the reemergence of the individual. The cycle of service is bringing us once more to a given truth whose very existence we had almost forgotten. Talk about dealing with men in the mass; there is no

such thing within the bounds of possibility. After all, the economic problem is not that of capital and labor at all. It is that of the capitalist and the laborer. The danger is not that the former will get the latter. It is, rather, that the devil will get them both. The problem of the city is not that of new tenements, but of new folks, and folks always have been individual, are now, and, so far as we can judge, always will be. After all, if it is true that "there is no such thing as an individual," it is also true that in the world of people there is nothing else but the individual. If our philosophy is correct, personality is the supreme fact in the universe. Individuality is the inviolate and sacred thing which no age can destroy. As the little girl said, "All people aren't alike; even Aunt Mary, she isn't alike." It is easy to see, then, that for all social reconstruction the individual is the only and only possible unit. A well-known man is to-day being quoted as having uttered the wonderful words, "Crime is always personal." A patient God has been trying for several thousand years to teach us that very thing. "The soul that sinneth, *it* shall die." "Except *a man* be born again." "Let *every man* be convinced in his own mind." "Work out *your own* salvation."

The end of all things may be a new social order, but the only process by which such an order can be established is that laborious process taught of God and followed by Christ, the complete regeneration of the total individual; personality put into right relations with all that is.

It is also easy to see that the individual remains supreme in the bringing of all this about. There must still be a Samaritan, and not some vast impersonal institution for the uplift of the masses. Organized service is a necessity, not a luxury, but that organization must mean the perfection of the individual in service, not his exemption from service. The personal element is still crucial in the doing of all work, the solution of all problems. Sentimental as it may sound, it remains true that the only force found sufficient to lift men up and make them new is personal contact with somebody who cares.

Just one more statement seems necessary before we turn away from this subject. This renewed realization of the value of the individual clarifies greatly the part and power of the church of God. If there is one peril which awaits the church to-day it is that of doing too little by attempting to do too much. Perhaps it is not too much, but too many things. We are anxious to help in this complex service and the solution of these complex problems. And so we use the pulpit for the discussion of many themes, the church for the doing of many things, and our vital forces for the accomplishment of many reforms. And so we lag, weary with well-doing and despairing at meager results. And all the time the cure is with ourselves. It is ours, primarily, not to discuss problems, but to proclaim the gospel; not to secure reforms, but to call men to repentance; not to close saloons, but to open hearts. It is ours not to build tenements, but to build character; not to denounce bribery, but to save bribers from their sins; not to furnish the States with new laws, but to furnish the world with new men, transformed in mind and heart and motive by the grace of God. And then these men will go out to turn the world upside down.

That is, in short, the message of the pulpit is to the individual. It is the cry, "Repent," not a scholarly dissertation on "The Philosophy of Repentance." It is the plea, "Ye must be born again," not an analysis of the psychological elements in conversion. It is the shout, "Get right with God," not a soliloquy on the human and the divine in history. I speak now of ultimates, of finalities. And the product of the church is the new man in Christ Jesus, no more and no less. It is a Luther first, then the ninety-five theses; a Wesley with a heart strangely warmed, then a second Reformation; a Jerry McAuley, then a Water Street Mission; a John S. Huyler, then a Huyler Rest Home; a Gladstone, then a reformed government.

To this Christ called us. For this we were set aside. To this it is ours to consecrate ourselves, and then all the rest will follow. Out of a host of regenerated individuals we will find slowly forming a new heaven and a new earth.

ANDREW GILLIES.

Minneapolis, Minn.

SERVING IN EARNING MONEY AND IN GIVING MONEY

OUR nation is permeated with the idea of uplifting humanity by *giving* money. The realization of this responsibility on the part of our rich men and the prodigality with which colleges and institutions of research are endowed, libraries and hospitals established, philanthropic institutions supported are sources of astonishment to other nations and of gratification and helpfulness to us. May they increase!

Is there not, however, a much greater truth which ought to be emphasized than that mankind should be helped by *giving* money—the truth that we can most efficiently please God and serve man not merely in the *giving* of money, but also, and fundamentally, in the *earning* of it? Ought not we to trip-hammer home this truth, that a man can do more good by following the principles and having the spirit of brotherhood all through his business life than he can by giving away millions accumulated by wolfish methods?

A great merchant honestly and sympathetically gives away a hundred thousand dollars each year to charities. Would not that money accomplish much more if it were used to provide his saleswomen with a wage that would lift them above the constant temptation to augment their pittance by selling themselves? A great manufacturer in a conscientious effort to better the world is helping most generously to equip Young Men's Christian Associations and to erect public libraries; meanwhile, however, great numbers of the workingmen in his plants have been toiling twelve hours a day, seven days in the week, with dark periods of unemployment, under working conditions both harmful and dangerous, and at wages that scarcely provide a decent standard of family life. How much more would that money, used for Young Men's Christian Association plants and libraries, accomplish if used to decrease

the hours of labor and the periods of unemployment, to improve the working conditions, and to pay wages that permit self-realization, self-respect, and comfort for the workingmen and their families?

Does not this whole matter resolve itself into this problem—which of these two methods is the better one, for one to give the workingmen what they earn, the buying public what they pay for, and the competitors what they deserve, or for one to give them all only what he is absolutely forced to give in tooth-and-nail competition and then to dole back in majestic kindness, nay, even sometimes in condescension, what was actually earned or paid for before?

If we believe that a democratic government is superior to a paternal one, particularly among a people with a good degree of general education, and if we believe that economic independence is better than slavery, can there be any doubt what is the true answer to the problem?

After a man has conducted his business along righteous principles, and has served mankind in *making* money, large surpluses may honestly be his. He has an ethical right to appropriate some of the social surplus he creates. And gifts from these surpluses are *real* gifts; but let us protest—all we who are lovers of righteousness—that a man ought always first to serve in *earning* the money; and *after that* in the *giving* of it.

Escanaba, Mich. KING D. BEACH.

A DEFINITE, PRACTICAL WORK

ONE hundred and nine pastors of Methodist churches in various sections of the country are editing columns of temperance news and argument in the daily press as local correspondents of the Temperance Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Not all of these men secure the limit of space each time, but all of them do secure some space, and secure it regularly. The matter they use comes from the headquarters of the Temperance Society, which issues a "clip-sheet" going to some fifteen hundred newspapers, special correspondents, etc. In connection with this matter appears much splendid argument based upon local news, illustrative events, reform developments, and community opinion. The fact that the column proceeds from a denominational department of the great Methodist Church gives it a claim upon the editor and prestige with the readers.

The Temperance Society, located at Topeka, Kan., is willing to send its weekly news bulletin to any Methodist pastor who will guarantee such an arrangement with his local paper, and this arrangement is more than easy to make in the majority of cases. The "clip-sheet" is made up from a very large American and foreign correspondence. It has the advantage of special reports from Washington, from scientific laboratories, colleges, reform centers, State capitals, large cities, and world leaders. Its exchange list is voluminous.

Topeka, Kan. E. D. PICKETT.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

PAUL'S MYSTICISM, CONTINUED
(Rom. 6. 12-25)

As shown in a previous paper, on Rom. 6. 1-11, the sixth chapter of Romans sets forth the doctrine of the mystical union of the believer with Christ, by faith, in his life, death, and resurrection. It involves an actual identification with the Redeemer himself. This no doubt is mystical language. When strictly compared with the facts of religious consciousness it must be admitted that all such terms as union, oneness, fellowship, identification, pass into the domain of metaphor. They are taken to express the highest conceivable degree of attachment and devotion. In this sense they are consecrated by the use of centuries, and any other phrases substituted for them, though gaining somewhat in precision, would only seem poor and cold. See Sanday, Commentary for Schools.

Baptism was the outward profession of the vital union by faith of the believer with Christ. Baptism was not the cause of the union, but the divinely ordained ordinance by which the believer was inducted into the Christian communion and fellowship. The time of the Redeemer's sacrifice on Calvary was the time, in the Divine order, of the death of sin. The time of the acceptance of Christ by faith and of receiving the rite of baptism was the time of the believer's union with Christ. This union with Christ was not a mere metaphysical conception, but was the ground and instrument of the development of the Christian life in the believer. Hence in the twelfth and thirteenth verses the apostle exhorts them, "Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin: but yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God." In the fourteenth verse Paul affirms one of the most remarkable propositions in all Christian thought. "For sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under the law, but under grace." In man's regenerate state sin shall not have dominion. The reason given is because they are "not under the law, but under grace." The question here raised and answered is, How shall the dominion of sin over men be broken? The usual answer is that sin is to be overcome by law. Hence the multitudinous laws that are promulgated to prevent the multiplication of transgressions. Almost the first thing that is proposed when a great evil has arisen is to pass a law prohibiting it, and enforcing obedience to the law by legal statutes. In this view law is the great civilizer and reformer. The statement of this passage is different. It says sin shall not rule over you because by union with Jesus Christ by faith you do not cease to obey the law, but it ceases to be the motive and the power which brings obedience. The apostle proceeds with the illustration in the sixteenth verse: "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants

ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?" The world's view is that the more law the more goodness; thus misconceiving the mission of law. The mission of law is not to remove sin, but to awaken a sense of sin. Law shows our wrongfulness, shows our weaknesses, but does not impart strength to overcome them. It presents to us ideals, but does not give us power to reach them. Law reveals wrong as something that is blameworthy and shows how helpless man is to do that which he knows to be right.

The apostle enlarges on his illustration of freedom and slavery in verses 17, 18, asserting that freedom from righteousness involves bondage to sin, whereas freedom from sin involves bondage to righteousness. His language is: "But God be thanked, that ye were the servants of sin, but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you. Being then made free from sin, ye became servants of righteousness." A German writer has set forth in this way the thought embodied in this verse: "But this binding strength as to our obedience does not hold good only when we are obedient to sin, but also when we are directing our obedience toward righteousness. She, too, makes us to be her servant, inasmuch as we are obedient to her, and she becomes a power within us which we must serve because she keeps us chained to herself in our inclinations and desires, which means: that I cannot be without righteousness though it cost my life; rather lose my life than righteousness. Just as sin, when I lay hold on it through obedience, lays hold upon and seizes me, so also righteousness does not let me go when I have once surrenderd myself in obedience, but takes me into her service and inwardly attaches me to her with strong ties. And just as I needed no law for sinning, and just as it was unnecessary to admonish me from without, now in this way and now in that way all the more, since within my evil will lust was added to lust, and desire to desire, so that I was carried away even into such places as I was not willing to go, so also I need no law for righteousness, which from without continually drives and urges me, do this and do that, but also here obedience leads to obedience and desire to desire and righteousness plants itself in my will. So my will moves and has its being in righteousness." In our hold on righteousness we are not striving after something that is striving to elude us, but we must insist that we are dead to sin and alive in Christ.

There is a clause in the seventeenth verse which is significant in this connection: "But ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you." This passage would be better rendered, "the form of doctrine to which you were delivered," or, "to which you were handed over." It is difficult to conceive exactly the force of these words. It does not say that the gospel was delivered to us, but we were delivered to the gospel and accepted and are governed by it. In uniting with Christ we yield ourselves to our divine Lord and recognize his teachings as those which must control. Luther expresses it "as the pattern of the doctrine, exemplar, ideal, which the doctrine sets up." It seems difficult to suggest that you should obey a pattern, but it indi-

cates that we are to be obedient to a type of doctrine. One writer says that by the type of doctrine "is meant the gospel in the stricter, and not in the broader, sense; the doctrine of the righteousness which is in Christ, a righteousness of faith closely connected and inseparably interwoven with righteousness of life, which includes and produces righteousness of life as certainly as the germ the fruit. Paul does not say that we do not need the law, and would therefore only need to follow the inner impulse. The doctrine is not put under our power so that we can mold and shape it according to our liking, but it must remain as it has proceeded from the word and work of God, and we are put under its power."

Thus the voice of the word from without and the voice from within are in beautiful harmony. In the twenty-first and twenty-second verses the apostle sets forth the results of the diverse obedience and slavery, and he asks, "What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed? for the end of those things is death. But now, being made free from sin and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness and the end everlasting life." In the early part of this chapter the apostle has set forth what might be called the philosophy of the Christian life. But the Christian life is more than a philosophy. It is an experience, and it has its fruits by which it commends itself to the world. The apostle asks, "What fruit had ye then?" namely, at the time when they were under the dominion of sin; that is, what conduct did you exhibit? and the answer is, conduct of which ye are now as Christians ashamed. The result is declared to be this: the fruits of the service of sin are fruits which bring shame, disappointment, and death. The fruits of obedience to God are sanctification and eternal life.

In the nineteenth verse Paul seems to apologize for the use of the words freedom and slavery. He says, "I speak after the manner of men because of the infirmity of your flesh." By the phrase "after the manner of men" he evidently does not mean that he is speaking with only human authority and has no divine inspiration, but that he addresses them in this way because of the dullness of their spiritual apprehension. Freedom and slavery are the terms in which he can best convey his meaning to them. The service to God is a willing service. It is a service of the heart, hence the need of explanation of the use of the word slavery. If they continue in sin they are under its dominion. If they have received the divine life of Christ they are the servants of righteousness. Sin leads to slavery, righteousness to spiritual freedom. Sin leads to death, righteousness to eternal life. The righteous man has the most perfect freedom because his works are the result of his renewed nature, but they need the deep spiritual apprehension to express the full meaning of the terms "freedom" and "slavery" in this chapter.

The doctrine of the mystical union with Christ is not confined to this chapter, but harmonizes with the general teachings of the apostle elsewhere. "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." As many as have been baptized unto Christ have put on Christ. Our blessed Lord in the parable of the vine and the branches

expresses the same thought: "I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." We have thus set forth in this chapter the great fact of the Old and New Testaments: the keyword of the Old Testament is Law, the keyword of the New Testament is Grace. "The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." The law brings condemnation, grace brings pardon; the law worketh wrath, grace worketh peace.

The apostle closes his discussion with the passage which embodies the spirit of the whole matter: "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Death is the wages which the sinner earns. It is the appropriate outcome of his sinful acts. Every person who goes the way of death goes thither because he himself has chosen it. He follows the pathway of sin because he wills to follow it, and when he reaches the goal it is the result of his own sin, the wages of his own transgression. On the other hand, eternal life is a gift bestowed. It is the gracious act of God. The Christian's righteousness is not the cause of his eternal life, it is the way in which all the redeemed must walk since they are united to Jesus Christ by faith. The believer's perpetual refrain throughout the eternities, in the world of light and love and purity, will be, "Not unto us, but unto thy name, O Lord, be all the glory."

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE PHILISTINES

Of all the non-Israelite people of Palestine mentioned in the Old Testament, none played a more important part in the history and development of that country than the Philistines. It is a significant fact that these people gave their name not only to that fertile strip of land along the Mediterranean coast from Joppa on the north to the desert of Shur on the south and extending east to the highlands of Judah, but also to the entire country usually known as Palestine. It is generally agreed that Philistia, Palestina, and Palestine are modified forms of the same word, though no satisfactory etymology has been given to any one of these three forms. Numerous explanations have been propounded, but not one has found general acceptance, which goes to prove the origin of the Philistine, no less than his language, is so far shrouded in mystery. Whence came the Philistines to Palestine? is still an open question. The Hebrew Scriptures in more than one passage make Caphtor the homeland of these arch enemies of Israel (Jer. 47. 4 and Amos 9. 7). It is also stated in Deut. 2. 23 that the Avim who dwelt in the villages around Gaza were destroyed and replaced by the Caphtorim, who came out of Caphtor. But where was Caphtor? Some of the Greek versions followed by Josephus

identify Caphtor with Cappodicia. Ebers and others would find Caphtor in the Delta. This agrees well with the table of the nations in the tenth chapter of Genesis, where we read that the Caphtorim were descendants of Ham, through Mizraim. Others, like W. Max Mueller, identify Caphtor with the Keftin, or Kefto, of the Egyptian monuments, on the southeast coast of the Mediterranean. The more common view, however, is that the Caphtor and Caphtorim of the Old Testament stand respectively for Crete and Cretans. There is much in favor of this conclusion. There is an unmistakable connection between the Philistines and Cherethites (Ezek. 25. 16 and Zeph. 2. 5). Then the Pelethites and Cherethites are constantly mentioned together. The words Pelethite and Philistine are probably the same. The difference in Hebrew is very little: *Plethi* and *Plishti*. The interchange of sh and th is not difficult to understand. If we turn to the Greek we find the Hebrew Crethi is transliterated Κρῆτες that is, Cretans. Here it should be stated that there was a place in the Delta called Ka-pet-hor. From this it has been argued that the original Caphtorim might have emigrated from Egypt to Crete or to the coast of Asia Minor before finally settling in Philistia.

Now there are many reasons for believing that the Philistines were non-Semitic, and perhaps Indo-European. From the time of Champollion there has been a growing belief that the Purusati of the Egyptian monuments were the Pelishtine of the Hebrew Scriptures. If we consider that the letters r and l are interchangeable in different languages the difference will not seem so great. The Chinaman does not say, "American," but, "Melican." The Japanese have the opposite difficulty; so, too, the Egyptians are said to have substituted r for l in proper names. The Purusati conquered by Rameses III about B. C. 1200 were probably Philistines. They are represented on the Egyptian monuments as different in dress, armor, and physiognomy from the Semitic peoples and more European than Asiatic in appearance.

Notwithstanding what has been said above, it should be remembered that there are many distinguished scholars who maintain that the Philistines, like their northern neighbors, the Phœnicians, were Semitic in language and origin. They base their argument upon the religion and the very little known of their language—almost entirely proper names found in the Old Testament and Assyrian inscriptions. It will be at once admitted that the linguistic argument is very precarious, for it is easily understood how a Hebrew or Assyrian scribe would naturally Semitize Philistine and other foreign proper names, both of persons and places. Indeed, many of the latter, especially, might have antedated the Philistine occupations. Invaders, as a rule, leave the names of places unchanged, or at most change them but slightly. It must also be told that the Tel-el-Amarna tablets (about B. C. 1450) mention nearly a dozen places in Philistia, among them, Ashkelon, Gath, Gezer, Gaza, and Lachish. This goes to show that the Philistines did not change the old Canaanite or Semitic names. It is different with the names of persons. Professor Macalister in his Schweich Lectures gives the names of sixteen persons supposedly Philistine. Of these only three are undisputably Semitic. The

other thirteen are, if not Philistine, of unknown origin. There is but one word in the story of the Philistines which may be a native word. This is *seranim*, rendered "lords" in the English versions. The singular is *seren*. It is always applied to the Philistine, never to the Hebrews. As far as known, it has no analogy in the Semitic tongues. Some one has suggested that it is a cognate of *τυρανος*, "tyrant"—but alas! who can tell us the origin of *tyrannos?*

We are at present just as ignorant of the Philistine language as of the Hittite; yea, more so; for, though not a word of Hittite has been deciphered or translated beyond controversy, there are Hittite inscriptions galore. Let us hope that ancient Philistia may, one of these days, furnish a key from some of its buried ruins which may unlock the history of its once warlike people.

If Crete, as generally believed, was the homeland of the Philistines, there is also hope that the Cretan inscriptions may lend their aid in solving the mystery. The excavations in Philistia and Crete have brought to light many objects pointing, if not to a common origin, yet to a close relationship. This applies especially to the mode of burial, and the articles deposited with the dead, as well as the position of the body. There were five graves found at Gezer which were very different from the native Palestinian graves of any period. "They were oblong rectangular receptacles sunk in the ground and covered with large slabs. Each contained a single body stretched out (not crouched, as in the Canaanite interments), the head, with one exception, turned to the east. Ornaments and food deposits were placed around. The mouthplate found on some of the skeletons was an important link with Cretan tradition, and the graves as a whole show decided kinship with the shaft graves of Knossos or Mycenæ" (Macalister). The bones, too, favored a Cretan origin. The same is true of the pottery and their decorations.

In like manner some light is thrown upon the subject by a comparison of Cretan paintings and those pictured on the walls of the old temple at Medinet Habu in Egypt, descriptive of Rameses's campaign against the Purusati (Philistines). The headdress painted on these sculptures shows a clear kinship with that worn by the Lycians and Mycenæans, as well as that on the Phæstos disk.

This disk belonging to the Middle Minoan period, about B. C. 1600, was discovered in the ruins of the palace at Phæstos in Crete. It is made of terracotta, and carved on both sides with inscriptions. There are forty-five distinct characters or symbols. Of these the most common is the headdress above mentioned. This is another link in the chain which connects Philistia with Crete.

When did the Philistines settle in Palestine? Assuming that the Philistines were of Cretan origin, it may be assumed that with the overthrow of the Cretan power many of the people left the homeland to try their fortune elsewhere. Some may have settled on the coast of Asia Minor, some in Greece and Italy, and still others in Philistia and the neighboring territory. But nothing definite is known on the subject. "The settlement of the Philistines in Palestine," says Macalister, "falls in that period

of fog, as we may call it, when the iron culture succeeds the bronze in the Eastern Mediterranean."

If we turn to the Old Testament, we find a mention of the Philistines in the days of Abraham and Isaac. This need not be taken literally, but simply that the Abimelech of Abraham may have been a Semite dwelling in what was later the land of the Philistines. They inhabited Philistia at the beginning of the exodus (Exod. 13. 17) as well as its close (Josh. 13. 2), and were so powerful at the time Joshua divided the land among the tribes that he could not subdue them (Judg. 3. 3). They were a source of constant worry during the period of the Judges, and formidable in the days of Eli and Samuel, and even during the reign of unfortunate Saul. They were not completely subdued till David was king. Even after his days they persisted in molesting Israel. The Assyrian inscriptions report their defeat by Hadad-Nirari (B. C. 812-783), by Tiglath-pileser III in B. C. 734. A few years later Sennacherib marched against Philistia and took Beth-Dagon, Joppa, Bene-Barak, etc. When Assyria had ceased to be victorious, Pharaoh Necho marshaled his forces against his northern enemy and captured all the Philistine cities upon this triumphant march.

Though it is perfectly clear that the Philistines were a religious people, we have but little data on which to base an opinion as to the nature of their worship. The names of the three deities mentioned in connection with their worship point, at least partially, to a Semitic religion. We have mention of the Ashtaroth and Baal-zebub, the former in connection with the tragic death of King Saul and the latter in the story of Ahaziah king of Judah. There are two accounts of Saul's death, and unfortunately they are contradictory. In 1 Sam. 31. 10ff. we read of the Ashtaroth (plural of Ashtoreth) and in 1 Chron. 10. 10 of Dagon. The latter is probably the more correct reading. When we come to Baal-zebub, there is nothing said about the Philistines worshiping this god at Ekron, but a simple report of how King Ahaziah sent to consult the oracle at that place (2 Kings 1. 6ff.). As we have no evidence that the Philistines ever worshiped Baal-zebub, a purely Semitic god, as the name implies, we may assume that the oracle at Ekron was one of those to which any person might come and apply for information by paying the usual fee. If the above suppositions are true, it seems that the only Philistine god of which we may speak with positiveness is Dagon.

Dagon, too, has been a subject of considerable discussion. While the majority of authorities agree that his name is Semitic and denotes fish, there are those who derive the word from a Semitic root, meaning grain, while others boldly assert that the word has nothing in common with the root *dgn*, from which the forms for grain and fish are derived. Whatever the origin of the word, there is no doubt that Dagon was worshiped by the Philistines at Ashdod and other of their cities for many centuries. The old Jewish writers tell us that the image of Dagon had the head, arms, and upper parts of a man, tapering off into the form of a fish. There are still others who maintain that Dagon was not exclusively a Philistinian god, but was worshiped by different nations in different lands,

under slightly different names: Dagon, Dagân, Daguna, etc. Let us quote Professor Macalister once more. He says: "That Dagân and the Philistine Dagon of Palestine are one and the same being can scarcely be questioned." Of course, the difference of vowel presents but little or no difficulty, as every student of etymology knows.

Let us notice some points of difference. The Philistines had temples, while the Hebrews still worshiped in a tent. There is no evidence that the Philistines had high places on which they offered their sacrifies. Nor were the Philistines forbidden idols. The temple at Ashdod had its image of Dagon. Images were even carried to the battlefield by their armies. The disparaging phrase uncircumcised Philistine is frequently applied to them. This proves that their religious rites and ceremonies differed in one very important respect from those of the Hebrews. Indeed, there is no evidence that they had any religious rite in common with the people of Israel. There seemed to have been a wide gulf between the two nations at all times in their history. The Hebrews often relapsed into the idolatry of their Semitic neighbors and adopted their wicked practices, but they always held aloof from Philistia. The Hebrew prophets constantly upbraided their people for their religious perfidy and disloyalty to Jehovah. There is but one solitary reference to their worship of Philistine gods—and that is in a very general way, in a kind of a wholesale denunciation of idolatrous Israel.

From our study of this question we are convinced that the Philistines were non-Semitic and differed from the Hebrews in race, religion, and language.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

ERNST TROELTSCH

In any given period it is a rare thing to find more than one school of theological thought able to compel universal attention to its aims and problems. A few years ago the school that did this was that of Ritschl. To-day it is the history-of-religion school, whose recognized leader is Ernst Troeltsch. There are, of course, other schools and other leaders. So far, however, as the Ritschlian school is concerned, it has lost much of its former unity and coherence. Yet several theologians recognized as more or less genuine Ritschlians are to-day exerting a powerful influence, especially Herrmann, Haering, and Harnack. No living scholar in the field of systematic theology can be sure of a larger or more eager public than Herrmann. And yet the Ritschl-Herrmann type of theology is not to-day setting the problems and shaping the issues of theology so much as that of Troeltsch. The name of the late Martin Kaehler stands for another school, which has profoundly influenced a large number of German theologians, especially of those in the practical service of the

church. Kaehler's theology may be briefly characterized as a very significant attempt to bring to full expression the underlying principle wherein the biblicism of Beck and the Erlangen theology of experience find their unification. Of a similar tendency is the equally original but less "systematic" Schlatter. A continuation of the Erlangen type is very ably represented by Seeberg. Another theologian of great repute is Ihmels, who has modified the Erlangen theology in the direction of Kaehler. Yet after all it is the history-of-religion school that occupies the center of the arena.

The rise of the school has not been rapid, nor can one point to any single individual as its founder. The appearance of the school was the natural outcome of a long development. The comparative study of religions had flourished for some time, especially in England, France, and Holland. It was, however, reserved for the Germans, notwithstanding they had been strangely backward in the study of ethnic religions, to find in the fruits of that study a methodological principle for the understanding of the Bible and Christianity. On German soil the labors of such men as Baur, Weizsäcker, Holtzmann, Lagarde, Pfleiderer, Wellhausen, and Harnack prepared the way for the appearance of the history-of-religion school. Rade has called Wellhausen and Harnack "involuntary creators" of the school. Their studies have made immense contributions to the understanding of the development of religion upon the background of a broad history of civilization, yet they have not accepted some of the essential principles of the new school.

It was in the field of the New Testament that the history-of-religion school made its first appearance. In 1888 Gunkel published his little book on "The Operations of the Holy Spirit According to the Popular Views of the Apostolic Age and According to the Teaching of Paul." The new religio-historical method was next applied to the thought of the kingdom of God in the Gospels in works by Bousset and J. Weiss. In 1895 appeared Gunkel's epoch-making book, Schöpfung und Chaos (Creation and Chaos), and Bousset's Der Antichrist. Gunkel's book aimed to show that the materials of the first chapter of Genesis and of the twelfth chapter of Revelation were in large part ancient Semitic traditions, chiefly Babylonian. It purported to present a paradigm or specimen illustration of what the author believed to be a general state of facts in religious history, namely, no historical religion stands isolated from the whole vast movement of the thought and life that involves the whole race. In a later writing, Concerning the Religio-Historical Understanding of the New Testament (1903), he seeks to show that even "the Christianity of the New Testament grew up on the soil of syncretism." But, he maintains, even if heathen myths have found a place in the New Testament, they have been clarified. Myth, according to Gunkel, is not essentially of heathenism, but is rather an essential phase of religious thinking in general. "The most precious treasures of religion can invest themselves in mythical form." "We Christians have absolutely no ground for the assumption that everything that is good and valuable in religion could spring only from Israel." Bousset, in his The Religion of Judaism in

New Testament Times, declares: "Not one religion alone contributed to the origin and development of Christianity. . . . Judaism was the retort in which the different elements were assembled."

It is not, however, our purpose to trace the course of the development of the historical studies of the school. In order to acquire the compactness of a school the movement must find a systematic theological interpreter and spokesman. This it has found in Ernst Troeltsch. Born in 1865, Troeltsch became *privatdocent* in Göttingen in 1891, professor extraordinary in Bonn, 1892; professor ordinary in Heidelberg, 1894. He has just been called to the chair of the history and philosophy of religion in Berlin, but the professorship has been transferred to the philosophical faculty. A widespread disapproval of this change has found its best expression in a pamphlet by Deissmann. Troeltsch's earliest theological development was largely determined by the influence of Ritschl. His departure from the master was registered in his essays in the Zeitschrift für Theologie und Kirche on "The Independence of Religion" and on "History and Metaphysics" (1895-96 and 1898). The "dogmatic method" is given up and the "historical method" is affirmed as being alone warranted. From the period of these essays to the present Troeltsch's influence and reputation have been steadily increasing. The eminent regard in which he is held is due in part to his unfailing fairness in controversy and his manifestly sincere desire to recognize truth wherever it may be found. But besides all this he is a man of great intellectual energy and originality. He is, therefore, a thinker and writer from whom every serious thinker will receive manifold and powerful impulses and suggestions. He is not, on the whole, easy to read. The points of view are too manifold for simplicity of exposition. Troeltsch "sees with ten eyes" and the reader must work to follow the argument.

It is not possible in a brief space to characterize such a thinker as Troeltsch. We call special attention to him at this time because the assembling of his scattered essays into two great volumes (1912 and 1913) has enabled the public to study him more systematically and to get a clearer impression of his significance. The first of these, "Die Soziallehren der Christlichen Kirchen und Gruppen," carries out with great power the thought that social, no less than purely religious, forces have had a determining influence in shaping Christian history, even the development of dogma. This thought was formerly much neglected, but there is grave danger of its being overworked. Troeltsch himself, however, has never carried it to an extreme, such as we note in Professor E. S. Ames's Psychology of Religion. For Troeltsch lays stress also upon the positive content of religion. The second volume is entitled "Zur religiösen Lage, Religionsphilosophie und Ethik." The most striking thing in this volume is the treatment of the "newer Protestantism." Troeltsch holds that the Protestant churches have *inwardly* broken with the Protestantism of the Reformers as truly as the latter in its time had broken with Catholicism. For a most luminous, but perhaps too laudatory, appreciation of Troeltsch the reader is referred to Baron von Hügel's essay in the Constructive Quarterly (March, 1914).

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Beacon Lights of Prophecy. An Interpretation of Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Deutero-Isaiah. By ALBERT C. KNUDSON, Professor in Boston University School of Theology. 12mo, pp. xii+281. New York: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

The Prophets of Israel. From the Eighth to the Fifth Century. Their Faith and their Message. By MOSES BUTTENWIESER, PH.D., Professor of Biblical Exegesis, Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati. 8vo, pp. xxii+350. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $2, net.

THE study of the great seers of the Old Testament first received notable attention with the publication of The Prophets of Israel, by W. Robertson Smith. Although it appeared so far back as 1882, it has gone through several editions, and it is justly regarded as one of the classics on this subject. The significance of these great preachers of righteousness to the life of the present day was later shown by George Adam Smith in his remarkable volumes on Isaiah and the so-called Minor Prophets in the Expositor's Bible, and in his Yale lectures on Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament. Among recent writers who have discussed the subject of prophecy Professor Knudson deserves a most honorable place. His volume is a distinct contribution and it will be read with pleasure and advantage by both preacher and layman. The supreme merit of this volume is that difficulties are clearly faced and nowhere evaded or explained away. He holds that the prophets were both preachers of repentance and heralds of the coming kingdom of God. They were distinguished by intense earnestness, indomitable passion, and deep insight, and the dual notes of doom and redemption were always found in their fearless pronouncements. Nowhere in the history of religion has there been anything so unique as this institution of prophecy in Israel. Its purpose was not prediction so much as proclamation of the will of God. They spoke in God's stead, with whom they were in sincere communion, and so they were possessed of his purpose and felt under compulsion to proclaim it. Professor Buttenwieser's translation of Jer. 23. 18 strikingly brings out this thought: "For he who hath held converse with God, hath perceived and heard his word, he who hath hearkened to his word must proclaim it." An interesting comparison is made by Professor Knudson between Hebrew prophecy and Greek philosophy, to which it bears a resemblance in its fruits, though not in its methods. These have been the two great creative forces in the spiritual and intellectual history of mankind. "Prophecy carries with it the idea of inspiration and revelation, not because there is no human element in it, but because it is the outgrowth of those loftiest elements of human nature which we instinctively and immediately associate with the idea of the Spirit of God. Philosophy, on the other hand, makes no claim to supernatural inspiration, not because there are no sparks of the divine in it, but because it is, for the most part, the outcome of that side of our nature which seems less closely linked with

God. In prophecy it is preeminently the heart and conscience that speak to us, in philosophy the intellect. The difference, then, between the method of the prophet and that of the philosopher finds its justification in the common conviction that the heart and conscience stand nearer to God than the intellect" (page 46). In this connection Professor Buttenwieser's chapter on "Inspiration as Opposed to Divination or Possession" is worth reading. The great service of the prophets lay in the fact that they moralized and universalized religion and made a noteworthy distinction between spiritual religion and ritualistic piety at a time when the mere institutional features of religion were regarded by the nation as indispensable. Professor Knudson rightly believes that eschatology preceded the literary prophets and that the element of doom which was larger than any particular calamity was always voiced by the prophets; but this sense of danger was intimately and profoundly related to the awakening of the religious consciousness. These facts will enable us to understand the significance of the Messianic passages in the writings of the preexilic prophets where they have a legitimate place. "The Messianic hope did not originate with Isaiah or any of the other literary prophets. It was current in Israel long before their time and assumed a great variety of forms. What the literary prophets did was to take this traditional material, purge it of its heathen elements, and give to it a distinctly ethical character. They did not, however, wholly recast it. Some of the older forms were retained. Hence, we should not be surprised if the representations which any particular prophet gives of the future are not all of one and the same piece and do not harmonize perfectly with his other utterances" (page 157). The titles of the several chapters of Professor Knudson's very helpful and able volume are: "The History and Nature of Prophecy"; "Amos the Prophet of Moral Law"; "Hosea the Prophet of Love"; "Isaiah the Prophet of Faith"; "Jeremiah the Prophet of Personal Piety"; "Ezekiel the Prophet of Individualism"; "Deutero-Isaiah the Prophet of Universalism." A book of a different character is that by Professor Buttenwieser. More than half of it is devoted to a critical and expository study of the writings of Jeremiah. Important as is the message of this prophet for the study of religion, it has not received adequate attention at the hands of scholars, although we have promise of better things from various quarters. The prophets were the supreme gifts of God to the nation, and yet every seer has paid a heavy price in bitterest isolation, in the renunciation of domestic happiness, and in the inability even to share in the common joys and sorrows of his fellow men, because his soul was filled with pictures of the desolation and misery about to overtake his people (page 17). The chapter on "The Confessions of Jeremiah" brings out very suggestively the autobiographical elements in the preaching of this prophet, who made so much of personal religion. Book I deals with the faith of the prophets, that not forms and ceremonies, but God in man's heart and in his daily life, is the very quintessence of religion. It was this faith which kindled an inner fire and inspired them to the active life of service and surrender and was the source of that wonderful

idealism which filled the prophets with visions of spiritual regeneration and universal righteousness at the very time when everything pointed to corruption and decay. Book II deals with the message of the prophets, and only one chapter, that on Amos, is included in the present volume. This study of religious growth and development, showing the progress of prophetic thought, will appear in another volume. Mention must be made of the excellent translations of the prophets. They would satisfy the late Professor Driver's canon that an ideal translation of the Bible must be idiomatic, dignified, accurate, and clear. The familiar passage in Zech. 4. 6 is thus rendered: "Not by virtue of material strength and political power shall ye prevail, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." The note of appeal is clearly brought out in this verse: "Absolutely righteous art Thou, O God, even though I venture to dispute with thee—yet of a question of justice I desire to speak unto thee: why is the way of the wicked prosperous? why are all faithless people at ease?" (Jer. 12. 1). The plaintive tone is picturesquely reproduced in the translation of Jer. 14. 8, 9: "O, Hope of Israel, its Saviour in the time of trouble, why dost Thou act like a stranger in the land, like a wayfarer that tarrieth over night? Why dost Thou act like one that is dazed, like a hero that is powerless?"

The Bible: Its Origin, Its Significance and Its Abiding Worth. By ARTHUR S. PEAKE, M.A., D.D., Rylands Professor of Biblical Exegesis in the University of Manchester. 8vo, pp. xxxvi, 517. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $2.00 net.

The Influence of the Bible on Civilisation. By ERNST VON DOBSCHUTZ, Professor of the New Testament in the University of Halle-Wittenberg. 12mo, pp. ix+190. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

A VERY interesting event took place on June 11 at Hartley College, the theological seminary of the Primitive Methodist Church in England. Three windows in the College Chapel were unveiled in honor of Professor Peake's completion of twenty-one years of service in that school, and also in recognition of his valuable services to biblical scholarship. His contributions range over a wide area, for Professor Peake has been a versatile writer, and yet it must be said that in everything he has published there is the genuine ring of scholarly exactness, lucidity, and persuasiveness. His latest book is the crowning achievement of a notable career. He not only sums up well-known conclusions in the realm of criticism, but he offers a constructive presentation of the vital message of the Bible to the life of this day. A great deal has been done during the last fifty years in biblical learning. The results have brought confusion to some, alarm to others, uncertainty to yet more. A report such as we have in Professor Peake's chapters will therefore be welcomed everywhere because it is comprehensive, judicious, reliable, and readable. Processes and results are impartially estimated, misconceptions are removed, things which differ are relatively emphasized, losses and gains are honestly reckoned with; it is, in short, a fair and exhaustive treatment of all the issues involved. The preacher has here just the kind of material which will enable him to help young people who have difficult questions sug-

gested to them in school and college and which must be answered for the strengthening of faith. Teachers in the Sunday school who are eager for a better equipment and other thoughtful Christians need guidance, and they naturally look to the preacher. Let him make the acquaintance of this volume and he will be wonderfully benefited himself by the firmer grip on truth. Dr. Peake states, what nobody will deny, that one of the most ominous signs in the life of the churches is the prevalent ignorance and neglect of the Scriptures, with the direct consequence of a lowered spiritual vitality. We are repeatedly reminded in these pages that the Bible is the great book of experimental religion and that whatever may be taken away by biblical criticism is more than made up for us by what is given, especially the clearer comprehension of the divine element in both Old and New Testaments. A great deal of space is devoted to questions of criticism and the burning issues are expounded in a scholarly and popular way, so that the average reader can obtain a good understanding of the indispensable services of the critical movement in all its phases and appreciate its constructive contributions to biblical learning and Christian theology. The religious spirit of the author is impressively stamped on every page. The legitimacy and necessity of criticism must be admitted, if the Bible is to be studied historically. "The history is enshrined in documents, and these documents must be dated and analyzed, that we may fit each into its proper place in the onward march of God's self-revelation. It has pleased God to give us the Bible in such a form as to make criticism of it essential if we are truly to understand it in all its fullness and depth of meaning. It is a perpetual challenge to all the qualities of mind and heart, rewarding those most richly who lavish the most loving study upon it and count no tedious toil too arduous that they may more truly understand by what way God has given it to us." The essential Reformation principles are recognized in two chapters, "The Part Played by Experience in the Creation of Scripture" and "The Verification of Revelation by Experience." Here are some sentences which deserve consideration: "It is very unfortunate that the designation of the Bible as the Word of God, while emphasizing one very important side of the truth, should have obscured an aspect hardly less important. For there is much in the Bible which is not God's word to man, though it belongs to what is most precious in Scripture. It is man's word, uttering his deepest feelings of praise and adoration, of penitence and longing for purity, the passionate desire for fellowship with him or the rapturous joy which such communion brings." The titles of some of the chapters are: "The Critic and the Apologist"; "History as a Channel of Revelation"; "The Nature and Mechanism of Inspiration"; "The Misuse of the Bible"; "The Bible and Theology"; "The Question of Authority"; "The Permanent Value of Scripture." They indicate the wide and profound range of the topics considered. In all there are twenty-four chapters, and they are none too many in what can well be regarded as the best book on one of the most important subjects of the day. The volume by Professor Dobschütz may be regarded as supplementary to Dr. Peake's. He furnishes important data not easily accessible and points out how the

Bible has occupied a central position in the increasingly expanding activities of the Christian church during the centuries. Sixteen half-tone reproductions of manuscripts, inscriptions, and early Bibles add to the value of the suggestive historical matter. This author believes that the influence of the Bible will be even greater in the future than it has been in the past. "The influence of the Bible in its present position as the book of devotion is of supreme importance for civilization. Progress in civilization is guaranteed not by constitution nor by law, but only by the spirit which rules the individual and through the individual the community. We need strong characters who know the great truth of self-sacrifice. Such characters are formed by the inward inspiration given by devotional reading of the Bible. Making men devout, it makes them strong and influential in the common effort to promote civilization by removing everything which is contrary to the welfare of others. That is the most important influence which the Bible can have; and that influence it still exerts, and ever will exert, on civilization."

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Humor of Homer, and Other Essays. By Samuel Butler. 12mo, pp. 313. London: A. C. Fifield. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. Price, cloth, with portrait, $1.50.

Of Samuel Butler, novelist, philosopher, scientist, satirist, and classicist, who died in London in 1902, Bernard Shaw is quoted as saying that "he was in his department"—whatever that was—"the greatest English writer of the latter half of the nineteenth century." Another calls him the most penetrating, honest, courageous, withering, and original critic of modern English life. He had clerical ancestry, his father having been one of the canons of Lincoln Cathedral and his grandfather Bishop of Lichfield. The two things which most deeply and durably impressed him in early life were Italy and the music of Handel, especially the Messiah. In 1843, when he was eight years old, the family—father, mother, two sisters, and one brother—spent a year in Italy. Of their winter in Rome such notes as these are given: "The children were taken to the top of Saint Peter's as a treat on their father's birthday. In the Sistine Chapel they saw the cardinals kiss the toe of Pope Gregory XVI, and in the Corso, in broad daylight, they saw a monk come rolling down a staircase like a sack of potatoes, bundled into the street by the man and his wife." At the age of eleven, he went to school at Allesley, near Coventry, under the Rev. E. Gibson. In after years he seldom referred to his life there, though sometimes he would say something that showed he had not forgotten all about it. For instance, in 1900 Mr. Sydney C. Cockerell, now the director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, showed him a mediæval missal, laboriously illuminated. He found that it fatigued him to look at it, and said that such books ought never to be made. Cockerell replied that such books relieved the tedium of divine service, on which Butler made a note ending thus: "Give me rather a robin or a peripatetic cat like the one

whose loss the parishioners of Saint Clement Danes are still deploring. When I was at school at Allesley the boy who knelt opposite me at morning prayers, with his face not more than a yard away from mine, used to blow pretty little bubbles with his saliva which he would send sailing off the tip of his tongue like miniature soap bubbles; they very soon broke, but they had a career of a foot or two. I never saw anyone else able to get saliva bubbles right away from him and, though I have endeavored for some fifty years and more to acquire the art, I never yet could start the bubble off my tongue without its bursting." A budding scientist, perhaps, the bubble-boy was, for bubbles belong to science rather than to worship. At the recent meeting of the Royal Society in London Mr. C. V. Boys, F.R.S., exhibited a new blow-pipe which produced soap bubbles two feet in diameter, exclaiming, as he expanded the iridescent beauty of the filmy orbs, "A bubble of that size is a joy to look upon and has more far-reaching science about it than has anything else of its weight." The second great event in the early life of Samuel Butler was his first hearing of the music of Handel, which went straight to his heart and satisfied a longing that other music had only awakened and teased. Of some of Handel's great chords he said, "One feels them in the diaphragm—they are, as it were, the groaning and laboring of all creation travailing together until now." Throughout his life "Italy and Handel were always present at the bottom of his mind as a kind of double pedal to every thought, word, and deed." Thus it appears that in him, as in many another man, the abiding impressions, the determining motives, the central inspirations which shaped and colored all his life, got into him very early. From childhood he was supposed to be destined to follow his father and grandfather into the ministry, and after taking his degree at Cambridge, he began his preparation for ordination by doing religious work among the poor in London. While at this work he tried to think out for himself various theological questions. Finding himself unable to believe the Anglican doctrine of the regenerative efficacy of infant baptism he declined to be ordained. Turning from the ministry, he could not decide between medicine, law, the army, the navy, diplomacy, literature, and art. Finally he went to New Zealand to try sheep-raising, in which he doubled his capital in five years; returning then to England in 1864, he turned to the study of art. Between 1868 and 1876 he exhibited a dozen pictures at the Royal Academy, the best one of them being hung on the line in 1878. Its subject was, "Mr. Heatherley's Holiday." Heatherley, it seems, had a school of art which Butler attended. Mr. Heatherley never went away for a holiday. Once he had to go out of town on business and did not return until the next day. One of his students remarked to him that he must have enjoyed the change and especially must have found it refreshing to sleep for once out of London. "No," said Heatherley, "I did not like it. Country air has no body." Whenever the school was closed for a holiday, Heatherley employed his time in the lively and exhilarating recreation of mending the skeleton which hung in a corner of the studio and was used in teaching anatomy. He is represented so engaged in Butler's picture, "Mr. Heatherley's Holiday," which hangs now in the

National Gallery. His bachelor habits for many years are thus described in a letter: "I live almost the life of a recluse, seeing very few people and going nowhere that I can help—I mean in the way of parties and so forth; if my friends had their way they would fritter away my time without any remorse; but I made a regular stand against it from the beginning and so, having my time pretty much in my own hands, work hard; I find that it is next to impossible to combine what is commonly called society and work." When his father's death gave him a comfortable patrimony he made little change in his style of life beyond buying a new hairbrush and a larger wash-hand basin. Here is the way of his life: "When in London he got up at 6:30 in the summer and 7:30 in the winter, went into his sitting-room, lighted the fire, put the kettle on, and returned to bed. In half an hour he got up again, fetched the kettle of hot water, emptied it into the cold water that was already in his bath, refilled the kettle, and put it back on the fire. After dressing, he came into his sitting-room, made tea, and cooked, in his Dutch oven, something he had bought the day before. He then got his breakfast and read the Times. Then he started to walk to the British Museum, where he arrived about 10.30, every alternate morning calling at the butcher's in Fetter Lane to order his meat. In the Reading Room at the Museum he sat at Block B ('B for Butler') and spent an hour 'posting his notes'—that is, reconsidering, rewriting, amplifying, shortening, and indexing the contents of the little notebook he always carried in his pocket. After the notes he went on till 1:30 with whatever book he happened to be writing. On three days of the week he dined in a restaurant on his way home. When anyone expostulated with him about cooking his own breakfast and fetching his own water, he replied that it was good for him to have a change of occupation. This was partly the fact, but the real reason, which he could not tell everyone, was that he shrank from being served by anybody; he always paid more than was necessary when anything was done for him, and was not happy then unless he did some of the work himself." He did not go to see serious plays in the theater. He preferred to take his Shakespeare from the book, because the spirit and power of the great dramas were weakened by theatrical treatment. He went once a year for laughter to see comedy or pantomime. Butler died in London in 1902, aged fifty-seven. By his direction his body was cremated and the ashes buried under the shrubs in the garden of the crematorium, with nothing to mark the spot. His writings make some seventeen volumes, part of them quite small. Greatest of all was Erewhon, which gave him his first fame, and which Augustine Birrell calls the best satire of its kind since Gulliver's Travels. Another critic says, "It really dug into the ribs of the human race and its civilization, turned it upside down and laughed at it." Erewhon has passed its tenth edition. The Fair Haven, published in 1873, when theological discussion was rife, purported to be an eirenicon and proposed to defend Christianity by proving its cardinal miracle, the resurrection. In this vindication he gave the skeptics their entire point of view and half their case. But the book contains such a blend of seriousness and irony that the effect is unsatisfactory. Some reviewers regarded it

as a notable contribution to Christian apologetics, and others denounced it as the insidious maneuver of an atheist. Here is a sample of Butler's reasoning about faith and reason: "Propositions are grounded upon one another. They support one another as plants and animals do; they are based ultimately on credit, or faith, rather than on the cash of demonstrative proof and irrefragable conviction. The whole universe is carried on on the credit system, and if the mutual confidence on which it is based were to collapse, it must itself collapse immediately. Just or unjust, it lives by faith; it is based on prevalent impalpable opinion that by some inscrutable process passes into will and action, and is made manifest in matter and in flesh: it is meteoric—suspended in mid-air; it is the baseless fabric of a vision so vast, so vivid, and so gorgeous that no base can seem more broad than such stupendous baselessness in positive proof, and yet any man can bring it about his ears or blur the vision by being overcurious; when faith fails, a system based on faith fails also. Whether the universe is really a paying concern, or whether it is an inflated bubble that must burst sooner or later, this is another matter. If people were to demand cash payment in irrefragable certainty for everything that they have taken hitherto on the credit of the bank of public opinion, is there money enough behind it all to stand so great a drain even on so great a reserve? Happily there can be no such panic, for even if the cultured classes do so, the uncultured are not likely to commit such stupendous folly. It takes a long course of academic training to educate a man up to the standard which he must reach before he can entertain captious critical questions seriously, and by a merciful dispensation of Providence university training is almost as costly as it is unprofitable. The majority will thus be always unable to afford it, and will base their opinions on mother wit, common sense, current opinion, and human experience rather than on demonstration. and so will find faith natural and easy. . . . Faith consists in holding fast that which the healthiest and most kindly instincts of the best and most sensible men and women are intuitively possessed of, without caring to require much evidence further than the fact that such people are so convinced; and for my own part I find the best men and women I know unanimous in feeling that life in others, even though we know nothing about it, is nevertheless a thing to be desired and gratefully accepted if we can get it either before death or after. I observe also that a large number of men and women do actually attain to such life, and in some cases continue so to live, if not for ever, yet to what is practically much the same thing. Our life in this world is, to natural religion as much as to revealed, a period of probation. The use we make of it is to settle how far we are to enter into another, and whether that other is to be a heaven of just affection or a hell of righteous condemnation. There are people who are as stuffed birds or beasts in a museum; serviceable no doubt from a scientific standpoint, but with no vivid or vivifying hold upon us. They seem to be alive, but are not. I am not speaking of them, but of those who do actually live in us, and move us to higher achievements though they be long dead. I speak of those who draw us ever more toward them from youth to age, and

to think of whom is to feel at once that we are in the hands of those we love, and whom we would most wish to resemble. What is the secret of the hold that these people have upon us? Is it not that while, conventionally speaking, alive, they most merged their lives in, and were in fullest communion with those among whom they lived? They found their lives in losing them. We never love the memory of anyone unless we feel that he or she was himself or herself a lover." In this book the three essays under the title "The Deadlock in Darwinism" are a postscript to the author's four books on evolution, namely, Life and Habit, Unconscious Memory, Luck or Cunning, and Evolution Old or New. Of the last and its author the critics wrote: "Though not a student of nature at first hand, he brought to the examination of ascertained facts a power of analysis and interpretation which his dialectic makes appear almost superhuman. He delighted in turning an authority's most cherished illustrations against the authority himself, a characteristic which together with his lucidity and satire places him among the most formidable of those who have opposed the Darwinian theory of Natural Selection. Introduce purpose, really consciously conceived purpose, into the course of evolution, as Butler's vitalistic theories do, and at least one great conviction of religion, that, namely, which views the universe as the expression of a Divine Will, comes near verification." "What was Mr. Darwin's system? Who can make head or tail of the inextricable muddle in which he left it? The Origin of Species in its latest shape is the reduction of hedging to an absurdity. How did Mr. Darwin himself leave it in the last chapter of the last edition of the Origin of Species? He wrote: 'I have now recapitulated the facts and considerations which have thoroughly convinced me that species have been modified during a long course of descent. This has been effected chiefly through the natural selection of numerous, successive, slight, favorable variations; aided in an important manner by the inherited effects of the use and disuse of parts, and in an unimportant manner—that is, in relation to adaptive structures whether past or present—by the direct action of external conditions, and by variations which seem to us in our ignorance to arise spontaneously. It appears that I formerly underrated the frequency and value of these latter forms of variation, as leading to permanent modifications of structure independently of natural selection.' The 'numerous, successive, slight, favorable variations' above referred to are intended to be fortuitous, accidental, spontaneous. It is the essence of Mr. Darwin's theory that this should be so. Mr. Darwin's solemn statement, therefore, of his theory, after he had done his best or his worst with it, is, when stripped of surplusage, as follows: 'The modification of species has been mainly effected by accumulation of spontaneous variations; it has been aided in an important manner by accumulation of variations due to use and disuse, and in an unimportant manner by spontaneous variations; I do not even now think that spontaneous variations have been very important, but I used once to think them less important than I do now.' It is a discouraging symptom of the age that such a system should have been so long belauded, and it is a sign of returning intelligence that even he who has been more especially

the *alter ego* of Mr. Darwin should have felt constrained to close the chapter of Charles Darwinism as a living theory, and relegate it to the important but not very creditable place in history which it must henceforth occupy."

Brierley's Last Book of Essays, Religion and To-Day. By the Author of Life and the Ideal, Aspects of the Spiritual, Sidelights on Religion, Ourselves and the Universe, etc. 12mo, pp. 288. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

THE author of Letters to Edward wrote to the young minister in California, who was making a brave fight for life, about the great suggestiveness and stimulating power of Brierley's volumes of essays. Because no more are to come, Brierley having died recently, we present an extract from his last volume as an advertisement of his quality, hoping to induce some who have not his essays to secure them to their own well-assured advantage. It is part of the essay on "The Next Thing," and follows herewith without quotation marks: Why should there be a next thing? The mystery here is that there never is, for us, anything but the next thing. If only we could capture the present, and hold it for ever such a little while! But we never can. As we watch our moment it is gone. It is all eternal movement. We would study the picture, but it will not stay to be studied. As we look it has changed; it has disappeared, and another has taken its place. If our planet would only stop once in a while! But it rushes on. Before we have ceased rejoicing at spring's lengthening day, the summer is on us, reaches its climacteric, and we are once more on the downward course. Within us it is the same. Our thought, our feeling, is an incessant movement. For us there were neither thought nor feeling without it. Our tenure of them is on condition that we lose what we had a moment ago. And they never repeat themselves. Our relation to reality is a pin-prick here and there, and then away. There must surely be another thought, another feeling, deeper and stronger, whose hold on reality is so much firmer than ours, whose relation to it is not the fleeting moment, but the eternal Now! It is thus that, when we begin to think about thought, we have to postulate God. Our world history, as we study it, is found to be a continual production of the next thing. From that study men have deduced what they call the laws of nature. We see a grand uniformity. The sun goes on rising and setting; the waters run down hill; fire burns; cold contracts; heat expands. From certain antecedents you get certain consequences. If you attach a match to gunpowder it explodes. You may repeat the experiment a thousand times, and with the same result. You can calculate here with tolerable certainty on the next thing. Out of all this men have constructed a doctrine of materialistic necessity. Things are thus and nobody can make them otherwise. They have carried it into the region of mind and will. They find in them the last phase of material evolution. "All thought is from phosphorus." Sensation is a nervous reaction. As to willing, if you could find out all a man's antecedents and all the facts of his environment, you could predict what he would do. We are in a closed circle. The next thing, in the world's happenings, and in your happenings, is just a link in the chain of necessity. But this doctrine, so

widely prevalent during the last half century, is rapidly going by the board. And it is science, which first led us into the *impasse*, that is now showing us the way out. A clearer mental science for one thing. Things are thus; but why they should be thus is, we see, quite another question. A given impact produces a given sensation, but why it should produce that sensation, who knows? Why there should be this order of nature, against a thousand other possible ones, again, who knows? The notion, too, that the order of nature is a closed circle, that the next thing is always predictable, is being shown to be an illusion. Darwin's confession that the variation in species was in itself inexplicable made a hole in the necessitarian doctrine which has never been filled up; which, indeed, has been widening ever since. The researches of De Vries and other German scientists, which show that in the plant world the variation is a sudden one, in the nature of a surprise, is the last note in evolution, and it opens up a whole world of possibilities. Evolution has here, as it was bound to do, struck upon the supernatural. The "next thing," not in the plant world only, but, as we are discovering, in world history, in human history, is always a surprise. It cannot be accounted for by the known antecedents. The result is always more than what came before it. Something new is ever being produced. Upon the known is the incessant play of the unknown. The invisible force which makes a new plant possible in botany is what makes possible a new man in history. It is here that science and theology join hands. It is because life is seen rising stage above stage, each unaccountable by anything which has gone before—each drawing into itself all that has gone before, but adding something beyond and above—that the scientist can hail the ascent of vegetable to animal, of animal to man; and that the Christian can find in Christ, and, through him, in himself, the ascent of man to God. There is then, it seems, a freedom even in matter which the earlier scientists knew not of. The next thing is, after all, not so easily predictable. We find this still more in the mind and the will. Man has always been inwardly sure of the freedom of the will, even when his reason seemed to deny it. It was as Dr. Johnson put it: "All theory is against it, all experience is for it." To-day we are getting beyond that stage. We are justifying it to the reason. Bergson's analysis has shown us where the old mistake came in; the old mistake of studying the will by the thing done, and judging that by the false analogy of space and of mechanism, instead of judging as we should, by the act itself when it is adoing; by catching the consciousness while it is at work, which gives us the verdict of freedom. How is the soul free? Not, as has been excellently put, "when it is at the mercy of every random impulse, but when it is acted upon by congenial forces, when it is exposed to spiritual pressure, to constraint within itself." Let us take a concrete instance. Take a high-souled man who is injured or insulted by his fellow. How will he act? What will be here the next thing? The natural reaction, the instinctive movement will be one of revolt, of paying back in like coin. That lies nearest to the animal in him, and he feels it all. But will it determine his action? Will that actually come next? There is a beautiful story which

D'Aguesseau, a French Advocate-General of the seventeenth century, tells of his father: "Naturally of a quick temper," his son says of him, "when under provocation one saw him redden and become silent at the same moment; the nobler part of his soul allowing the first fire to pass without word said, in order to reestablish straightway that inner calm and tranquillity which reason and religion had combined to make the habit of his soul." There you have the thing taken from the life; the trained soul caught in the entire fineness of its action. The whole philosophy of the spirit is there; the higher nature constructing its next thing, not from the grosser impulses, but from the free obedience it pays to the highest that is in it. These are the noble successes of the soul—the things that are best to learn from. But there is a whole chapter of its failures, and these also are to be noted. There is a deadly progression in evil, as well as in good; in evil, which also is ever demanding its next thing. It will not stop with what it has done; it must do more. You begin with your stimulant, and then you increase the dose. Yesterday's excess is not enough for to-day. That is true of all intoxications, whether of the flesh or of the mind. Tiberius offered a reward for a new pleasure. He had run through all he knew, and the craving was worse than ever. Why could not Napoleon stop at the point he had reached? Surely it was enough—he, a few years before a nobody, the son of a nobody, now at the top of Europe, with France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Italy, the peninsula all at his feet! No, he must have the next thing, and so comes Moscow, the ruin of his army, the break-up of his empire. We have to-day in England an illustration of the fatal movement of the next thing—when the thing is a wrong one—which some of us contemplate with a feeling beyond words. The woman's movement is one on which we had looked with such infinite hope. Her entry into politics was surely to idealize politics, to lift it out of the brutalities in which man had so often dragged it, into something purer, tenderer, more human. We saw in it the abolition of war, the care of the children, of the needy, the Christianization of the state. And we believe it still means all that. And then some of its leaders, impatient in their ardor, take a first false step. They forsake the weapons of argument, of reason, of their true feminine influence, for the inferior one of violence. They exchange the weapons of the spirit for the arm of flesh. Did they think when that first step was taken of the law of the next thing? The first violences fail; then there must be more violences; the blows must be harder, the destruction more widespread. And the inner state must follow the same law. The first animosity must deepen into hate, until hate passes into delirium. And this amazing thing takes place in England, of all countries in the world. Not in revolutionary France, not in Nihilist Russia, not in the inflammable southern races, but in England—the practical, the law-abiding, the home, supposed, of common sense! Have these people, one wonders, studied the history of civilization? Have they studied Christianity? They suffer for their cause; they suffer heroically. But not as the martyrs of the spirit have suffered, not as the heroes of the ideal. The early Christian women suffered; their martyrdoms were the most wonderful of all. We

see young women, girls, offering themselves with a smile to the Roman torture, yielding their limbs to the claw of the wild beast. But their fight was always a suffering, never the infliction of it. Their weapons were the weapons of faith, of courage, of dauntless patience, not the stone, the firebrand; words of love and pity, never the words of calumny, of hate. How well they understood their business! The ideal was to be won by nothing less than the ideal. The soul must win by the soul's strength. Lactantius gives us their plan of campaign: "Let the heathen imitate us Christians; no one is retained among us against his will. Religion is to be defended not by killing, but by dying." May we not hope that the next thing in this piteous business will be a return to that older, better way? Has not history shown us that it is the only way? There are a thousand ways down, but assuredly there is no other way up. But there are some other and, happily, less controversial sides of this theme. It is a touchstone of the morality of our everyday life. The next thing; what is it to be? There are so many of them, and such enticing ones—an extra half hour in bed; the new novel, which we closed last at its most exciting part; the evening out, which will cost time and money, but provides its dose of excitement. On the other side there is that tough piece of work which waits to be done; that tangled mass of detail which needs to be straightened out; that service of help which we have promised and not yet touched. Let us offer here a rule of life which has been proved by long experience: Take your toughest job first; let the pleasure wait till the duty be done; of your morning callers, let old Disagreeable, or even if his card bear the name of Odious, have your first interview. Met promptly and bravely, your difficulty, your disagreeable, even your odious, will lose their ugliness, they will drop their mask of repulsion, and disclose themselves as the best of friends and helpers. It is part of the humor of life that the soul's best friends come to it first in masquerade. They test our courage, our perception, by putting on a stern and forbidding aspect. How glad they are when they see we have discovered the jest; that we know them for what they are! Penetrate their disguise; bid them come in; give welcome to duty, to toil, to fatigue, to the troublesome, the difficult, and your fortune is made. You have annexed the finest apparatus of living, the surest instruments of success. The next thing! Who knows what it is going to be? We can predict eclipses, assign the moon's position at a given day and hour, be wise about a thousand things in nature. The one thing where our ignorance is absolute is as to what is going to happen to you or to me to-day or to-morrow. A singular position this, surely, to move incessantly to the encounter of the unknown! You and the event! Through all the ages you have been traveling to meet each other. The thing that is going to make or mar you—at least, to change you immeasurably—untracked, invisible, is moving on to the point where it will cross your path! It may be the lover whose face you will see to-day for the first time; or an accession of fortune; a death; or perhaps a book that will fall into your hands. Ignatius Loyola, the gay young knight of Spain, meets on a given day at Pampeluna a cannon ball which breaks his leg. That is one life encounter. As he lies in hospital,

to help along the weary hours he opens a book, The Lives of the Saints. He reads of Augustine and Jerome; of Dominic and Saint Francis. He reads, and his life is fixed for him. He drops the knight and becomes the saint, the world-shaking spiritual leader. Surely in life there is nothing so awesome as this: the wedding of our soul to that outside thing, now on its way, which is to be our destiny! Let us be sure it is on an appointed way; that its mission is not a chance, but a Providence. Can we offer a better petition for our morning prayer than this: O God, prepare us this day for what thou art preparing for us! The next thing is never the same as the last thing. History, on the large scale or the small—your history or the world's—does not repeat itself.

> Better, so call it, only not the same.
> Nothing can be as it has been before,

And shall we not say that it is better; that the movement is an advance? The route is often a circuitous one, with halts, with lapses, with puzzling detours to left and right. Nature, as Lessing says, often takes us the long way round instead of by the short cut, and has her reasons for it. But there is no mistaking the general line of movement. The fact that humanity is perpetually obsessed by its ideal is the surest guarantee of its upward destiny. The ideal, flaming before it—its pillar of fire in the wilderness—guides it surely toward Canaan. For the ideal, as Fouillée puts it, "is but the deepest sense and anticipation of future reality." And may we not with him dismiss the notion that it is not real because it is distant? [And now that Brierley is gone how impressive are his closing words]: Some day we shall reach the point where, for us, the next thing will be a step into the invisible. So simple, yet so great a thing! In that hour we shall have nothing to do, but everything to experience. Nature will take us by the hand and lead us through the great portal. She will deal with us, be sure, as gently as when she brought us, a little child, into this world—where she brought us into the center of a home, into a circle of those who loved us. We like that saying of old Walton in his life of Donne: "In the last hour of his last day, as his body melted down and vapored into spirit." Dying should be our last, best act of faith. It calls for faith, but the faith has such good reasons. We have experienced too much of God's goodness in this life to anticipate aught else in any other. Said Kant once in his later days to a circle of his friends: "Gentlemen, I do not fear to die. I assure you, as in the presence of God, that if, on this very night, suddenly, the summons to death were to reach me, I should hear it with calmness, and should raise my hands to heaven and say, Blessed be God!" Why not? We bless God for our life, which is his gift. Shall we not also bless him for death, which, be sure, is no lesser gift? And thus end the words of J. Brierley to his fellow men, who for mental and spiritual help are to him much indebted.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody. Edited by DANIEL GREGORY MASON. 12mo, pp. 171. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, with portrait, $1.50, net.

MORE quintessential than biography and more self-revealing than autobiography are such letters as these, written in the freedom of privacy to trusted friends by a man of candid nature with never a dream of their ever seeing the light of publicity. That is how we like to catch a man—*tête à tête* with his intimate friends, when he doesn't know anybody is listening or looking, as we find him in these letters. In 1889 a boy of twenty, born in the village of Spencer, Ind., entered Harvard College with twenty-five dollars as his entire capital, and partly responsible for the support of a relative. He worked hard at tutoring, proctoring, typewriting, and anything else he could find to do, and studied so hard that he covered the four-years' course in three years, and so was free to spend his senior year abroad in England, France, Germany, Italy, and Greece, earning his expenses and more by tutoring a rich man's son with whom he traveled. Graduating in 1893, he remained two years more at Harvard, the first year in post-graduate studies and the second as instructor in English composition. In vacation after his post-graduate studies he and his sister are in the Adirondacks, and he writes from Long Lake: "Since reaching this loafer's paradise I have melted into a spiritual jellyfish. I sleep by the week, eat by the tubful, and never have an idea. The hotel, a mile up the lake, is full of human spawn, only human by virtue of being made in the likeness of an outraged God. My plans of work have crumbled; I simply lie and cumber the earth, disgracefully contented. I feel myself drifting toward the damnable heresy that the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin have some advantages. Can't you throw me a rope in the shape of a lyric idea? I should hardly know what to do with it, but it might comfort me." The vast pine forest with its stately indifference, its huge *insouciance*, awes and humbles him: "It ignores your interesting personality in a way that puts your self-importance out of countenance. Lying on your back under the dense domes and arches of these gigantic trees and listening to the murmur of their solemn soliloquy, it occurs to your reluctant mind that perhaps God could manage to think his thoughts without pouring them through just your ingenious brain. I begin to suspect that even the voice of many prophets prophesying may be as the noonfly and the strident midge in the ears of God." Finding himself obliged, that autumn, to ask a friend to lend him fifty dollars for two months, he writes: "I feel very mean to ask for it, but being in a hole is being in a hole, and the situation transcends philosophy." Sending his thanks for the check, which came promptly, he says: "It is comforting to find that the ravens still come so opportunely to feed the hungering prophet." In 1895 Moody became instructor in the English department of Chicago University. Arriving in September, one of his first necessities was to replenish his scanty wardrobe, which prosaic business, transacted in a Jew department store, the young poet reports poetically: "Spent the morning shopping in the New Jerusalem, walking on golden pavements,

and interwarbling on the theme of shirts and socks with whatever seraphic creatures had found it good that day to put on the habit and estate of shop-girls for the glory of God and the furtherance of his kingdom." Coming from the classic calm of Cambridge, the rude roaring Western metropolis ruffles and jars him: "I do not know what Chicago is going to do to me and for me, but I am sure of its potency—its alchemical power to change and transmute. It contains the crude juice of life, intellectual and social protoplasm. It is appallingly ugly, so ugly that the double curtain of night and sleep does not shut out the horror of it nor screen the aching sense." After being there a month, he explains why he hasn't answered a friend's letter: "If you knew the beast Chicago, the pawing and glaring of it, you would forgive me. I have been in the condition of a boy in the bear-pit; it has taken all my dexterity to keep out of the jaws of the creature. But now I am learning its ways a little, and can make it crack my nuts and dance to my fiddling." Approaching his work in Chicago University, the task seemed to him portentous and himself comically small for it in that new great world; but in a few months he writes: "I have been having a highly exciting time. I have two classes—one of forty, the other of twenty—nearly two thirds of whom are girls. Picture my felicity when I inform you that far from the frowsy, bedraggled, anæmic, simpering creatures I anticipated, half of them at least are stars. I regret that popular usage should have dechromatized the term, for I mean stars of the most authentic stellarity and the most convincing twinkle. Lecturing before them is like a singing progress from Boötes to the Lyre, with wayfaring worlds to lift the chorus. At the beginning I made an honest man's effort to talk about the qualities of style and the methods of description, but I am a weak vessel. Now I drool blissfully about God in his world, with occasional wadings into spumy Styx and excursions into the empyrean." But he does not enjoy the treadmill of teaching; he often feels like trundling his "little instructorial droning-gear into Lake Michigan and stepping out on the Open Road, west or south, a free man by the grace of God and a tramp by preference." He chafes at confinement, and, finding life dull out at the University, wishes he lived in the very heart of that "gigantic ink-blot of a town," where, he thinks, he might "make a happy and efficient peanut-vender on Clark or Randolph Street because the rush and noise of the city's human tides would solicit and engage him; or the life of a trolley motorman might have attractive and exhilaratory features; and an imaginative bootblack might be lord of unlimited realms." "But out here in this academic eddy," he continues, "where there is no city life to gaze at, nothing to relieve the tedium of a mushroom intellectuality, no wild wickedness or valiant wrestling with hunger to break the monotonous spectacle of gospel-peddling comfort, the imagination doth boggle at it." One effect of his suppressed and tethered life is seen in this explosion of a volley of ejaculations in a letter to Josephine Preston Peabody in his first year there: "Ruskin would not be happy in Chicago—God is a very considerable personage—so is Rockefeller—The poet in a golden clime was born but moved away early—Art

is not long, but it takes a good while to make it short—An angle-worm makes no better bait because it has fed on Cæsar—I am owner of the spheres and grow land-poor—A man may yearn over his little brothers and sisters and still be a Laodicean—God bless McKinley." Moody's passion was poetry from his college days to the end of life. The lines selected by Stedman for his American Anthology to represent the quality of Moody's verse are from "An Ode in Time of Hesitation," his tribute to Robert Gould Shaw, whom he calls "this proud Republic's perfect son"—the colonel of Massachusetts's colored Fifty-fourth Regiment, who led his black men to death and glory in the assault on Fort Wagner:

> This delicate and proud New England soul
> Who leads despised men, with just unshackled feet,
> Up the large ways where death and glory meet,
> To show all peoples that our shame is done,
> That once more we are clean and spirit-whole.
>
> Crouched in the sea-fog on the moaning sand
> All night he lay, speaking some simple word
> From hour to hour to the slow minds that heard,
> Holding each poor life gently in his hand
> And breathing on the base rejected clay
> Till each dark face shone mystical and grand
> Against the breaking day.
>
> Then upward, where the shadowy bastion loomed
> Huge on the mountain in the wet sea light,
> Whence now, and now, infernal flowerage bloomed—
> Bloomed, burst, and scattered down its deadly seed—
> They swept, and died like freemen on the height,
> Like freemen and like men of noble breed, those
> Black men whom he led:
> And when the battle fell away at night
> By hasty and contemptuous hands were hurled
> Obscurely in a common grave with him,
> The fair-haired keeper of their love and trust.

But Moody did far better work than this. Stedman's Anthology was published in 1900, and Moody's greatest poetry came after that—a trilogy of verse-dramas, "The Masque of Judgment," "The Fire-Bringer," and "The Death of Eve," also a volume of Poems, and later still two prose plays for the stage. Of these the first was "The Great Divide," the scene of which was a gorge in the Rocky Mountains, which was a great popular success and had a ten-years' run, paying him part of the time five hundred dollars a week; the second was "The Faith-Healer," dealing with Schlatter, the "New Mexico Messiah," its scene the sick-room of an Ohio farmer's wife, and its motive-force the self-questioning spirit of a mystical revivalist; this play fell flat and was a complete failure. One of the first to recognize Moody's genius was that ever generously appreciative and fraternal soul, as well as competent critic, Richard Watson Gilder, who is said to have had Moody in mind in his stanzas entitled "A New Poet":

Friends, beware!
A sound of singing in the air!
The love-song of a man who loves his fellow men;
Mother-love and country-love, and the love of sea and fen;
Lovely thoughts and mighty thoughts and thoughts that linger long;
There has come to the old world's singing the thrill of a brave new song.

They said there were no more singers,
But listen!—a master voice!
A voice of the true joy-bringers!
Now will ye heed and rejoice,
Or pass on the other side,
And wait till the singer has died—
Then weep o'er his voiceless clay?
Friends, beware!
A keen, new sound is in the air—
Know ye a poet's coming is the old world's judgment day!

Candor requires the reviewer to notice one blemish which mars these letters. Now and then a silly swear-word is dropped like an ink-blot on the page, as senseless as a street urchin's or 'longshoreman's expletives and objurgations. They would fall under General Grant's reproof of his chief of staff: "Rawlins, your language would be just as forcible and a good deal more gentlemanly if you left out the bad words." Why a man like Moody, Harvard graduate and university instructor as he was, ever allows it in himself is incomprehensible to us. It is impossible to class the author of the "Daguerreotype," Moody's tender poem to his mother's picture, with Thackeray's "Georgey Osborne," that insufferable boy who regarded "damning and swearing" as the sign-manifest of a gentleman, and who practiced it swaggeringly. It is humiliating to find the brilliant fellow who wrote "Good Friday Night" in need of a lecture from Auld Burnbrae, whom Dr. Weelum Maclure, in the Bonnie Briar Bush, is thankful for having known in his youth and of whom he says, "Mony a lecture he gied me aboot gaein' tae kirk an' usin' better langidge; he was the richt sort, nae peetifu' chaff o' heepocrisy aboot him." Even the convicts in Auburn Prison formed an Anti-Swearing League in one shop, and decreed penalties for every oath or dirty word. A man of Moody's training and taste and culture should have been above such lowering and senseless language. From that one ugly blotch we gladly turn away to the general brightness and delightsomeness of these letters. In one letter we find Moody extremely moody—in a mood of despondency worthy of any writer or preacher. He has written a poem and sent it off, and "then," he says, "the inevitable revulsion set in. I lost faith in it, and then, being in a state of nerves, I took the easy step of losing faith in myself and my future." In that mood he read the lines over: "They were only dead ink. The paper dropped to the floor, and I sat, elbows on desk and head in hands. I had really felt the thing, I had put my best brain and heart into the lines; and here they were, not only dead, but graceless, repulsive, without the pathos or dignity of death. Life seemed hopeless." Then he got up out of his chair, looked out of his Chicago window, and saw the moon over Lake Michigan, "walking in

light as when she tormented the lowered eyes of Job, tempting him from Jehovah." Thus standing there by the window in the moonlight, despondng and tempted to despair, he remembered Job and what Job said when he refused to offer to the heavenly bodies the worship due to their Creator: "If I beheld the sun when it shined and the moon walking in brightness, and my heart had been secretly enticed and I had kissed my hand to them in worship; this would have been an iniquity to be punished by the Judge, for I should have denied the God that is above." Just how religious that despondent and tempted man felt there by the window we have no means of knowing; but he did the best possible thing—he went out for a long walk along the lake shore with triumphant Job for company, shook himself briskly in the cool air, stretched his lungs and his legs, got some of the blood from his brain into the muscular system; and when he came back to his quarters it was in a healthier mood, and, though he still pitied those poor pages on the floor, he gathered them up with a patient tenderness, "as one cares for a dead thing one picks up in the hedge, thinking of its brave fight for life." Next day came a letter praising his poem: "So it was not dead after all? I picked it up again and read it through with a flush of pleasure, and found it good, absurdly, ravishingly good!" And then he went back to his work with courage and determination. Ah, well! My brethren, this William Vaughn Moody seems much like the rest of us. Did his family get its name from being subject to extreme moods? Again we see him with a sense of failure when, after toiling hard for a week upon a piece of writing, he looks it over at the end and says, "Six days have I labored and done all this work, and lo! the result is 'Lollypop.'" Hear him again when a critic has dealt severely with one of his productions: "As for the Milton, it has, I believe, been out several weeks or months, though I have not yet seen a copy. If you want to learn what the New York Nation thinks of it, look in the columns of that sheet for the latter part of April. It does not leave enough of me to bury. I am told that other critics (Literature, the Dial, etc.) have been more plenteous in mercy, but I haven't had strength to look, after the Nation manhandling." One of his friends, a composer and teacher of music, was disabled and suffering with a broken wrist. He writes him sympathetically and helpfully thus: "The news from your sister-in-law about your wrist is distressing. My first feeling was rebellion at the world order and disgust at its ghastly lack of breeding. But my Methodist training urges me to give you a warm handgrasp, the purport of which is, *Keep your sand!*" Then he reminds his suffering friend that dark hours, like a dark cellar, ripen and mellow some things, and adds, "And meanwhile, after one's eyes get used to the dim dirty light and one's feet to the mildew, a cellar has its compensations. I have found beetles of the most interesting proclivities, mice altogether comradely and persuadable, and forgotten potatoes that sprouted toward the crack of sunshine with a wan maiden grace not seen above. I don't want to pose as resourceful, but I have seen what I have seen and some dark hours." And then, in his effort to divert his friend's thoughts and lift him out of a depressed and disconsolate mood, he flings him this

enlivening picture: "Even I have learned how to pick up shreds of comfort out of this or that one of God's ash-barrels. Yesterday I was skating on a patch of ice in the park, under a poverty-stricken sky flying a pitiful rag of sunset. Some little muckers were guying a slim, half-grown Irish girl who circled and darted under their banter with complete unconcern. She was in the fledgeling stage, tall and awkward, with a huge hat full of rusty feathers and a gay aplomb and swing of the body. We caught hands in midflight and skated for an hour, almost alone and quite silent, while the rag of sunset rotted to pieces. She was something absolutely new, authentic, and inexpressible, something original which only nature could mix for the heart's intoxication. I came away mystically shaken and elate. It is thus that angels converse. Few casual experiences have I had in life for which I would exchange this one. I am supported by a conviction that, if I were put up for sale to-day on the steps of the great White Throne, I would bring more at auction, by several harps and a stray dulcimer, than if I had not had that experience. . . . The thing for you to do, in your enforced furlough, is to come to Chicago. It is the greatest health resort going—*mirabile dictu!* We live on bicycling, baseball, breezes, and buncombe, and keep right chipper mostly. Can't you come out for a while? I could put you up snugly if you could stand the shiftlessness of bachelor housekeeping. Don't let traveling expenses deter you. The walking is good all the way from Boston to Chicago, and handouts are rich and plentiful along the road." He has to tell his musician-friend, however, that Chicago prospects for a musician are poor: "Not that Chicago is not *musical*—it is amazingly and egregiously so. Calliope is the one Muse we recognize, and we give her the front spare bedroom and unlimited pie. But the town is overrun with music teachers, chiefly foreign, whereof I find recorded the names of unbelievable thousands." Nevertheless he exhorts him to stick to his trade: "For you to give up music for anything else is for an oyster to renounce pearl-making in order to devote its energies to the composition of sea-weed pills." Many of Moody's letters are the fountain-play of an exuberant vitality, indulging freely in romping exaggeration, a delirious adventure of expression, antic wit and frolic fancy; as exuberant as his writings, which are marked by profuse bloominess and also by studied and practiced artistry, by a lush variety of colorful metaphors as lavish as the morning-glory vine which tapestries the wall at the head of the New Bedford pier and "shakes its trumpets to the sun," also by the skilled literary workmanship which fits the felicitous phrase to the well-formed idea as fits a woman's figure the gown of which women say, "It fits as if she had been melted and poured into it." Moody set much store by, and spent much labor on, what he called the conquest of language, corresponding to a painter's mastery of colors and a musician's mastery of tones. When criticized for his florid vocabulary and exuberance of expression he defended himself against the demands of a too prim and pedantic plainness and severe simplicity, and he insisted on the liberty to invent new forms and try experiments even daringly and as unrestrainedly as a June rosebush blooms. He finds that the West is more

tolerant and avid of his exuberance than is the East, and writes a Boston friend: "I find that the West cries out for the feathers and furbelows of feeling that you Cambridge mode-makers consigned to the garret decades ago. They're a little bedraggled at times, but we wear them with an air! Rousseau would weep over us, Chateaubriand would call us brothers; and I wonder if those two were so ridiculous after all as they seem from the serene middle of Harvard Square? . . . Alas, the better ways of gilding the gray days slip from me. Apollo has gone a-hunting, and I wasn't asked. I have hung my harp on a willow, where it gathers rust and caterpillars. I am gone stark dumb. I rap myself and get sound of cracked clay. A white rage seizes me at times, against the pottering drudgery that has fastened its lichen teeth on me. . . . O, if Providence will only get this shiny taste of themes and literary drool out of my mouth, and let me taste the waters of life where they are near the well-head! O, to go a-brook-following! O happiness! . . . O, to walk in a country of many-colored bushes beside bright gleaming waters! To hear the shy bird at evening!" No school boy ever longed for vacation more impatiently, or relished it with keener zest, or found it harder to settle down contentedly to lessons and the desk again. Once, when he returned to his university work after the Christmas holidays in shrill and bitter weather, he wrote: "Chicago is many kinds of a hell, and seemed more infernally ugly and grim than I had believed possible. But there was nothing for me to do but to put my sensibilities in the lower bureau drawer and buckle down to business. Gradually the beneficent numbness of drudgery stole over me; and that unilluminated dogged patience which is my substitute for moral courage is beginning to possess what in more favorable seasons I am wont to refer to exuberantly as my soul. Yet the best I can do at present is to hump my back, turn down my hat brim, and stoically count the number of streams running down my back, until the drizzle decides to cease." This Indiana boy, notwithstanding his fondness for New England culture, really glories in the West—its freedom, its expansiveness: "As for Chicago, I find that it gives me days, or at least hours, of broad-gauge Whitmanesque enthusiasm, meagerly sprinkled over weeks of tedium. Genuinely, I feel mellower, deeper-lunged, more of a lover of life, than I have ever felt before." Looking forward to revisiting the precincts of fair Harvard, he writes a Boston friend thus: "Cambridge, mellow and autumnal, begins to loom symbolic, under the stress of the relentless prairie light and vast featureless horizon. . . . I am eager for the inimitable charm of Cambridge, for that atmosphere of mind at once so impersonal and so warm, for that neatness and decency of you children who have been washed and dressed and sent to play on the front lawn of Time by old auntie Ding-an-Sich, while we hoodlums out here contend with the goats for tomato cans in the alley." Much of Moody's work was rooted at bottom in the religious instincts; and a real, even when disguised, spirituality breathes its fine fragrance through his verse; due doubtless to early religious culture to which he refers as his "Methodist training." His attitude toward life was an affirmative and hearty acceptance of it as a whole, rejecting and

condemning most of all the negative things like doubt, hesitation, cowardice, indifference, aimlessness, sluggishness, self-indulgence, and querulous or cynical or stoical denials of life. His underlying purpose in "The Masque of Judgment" was to inculcate a brave love of life and faith in its issues. He held that in some periods and places Christians have leaned too much toward ascetic denials and refusals of life, its delights, its bloominess, and its fullness, contrary to the spirit and teachings of Christianity's Founder. This attitude he opposed and satirized. He regarded life as rich and wonderful because of its aspirations and struggles, its heroisms, loves, liberties, and renunciations. His most lovable trait was his broad, warm-hearted sympathy with humanity. He took human nature as it is, with its conflicting elements, and glorified it, pitying its frailties and admiring its aspirations. To every struggler in the mesh of spirit and of flesh, striving to make spirit triumph over flesh, he would say: "My bosom yearns above thee, thinking of all thy gladness, all thy woe; I am thy friend, thy friend, whoever is thy foe." Moody agrees with William Winter that "a spiritual result is the main object and supreme justification of life." He conceives of the feelings, the passions, the senses as ministers of spirituality, and sees them transfigured in that ministration; in harmony with Browning's words, "Nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul." And it must be said of this virile and robust young poet that even in regions near the danger line his verse keeps on the safe side, never goes over the brink. Even his gayest and most fragile butterflies never alight in the mire. Even his sensuousness is not sensual. His vision never stops in sense. In his "Masque of Judgment" he makes Raphael sing: "The spirit through the senses five doth peer as a fawn from the green windows of a wood." He is exquisitely aware of the spiritual qualities in his best friends. To one of them he writes with gentle and sincere appreciation: "Consider what the spiritual grace of your character has been to me, looking as I do with wistful eyes after righteousness and remembering that I am a man with a man's eternal aims and a man's chances of help and hindrance on the tragic road; for which help in living it is not unbecoming to give thanks from time to time." To another friend he writes: "I envy you your unflinching hold upon spiritual truth and your power of walking in the light of it." When his college friend, Philip Henry Savage, author of some poems of rare delicacy and distinction, died, Moody wrote: "The news came to me with a strange solemnity on shipboard in mid-ocean. I know nobody who could go beyond Time with better-grounded hopes of contentment there. I do not know why the death of a spiritual man, especially one who dies in youth, is so much more moving than that of another. One would expect it to be the contrary way; perhaps it is to the true understanding." These letters are in no way great, but they give us the best view we shall get into the friendly soul of a brilliant boy who did fine work and died before his prime. In the spring of 1905 he was laid up for some time by the necessity for an operation in a New York hospital, and hobbled about on crutches for quite a while after. In the spring of 1908 his stalwart constitution was further broken by a severe and prolonged attack of

typhoid fever, during which he was faithfully nursed in his New York apartment by his devoted long-time friend, Mrs. Harriet Brainerd, whom he married a year later, though in such feeble health that he died the year following their marriage.

The Minister as a Man. By ANDREW GILLIES. 16mo, pp. 63. New York and Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, cloth, 35 cents.

AN inspired and inspiring matriculation day address delivered at the Boston University School of Theology. To broadcast it as widely as possible is a duty owed to the church and its ministers and the human race. We wish it might be in the hands of every minister and every candidate for the ministry. It is full of fire and incitement. It has the summoning thrill of bugles and the compulsion of a call to arms. It sounds the orders of the Captain of Salvation to the Christian ministry to mobilize all its forces. The preacher of the gospel *must* have education and culture, but also, and far more, *must* he have impassioned ardor, burning conviction, the passion of the Cross, the eager yearning for souls, the determination to win and compel men to accept Christ, the readiness to do and endure for pure love all that men of the world do for money or patriotism or ambition. Dr. Gillies's words are as practical as they are impassioned. Nowhere do they suggest a man awed by an occasion, or aiming to air his scholarship or culture; but rather a man bent solely and intensely on his Master's business, a working pastor, with his soul in its working clothes, a fine odor of labor about him, rich in experience, loaded with the heavy responsibilities, and happy in the glorious privileges of a fruitful pastorate, from which he steps aside for a day to talk, in dead earnest and with straight drive, to his young brothers preparing for the same lofty and holy calling. The address seems spoken by a man in haste, with urgency and immediacy, yet it is full of the wisdom of long-gathering and hard-won experience in a faithful and intense ministry. We must justify what we are saying about it by some specimens of its quality. "Time was when a call to the Methodist ministry was synonymous with a summons to the heroic. It offered a man hardship in place of ease, a battlefield for a home, abuse and persecution for a salary, and short rations most of the time. It sent him where he wasn't wanted, and usually where he didn't want to go. He was ostracized by his kind, opposed by misguided Christians, and often maligned by those to whom he proclaimed the evangel. Some years ago it was mine to know a real Methodist preacher. In early manhood he was called to preach, and forsook all to respond. He offered himself as an itinerant when that word meant what it said. They sent him out on the trackless prairies, and he went with a song on his lips. Like Abram he went forth, not knowing whither he was going. He roamed those wastes in a ceaseless quest for immortal souls. He was baked in summer and frozen in winter, and blown about by the winds all the year. For some time his salary was nothing, paid in advance. Then it was raised to three or four hundred, and he was left to raise it. 'He did double work on half rations and quarter pay.' For forty years he plodded on

without a groan or a whine. In some unaccountable way he saved a few hundred dollars. Then he bought a little farm in Vermont, and tried to avoid becoming a mendicant and a burden on the church. He worked his farm for a living, and continued serving God for fun. He preached in a little chapel out at Forgotten Corners. He rode over the hills to beseech men to be reconciled to God. He went in and out of the homes of the village like a benediction on two legs. He had little, but was immensely rich and happy with that little. And then one day God called again, and he answered, 'Here am I.' He slipped out with a smile on his face, and joined the ranks of the redeemed. And everybody for miles around came and bared their heads and wept while they laid the worn body to rest. O, he was a glorious man, an ambassador of Christ indeed! I would walk barefoot, if need be, ten miles to behold his like again. Has the need for a life like that really gone from our religion? Is there no longer a call for genuine self-effacement? Has a something else come to take the place of the heroic and the sublime? In fact, does this age of plenty and power require that its ministers be simply well-educated, tactful, and well-dressed? The law of vicarious suffering is the law of service for all time. It was true in the age in which it was given. It is true in the age in which we live. Without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins. Neither is there anything else. There is no church, no gospel, no Kingdom, no conquest. And that law is woven inextricably with the work of the Christian ministry. There, above every other place or profession, it must find its reincarnation. The gospel of a broken heart demands the ministry of broken hearts. As soon as we cease to bleed we cease to bless. When our sympathy loses its pang we can no longer be 'servants of the passion'—in those other and most wonderful words of Dr. Jowett's, 'To be in the sacrificial succession, our sympathy must be a passion, our intercession must be a groaning, our beneficence must be a sacrifice, and our service must be a martyrdom. In everything there must be the shedding of blood.' In the church of to-day there are those leaders who illumine the glory of this principle. Their lives are invested for the race, their strength is gladly spent for their fellow men. Some years ago I read Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' book—A Singular Life. Some years ago I read, too, that much-talked-of book Robert Elsmere. And only yesterday did I finish that book The Inside of the Cup. They are all crude in their theology and in some of their ecclesiasticism. They all err in some important particulars. Robert Elsmere was a fool to leave the church because of new light. And John Hodder was wrong in identifying Socialism with Christianity. But they are all tremendous in that they point out the subtlest peril of the ministry, and in that they show us the only way that we as men of God can grip the world. The peril is not that we won't be orthodox, but that we won't be honest. It is not that our sermons will be doctrinal, but that they won't be vital. It is not that we will sell our convictions, but that we will unconsciously lose them. 'The world offers itself as a climate, and we may be led into accepting it as the atmosphere of our lives.' In The Inside of the Cup you re-

member John Hodder, the preacher, is awakened. He sees that the church itself must be changed in its ideals, and with grim determination he goes to face Eldon Parr. But at the door of the mansion he pauses in actual fear. He is afraid of himself in the air he is to breathe. He is afraid, not that he will be cowardly, but that he will be overwhelmed. He fears 'lest the changed atmosphere of the banker's presence might deflect his own hitherto clear perception of true worth.' And John Hodder here stands for every man who preaches. One day Frederick Robertson came to a crisis in his own religious experience. No longer could he believe or proclaim as he had been taught. So he left his pulpit and people and sought the mountain fastnesses; and there he found faith that lifted him to heavenly places in Jesus Christ. He knew, however, that to be true he must also suffer. But he said: 'Henceforth I expect to stand alone. But I am not afraid of a solitude which his presence peoples with a crowd.' One day Lorenzo the Magnificent said: 'I am dying. Bring me that honest friar. I don't want those who have said what I liked. I want him who said what was true.' And they brought to the room the lean and gaunt Girolamo Savonarola, and the king said, 'Savonarola, confess me and give me absolution.' And, true to the last, the friar said, 'I will do so on three conditions—that you confess your dependence on the mercy of God, that you order your sons to pay back your ill-gotten gains, and that you restore to the people of Florence the liberties which you took from them.' And Lorenzo the king refused, and the faithful friar walked out. One day young Henry Ward Beecher was made pastor of a church in Indiana. And he found that the subject of slavery was tabooed in the pulpits of that section. They might preach of the sins of the Jews, but not of the sin of the South. And young Beecher began to touch it by means of illustration. And then he went farther, and touched that open sore of civilization. And after his sermon one of the men came up to him and said, 'Mr. Beecher, if you preach against slavery, six of our most prominent families will leave this church.' And that young preacher, with his future before him, lifted himself up in his might and said, 'Give me their names now, please, that I may give them their letters at once.' One day the Wesleyan Church forgot the spirit of Wesley. William Booth wanted to go out and work among the social outcasts. They wanted to tie him down and run him in a mold. In pious stupidity they said, 'You can do just this and this.' And a little woman in the gallery rose up and cried, 'Never, William! Never!' And William Booth took his hat and went out to found the Salvation Army. Those were supreme moments in the lives of those mighty men. They were moments upon whose issues hung the destiny of countless human souls. Such dramatic moments may be ours, and again they may not. But ours it is to choose the higher or lower road, the road of slavish subserviency, or the road of conscience and God, the road to the greatest power, or the road to impotence and barren labor. Let us fail not when the test comes; fail not as God is our God. Do not be a casuist in the pulpit and an opportunist outside. Do not do your pastoral work from the pulpit, but

preach the whole counsel of God. Preach it in tenderness and love, but preach it direct to men's souls. Preach it not destructively, but constructively and wisely. Be the slave of no man or class, but be the servant of all. Go forward with the Christian program though you walk the way alone. Compromises you must make, but make them always toward the goal. Tact and patience you must have, but both must be servants of fidelity. Never take a backward step for considerations of self-interest. Never let personal friendship blind your eyes to the truth, or stay your feet from the path of duty. You can trust the truth. You can trust the best in men. Above all else, you can trust God. Keep in touch with all classes and get out of sympathy with none. Let your conscience be captive to God, and your wisdom be from above. If need be, and some time it may, take your whole ecclesiastical future and lay it on the altar of duty. Risk all in loyalty to conviction and in one vast venture of faith. Renounce! Renounce if need be all that makes life dear. And then the world will heed, for it will hear again the voice of the Christ, the call of Almighty God. In the urgent words which came to me long, long ago,

> Be true to all truth the world denies,
> Not tongue-tied to its gilded sin,
> Not always right in all men's eyes,
> But faithful to the light within.

The man of God must be a lover of men. The salvation of souls and the restoration of the race must be his real meat and drink. The only qualified leader of the church is a genuine lover of men, who cares for men's souls, and cares till he cannot sleep. It is he who makes everything bend toward the one work of getting men saved. In the new edition of John Wesley's Journal I find this naïve entry: 'On Thursday, the 20th, I set out. The next afternoon I stopped a little at Newport Pagnell, and then rode on till I overtook a serious man, with whom I immediately fell into conversation. He presently gave me to know what his opinions were, therefore I said nothing to contradict him. He was quite uneasy to know whether I held the doctrine of the decrees as he did. But I told him over and over we had better keep to practical things, lest we should be angry at one another. And so we did for two miles, till he caught me unawares and dragged me into the dispute before I knew where I was. He then grew warmer and warmer; told me I was rotten at heart, and supposed I was one of John Wesley's followers. I told him, "No, I am John Wesley himself," upon which he would gladly have run away outright. *But being the better mounted of the two, I kept close to his side, and endeavored to show him his heart till he came into the street of Northampton.*' Superb! Sublime! That is personal work, and there a lover of men. Some time ago I sat and talked with a district superintendent in the West. He was deploring the inertia of the church to-day, and trying to find the cause. At last he said: 'I wish I had the same faith and fearless persistence that my preacher-father had. He feared neither man, nor devil, official board, nor mob.

On one of his charges the work languished, and the church was spiritually dead. So he called his official board together and said, "What shall we do?" "O," they said, "there is nothing to do. Things are as they are." "I want a series of meetings," he said. They replied: "We are behind in the finances this year. We can't afford what they would cost." "All right," he said. "If I can't have a series of services with you, then I'll have a series of services without you." And he did. On Sunday morning he announced from the pulpit, "Special services will be held in this church every evening this week except Saturday." Monday evening he and the janitor were the only ones present. When he asked the janitor to lead in prayer the man fled, and he was left alone. And alone he met every night that week. He built the fire and lighted the lights. Then he read the Scriptures, sang a hymn, prayed, and went home. The next Sunday morning he announced from the pulpit, "Special services will be continued in this church five evenings this week." And they were. On Monday evening a group of young men heard him holding forth. "Come on," said one, "let's go in. There's an old fool in here who is holding meetings with himself. Let's go in and see how he does it." They went in. He preached the gospel. One of those young men arose and came to God. The next night there were twenty there, including some of the official board. The next night the church was filled, and for six consecutive weeks that old man preached Christ, and a hundred and fifty came to God.' There are times of despondency and times of despair, for the flesh is weak indeed. But the joy of fidelity and loving service impoverishes man's vocabulary to express. To have the aged and infirm declare that you have brought heaven nearer, to have strong men say, 'You put heart into me for the heavy work of life'; to have children say, 'You led me to Jesus and made me to know life in God'—and then to be able to say, 'It is not I; it is my Master!' No other being ever knew what it was to taste joy like that."

METHODIST REVIEW

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF BERGSON

Rudolf Eucken and Henri Bergson, since the death of the lamented William James, are the two most prominent philosophers of the time. Both these thinkers aim at a common object—the maintenance of the spiritual view of the world—but they approach their goal by different routes. Eucken represents the constructive idealism of his native land. For many years he has taught in the University of Jena. There he has Schiller and Fichte and Schelling and Hegel for predecessors in the great days of the idealistic movement, and Weimar lies but a few miles away, with Goethe's memory added to the rest. Amid such surroundings Eucken advocates an idealism for our later age. It is tempered by respect for recent conditions and for modern science. The doctrine is modified by factors proceeding from its author's religious spirit. But though it is changed, and put to higher service, it remains romantic idealism still—idealism in the service of a spiritual view of the world. But Bergson's point of departure and his method are of a different kind. A Jew by race, and with foreign blood in his veins, by birth and training he is a Frenchman of the French. Born and educated in Paris, he has taught in French Universities and schools, and now stands the acknowledged leader of the Gallic speculation of our time. Thus it occasions no surprise when we find in Bergson characteristics which are considered typical of his nation. His literary style is clear and fine beyond that of most writers on philosophical themes. His gift of figurative illustration enables him to elucidate the most difficult speculative problems. Indeed, it may be questioned whether his

lucidity or statement does not at times belie the thought; many "understand" the doctrine who seem to grasp the figure rather than the argument; it may be doubted even whether Bergson himself always distinguishes between illustration and proof. And this literary grace is matched by his æsthetic interest at large. One can hardly go astray in counting the æsthetic impulse one of the primary sources of his thinking. It is the work of the poet or the artist to which he is fond of comparing the method which philosophy must adopt. And, as we shall see anon, his central doctrine of intuition makes æsthetic insight the type of knowledge by which mind itself is known. But this tendency is crossed by a deeper instinct and one more representative of the time. Bergson is, before all things, a scientific thinker. His method of speculation he claims to be as rigorous as that of the special sciences themselves; at any rate, his results would have been impossible in any but our scientific age. Born just after Darwinism had burst upon the notice of the world, Bergson is a typical thinker of the Darwinian era. His philosophy is scientific not only because of its attempted precision of method, but because in spirit and in substance it is based on the discoveries of the age. Its author has recently argued that philosophical systems are by nature independent of time and circumstance, independent even of the conclusions of science except that they use these as media of expression. But his own example refutes the historical theory. Apart from evolution it is impossible to conceive his own philosophy coming to the birth.[1] Nevertheless, Bergson does not consider scientific knowledge the highest form of thought. Admirable in itself, it is subject to decided limitations. Within its own field it has experienced great success precisely because of these limits to its scope; but they unfit it to become a universal mode of thought. Many of these restrictions science shares with popular thinking. Like common sense, with the thought expressed in human speech and serving as the instrument of social life, science furnishes only partial views of the real world. Both common sense

[1] Bergson, L'Intuition philosophique, Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale, 19, 809–827. Compare the writer's "Berkeley, Bergson and Philosophical Intuition," Philosophical Review, XXIII, 430–8.

and science make use of abstract ideas. These concepts are indispensable to the one because of practical needs, especially in order to common life and action. They are fundamental to science because science is a system of general laws. Now conceptual knowledge is always incomplete. It selects—in technical phrase it abstracts—some special aspect of the object. Then it employs this view as a basis for comparing one object with its fellows. So it classifies and generalizes, but at the expense of a partial consideration of the facts. Physics, for example, discusses mass and velocity and energy; chemistry deals with atomic weights and laws of combination; biology has taught us to think in terms of descent and survival and the struggle for existence. Each legitimately centers its inquiries on a particular phase or side of things, but no one presents to us reality as a whole, nor can all together yield more than an artificial reconstruction of the world which they dissect. Moreover—and this is Bergson's most emphatic point—science and common sense do more than abstract: they petrify the ideas which they select. In order to action, men not only need clear ideas of the world around them, but these ideal guides must be relatively fixed. And if general laws of nature are to be discovered they must be based on some constant representations of the objects to which they relate. So thought fixes, solidifies, petrifies the incomplete ideas with which it deals. The world is living, changing, moving. The ideas men frame about the world, above all the ideas which underlie the science of which we justly boast, are dead, unchanging, rigid. They even fail to express the true development of things, although the doctrine of evolution has been the crowning success of later scientific theory. Things as science represents them do not really change. They appear to do so, but the appearance is delusive. The atoms into which science resolves the world simply go round and round and round. They do not themselves alter, nor is the evolution of the whole more than a mere seeming—it simply sums up what was given from the start. As Bergson expresses it in perhaps his most fortunate figure, the world-process as science analyzes it may be compared to a show of moving pictures. The films are fixed, but presented in succession they yield an illusion of motion. So

the atoms in their history: nothing is really produced, nothing created, nothing evolved; the units are brought before us as by the turning machine, therefore we conceive the notion of a real progress.

To reach the heart of things man has need of a different faculty of knowledge. This is intuition. Intuition reveals things not only as they are, but in their entirety. It may be compared to the insight of the writer or the artist. The writer sees his plot as a whole. His readers retrace it step by step after he has embodied it in words. For them the chapters and the paragraphs and words lead gradually onward to the climax. The creative vision of the author had need of no such process. To his mind the whole lay open from the start, revealed in a single pulse of vision; it was only the elaboration of the plot, his effort to express it in our common speech, which necessitated the labor of composition. So also with the artist. His creative idea, his intuition, must be expressed in marble or in colors laid upon the canvas. But this is merely expression, a manifestation of his thought by sensible symbols. The figures and the colors and the background do not compose the picture in the sense of being added by the painter one to one until the ensemble is complete. His labor, rightly understood, is the reverse of this: he places successively on the canvas the symbols which will enable the spectator to grasp something of the vision which informs the whole. And as with the artist, so with the philosopher: he can move over the surface of things by remaining on the level of abstract thought. If he desires to attain reality, if he is to grasp the world in its integrity, to understand the living process over against the dead world of symbols, intuitive knowledge must be his resource. Conceptual thinking, indeed, the instructed philosopher will not despise. Science in particular, and scientific results, he will study with sympathetic appreciation. These, however, will not enter as creative or constituent elements into his own reflective activity. They are the words, the colors, the marble—merely means for the expression or manifestation of the truth. The truth itself is reached in independence of them, and would have remained the same, had the expression of it varied; for its source is not to be

found in any form of thinking, in the technical sense of thought. It is always living insight, intuition, unique, simple, indefinable, which reveals ultimate truth.

The explanation of intuition is a difficult task. In the strict sense, as Bergson holds, it cannot be explained or defined. For explanation requires language, and language is conceptual, based upon general and abstract ideas. Now intuition is the reverse of conceptual thinking. Where the latter analyzes it gives synthetic views. In place of selected aspects of things it presents things in their entirety. For rigid cross-sections of reality it substitutes the living, changing whole. Such a form of knowledge it is impossible to describe. It can be known only by actual experience in those moments, rare and high, in which we ourselves exercise the faculty. So the poet and the artist in their times of creative production. So men as men, whenever and in so far as they take knowledge of themselves. For the procedure by which we become conscious of ourselves is intuition in the Bergsonian meaning of the word. Not all self-consciousness, indeed, is of the intuitive kind. There is a science of psychology, legitimate and prosperous, which, like the other sciences, makes use of conceptual thought. But as physical science in its relation to the material world, so scientific psychology moves over the surface of the mind. It studies mental phenomena; that is, selected aspects of the inner life. It formulates laws which express general principles of these isolated facts. But consciousness in its living unity, the real pulsing of our thought, this it can neither fathom nor reveal. To penetrate to the innermost center of ourselves, or to approach the shrine, we must take a different course. It is only by intuition, by a kind of intellectual sympathy (*sympathie intellectuelle*) that we can live into the realization of ourselves. What mind is we realize through this experience, and through this alone. Thus we know our inner selves, which can in no other way be known. And having experienced this intuitive apprehension from within, we can grasp its significance for other fields of inquiry. The intuition of ourselves enables us to understand, if only by analogy, the philosopher's intuition of the world. Meanwhile, self-conscious intuition is more than a revelation of method. It brings results of

an important character. It shows us the nature of the mind in contrast to the material world, or at least in contrast to matter as science and ordinary thought conceive it. These conclusions Bergson published in the first of his major works.[1] "The immediate data of consciousness" prove mind in three particulars distinct from material things. Matter, in the first place, is a quantitative entity. It can be measured, weighed, its parts can be counted. Consciousness, on the contrary, is not marked by quantitative distinctions. When we subject it to description in terms of quantity we deal with its points of contact with the material world, or we count and measure the artificial units into which our analysis has dissected it. The life of mind itself is indivisible. Its essential characteristics are those of a qualitative whole. Its several phases differ from one another in kind, but they are not separate from one another in degree, or in place, or in their real existence. Matter, in the second place, is an unchanging thing. It appears to change, indeed, but this, as we have seen, is declared by Bergson to be illusory. At least, if matter is no more, no other, than that which science asserts it to be, material change and physical evolution must be classed with the cinematograph illusions. The truth concerning consciousness is just the opposite. The outstanding feature of the mental life is change—change in the literal and absolute meaning of the word. The moving atoms replace one another in an eternal round; if "new" results are produced by their rearrangements the original units can be regained by simple analysis. Not so in the world of mind. The fiction of a mental chemistry belongs in the class of discarded, because misleading, ideas. The stream of consciousness flows on in an unceasing progress. Ideas themselves are temporal facts; not things persisting through periods of time, but changing states inwardly responsive to time conditions. And the later, higher mental products cannot be explained by the combination of the earlier forms. On the contrary, the inner world is a scene of real creation. Here actual evolution goes on, the production of that which did not exist before; there is creative development of

[1] This in the English translation is entitled "Time and Free Will." The French title, "On the Immediate Data of Consciousness," is much more descriptive and exact.

results specifically new, it may be of results hitherto unheard of and unknown. Finally, in this creative sense mind is free, although its liberty is not to be interpreted in the traditional way. Its freedom consists in spontaneity, not in arbitrary decision, as sometimes has been contended, or in unmotived, irrational choice. Consciousness is always related to its past. But it also determines its own future; and its decisions are spontaneous, not the mechanical summation of its earlier states. Thus it enjoys freedom of a real but rational kind.

The second of these characterizations of mind is Bergson's most important contribution to speculative thought. It would be possible, indeed, to cite anticipations of his position. But in the essential sense his interpretation of consciousness is a genuine addition to the thought of the world. It is in fact so novel that neither in the author's native French nor in English can a term be found which exactly expresses his idea. In French he speaks of this chief quality of mind as *la durée,* for which the sole English equivalent is duration. Consciousness, then, the inner life, is essentially characterized by "duration." But duration here bears a different meaning from that which it usually denotes. Commonly duration means existence, even unchanging existence, through a period of time. This, however, is very different from the time relation which Bergson ascribes to consciousness as its peculiar mark. The inner life is continuous in all its flux. There are no breaks in it, no gaps in the stream, no separation of parts, no lack of relation between the earlier and the later stages. But just as certain as its continuity and unity is its tendency to change. And through its changing progress new results are constantly brought forth. *La durée,* therefore, the Bergsonian duration of consciousness, includes two contrasted factors: on the one hand living unity, on the other unbroken change. How, it may be asked, can this be possible? This is the question for which there is no answer, the mystery which can never be explained; for, once again, explanation implies generalization and abstraction, attention to this or that aspect of the living whole. Even our attempts at inclusive reconstruction result in patchwork, put together from the dead abstracted parts. It is intuition alone that

reveals the living reality: mind a continuous unity which excludes not change; mind a constant process whose evolution does not belie the continuity of its life. All the difficulty arises when we think apart factors which exist together. Once separated, no resources of our reflective art enable us to reunite them. Relief is found when we discover that the problem is of our own making. The living fact must be accepted as it is experienced, not cut up to seek a pretended explanation of a deeper sort.

In his second extended work, Matter and Memory, Bergson applies this view of mind to the question of reproductive consciousness. Recent theories of memory have been chiefly cerebral. Psychologists and physiologists have not been unanimous in their definition of the physical basis of representation, but they have practically agreed in affirming the dependence of memory on brain conditions, whatever the precise nature of these might prove to be. This view Bergson energetically combats. The memory which depends on cerebral conditions he holds merely the superficial phase of reproduction—the revival of images which move on the surface of mind or guide us in our active relation to the external world. "Pure" memory is a different faculty. It means the development of personality as mental life goes on. Through it, in itself a spiritual and in no wise a material process, our present is colored by our past. As life proceeds, as we ourselves evolve, there is nothing lost, no breach occurs in our spiritual history. Our souls experience the inheritance of their past even as they advance into new stages of their existence. Thus the past is prolonged into the present, personality is continued amid its changes, consciousness is enriched and colored by its inherited possessions. "With memory," to quote the author's words, "we are in very truth in the domain of spirit." This construction of memory runs counter to the main conclusions of our time. It will, therefore, not escape sharp criticism from the adherents of the accepted doctrine. In face of the entire movement of later thinking, it would be remarkable if Bergson's analysis should gain the victory. His discussion of thought and intuition also lies open to serious objection. In particular it drives a partial truth to a radical extreme. The debate over the value of con-

ceptual thinking is an ancient one. Since the time of the Sophists and the Socratic defense of reasoned morals it is no longer possible to discuss the matter as though it were an unconsidered problem. And it would seem that, after these many centuries of discussion, certain conclusions might be taken as established. That there are dangers in abstraction has long been known and others besides Bergson have lately recalled our attention to the isolating element in thought. But, on the other hand, it is impossible to substitute for reasoned thinking some intuitive function which, by definition, is to be specifically other than the process it is expected to replace. Even the poet's vision and the artist's is not devoid of the intellectual elements which the scientific thinker brings formally into view. The plot which contained no reason would also have no climax; its fancied movement might be the vision of a dream, it could hardly lead the reader on to some result which the writer had envisaged from the start. And so with the artist's picture: his creative intuition must balance colors and composition and perspective—must conform the parts of his conception to the whole under intellectual laws—or his work will be in vain, its outcome the phantasmagoria of a "cubist," not a masterpiece of art. In sum, Bergson's criticism of thought in favor of intuition is defective, in spite of its relative importance. As a whole science and philosophy cannot accept it, although they would both do well to heed the warning which it contains. With his conception of the mental life the case stands different. In regard to this also the adherents of the new theory must not expect a speedy triumph, and as yet it is too soon to forecast the world's final judgment, but there can be no question concerning the significance of the issues which are here suggested. And to the minds of not a few besides the writer Bergson's underlying idea wears the aspect of a work of genius. It looks like one of the master ideas, few and rare, which, from time to time appearing, mark stages in the progress of man's thought. At very least, and whatever the ultimate appraisal, it has come like a fresh breeze into the current of contemporary reflection. For a generation our psychologists have been busy with the details or the bodily conditions of the mental life. It was time to recall inquirers to the study of that life itself.

In an age of mechanical and naturalistic thinking Bergson has sounded a clear summons to note the substantiality and the uniqueness of our inner lives. As Eucken has dwelt on the unique reality of mind manifested in the broader reaches of existence—in history, in society, in art, in morals, in religion—Bergson has led us inward to the center of our individual souls. Starting from the position of science, he has reached a new defense of the spiritual fact. His account of personality may prove in the end to need adjustment—when will the ultimate theory be found?—but he has made us once again aware of the existence and the nature of ourselves.

In his later writings Bergson enlarges the scope of these principles in application to the general questions of philosophy. Intuition he commends as the instrument of philosophy at large as well as the revealer of personality. And, by analogy, the world can in its essence be understood through comparison with the evolving nature of the self. In particular his Creative Evolution takes up the philosophy of organic life. Hitherto two explanations have contended for the mastery in the discussion of living things. Mechanical naturalism has explained organic creatures as the products of blindly working forces. Teleology has looked on them as the results of intelligent design. Bergson is content with neither of these doctrines. He stands nearer to the second than the first, farther away from the mechanical theory than from belief in intelligent creation, but his own view chooses a middle ground. Organic nature, he holds, is a scene neither of blind mechanism nor of explicit purpose. Living beings neither come mechanically to existence nor are they the direct products of intelligent contrivance. They are rather the results of an indwelling natural impulse, an *élan vital,* which pushes organic evolution forward upon various lines. Some species advance faster, some more slowly than the rest. Some progress further, rise higher in their development, others lag behind or reach the term of their evolution, and the process comes to a stop. But low or high, far advanced or backward, they express the effort of nature herself under the spur of her vital movement.

This phase of Bergson's thinking has exposed him to criticism

at the hands of religious writers, since it challenges the basis of the chief traditional argument for the existence of God. And yet it may prove wise not to betray great haste in taking up the critical position. Le Roy, perhaps the best of the interpreters of Bergson to date, has called attention to two points which deserve notice in any estimate of the bearing of this philosophy on religious belief. In the first place, Bergson has not yet announced his views on religious questions. Perhaps he has not himself thought through his position in relation to the ethical and spiritual problems. He has been busy with other matters in themselves important. From the standpoint of science he has built up a new defense of mind. On the way he has wrought out a characteristic method of inquiry. These he is now applying to the further difficulties of our time. Ethics and religion may yet formally engage his attention, as mind and intuition and organic evolution have claimed it in the past. And when he does approach these final questions he will not come to them without preparation for his task. For once more it must be remembered that Bergson's thinking issues fundamentally in a spiritual view of the world. Mind first, as a creative spiritual process, the world in turn construed after the analogy of mind—these form the signature of his metaphysical labors. And such conclusions cannot fail of influence when the practical problems are taken definitely in hand.

A. C. Armstrong

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS—ONE OF THE EARLY FRIENDS OF BROWNING

Browning was every whit a man's man. His private life was characterized by the same manly strength which appears in so many of his poems. In his artistic tastes and practices he had also much to offer that would appeal to the woman of strong intellect. No other poet ever had so wide a circle of friends. This was due largely to the kind of life he led. When in London in the season he was almost invariably present at every social function of note. He was liked by everyone and courted by all. His powers as a conversationalist and as a *raconteur,* his musical ability and his artistic tastes, made him much sought after. Add to all these his wonderful gift of making and retaining friends and you have an unusual combination. Among his many friends were some remarkable women. Harriet Martineau for instance; Mrs. Sarah Taylor Austen; Mrs. Jamieson; Miss Isa Blagden, who was a friend also of many other notable people; and last of all we name the sisters Eliza and Sarah Flower. The former was conspicuous as a composer of music. A contemporary cyclopedia of music speaks of her as the most brilliant musician of her sex who had yet appeared. Her "Songs of the Seasons" and "Fourteen Musical Illustrations of the Waverly Novels" made her famous. She also composed sixty-three tunes for the hymn book of William J. Fox, in Garnett's recent life of whom a few of her letters also are preserved. It is not with Eliza, however, but with Sarah that we are concerned. Their father was the editor of the Cambridge Intelligencer, a journal in which six of Coleridge's poems first appeared. It was independent in politics and so outspoken on some questions that Editor Flower was imprisoned for a slight reference to Bishop Watson. This appealed to the romantic sympathies of a young schoolmistress, Eliza Gould. She often visited him in his imprisonment and after his release they were married. Their married life was short, for she died, leaving him the two daughters. He lived for a time in Harlow, where he was a printer, and then moved to Dalston, where the

family met William J. Fox, the leader in the English reform movement of 1832. He was then a Unitarian minister. The printer was an admirer of Shakespeare, and so was Mr. Fox, and this led to a close and intimate friendship. After the father died Mr. Fox became the guardian of the sisters and the administrator of their father's estate, and thenceforth they made their home with Mr. Fox. The fact that Mr. Fox was the editor of the Monthly Repository, and shortly became its proprietor, opened an avenue for the expression of the talents of his friends. To its pages Sarah contributed the dramatic poem entitled "Vivia Perpetua." It is said to embody in the character Vivia a large part of her own life. There is no life of Sarah Flower, only a few fragmentary sketches here and there and some references in the biographies of a few contemporaries.

In 1824, when Robert Browning was a child of twelve, the Flowers made the acquaintance of the Browning family through the kindness of mutual friends named Sturtevant. Eliza was born nine years before Browning and Sarah was seven years his senior. The "golden-curled young poet" admired Eliza very much. She was shown his first printed attempts at verse and were preserved by her for many years. At a later period the interest of the sister won for Browning the first sympathetic review of his "Pauline."

In September, 1827, Sarah Flower made a visit to Kimbolton, in the Isle of Wight. From there she wrote to Mr. Fox one of the few of her letters still extant. It is a revelation of her character:

KIMBOLTON, Monday Night.

Can any good come out of Kimbolton? Ask Lizzie, and when she has given her decided negative, what will you say to my being so excited that I dare not think of sleep, though it is past twelve o'clock? A lad of eighteen has been preaching his first sermon. And what with the delight at it, such as it was, and the agony of his flushing face, quivering lips, and tremulous voice—O, dear me! it is such a way that I am in! And what a night it is, and what a farewell the sun gave, and how exquisitely the moon rose and beamed her consolation for his absence! And what are you all doing? Dreaming of the sea by whose side you lingered, just gazing on its wide (not to you waste of) waters, and then looking upward to that other ocean, the heavens, at that one star, which

is my own representative to remind you that, though in quite another world, the light of my affection is often with you in unclouded, undivided communion? Another look at the window, and those trees with whose branches the moon makes filigree work; and if you could but see Lizzie's likeness in a sprig of jasmine—fragile, delicate thing, it is every way so like her, with its fair starry blossom, bright leaves, and exquisite fragrance. I am yours ever and affectionately,

SARAH FLOWER.

One of the contributors to the Monthly Repository signed his name as "Junius Redivivus," of whom Crabb Robinson said that he "is absolutely outrageous." He proved to be William Bridges Adams, a widower whose first wife had been a daughter of Francis Place, the chartist. The father-in-law had a great influence over Mr. Adams, and it is said that he was steeped in class prejudice. He traveled in South America and wrote an article, entitled "Beauty," describing a voyage past Terra del Fuego in what is said to be a "striking piece of prose-poetry." He was the author also of some crude verse. Later he established large railway car works at Bow and was very successful. This man became in 1837 the husband of Sarah Flower and her later days were filled with comparative luxury. One of Mr. Fox's admirers and visitors was Mr. Macready, the actor. Miss Sarah had at one time become enamored with the idea of a dramatic career and consulted Macready about it. He probably gave her some aid in opening the way to the gratification of her desire to go on the stage. Some time in 1836 she appeared at Richmond as Lady Macbeth. Her performance must have been better than ordinary, for the Spectator gave her "considerable praise." In 1837 she procured a temporary engagement at Bath. Here she was taken ill with a prevalent epidemic which was like our modern "grip." Her body was always frail, and this attack made it impossible for her to appear again. She had, says Garnet, "the soul and countenance, but by no means the physique of an actress." She was only five feet two in height. In spite of this she must have made a deep impression. Fox, of course, was prejudiced in her favor. He told Godwin, the dean of the dramatic profession at the time, that he had seen realized Mrs. Siddons's notion of the character of Lady Macbeth. He was referring to "Sallie." In a letter to her sister Eliza Mr.

Fox recounts the interview and adds: "I hope Sallie will do it in London in time for the good old man; he deserves to see it before he dies. From his talk I should think that when Mrs. Siddons was young there was something of Sallie's sweetness about her." This, however, was the end of her career on the stage. She never fully recovered her health, and died August 14, 1848, a little less than two years after the death of her sister. At the funeral of each hymns composed by Mrs. Adams were sung, set to music composed by her sister.

To us Mrs. Adams has been best known as the author of "Nearer, my God, to thee," but her literary activities included much more. In 1841 the book entitled "Hymns and Anthems of the South Park Place Chapel" was published. It was edited by Mr. Fox. Here it was that the famous hymn first appeared, now the most popular in the English language, and set to music of her sister's composition. Its dramatic use by the dying President McKinley appealed to all the world. Rev. Dr. Benson says that on the Sunday following his death "the hymn was sung in hundreds of churches over the country and in memorial gatherings. One heard the familiar strains of the tune from strong-lunged bands of itinerant musicians in city streets, the street children and their elders often gathering about the performers and perhaps joining in the hymn. On the day of the burial at Canton, Thursday, September 19, 1901, all traffic in the cities stopped, by previous arrangement, at half-past three o'clock, and for five minutes there was silence. People in the trolley cars rose and those in the streets bared their heads and stood, often joining in singing the words of the hymn. In Union and Madison Squares, New York city, immense throngs had assembled, and after a period of silence bands played 'Nearer, my God, to thee' and then 'Lead, kindly Light,' a favorite hymn of the dead President, during which every head in the throng remained uncovered. The whole occasion was remarkable as a demonstration of popular feeling in which reverence seemed to have a share. Has any other hymn ever received such popular recognition?" It has brightened many a deathbed in addition to that of President McKinley, it has voiced the aspirations of the newly converted soul, breathed

out the longings of the searcher after peace, and comforted many a tried and tempted soul. Its ministry is world-wide and to all classes and conditions of men. The hymn has been quite strongly attacked because the writer was a Unitarian and because there is no mention of the word "Christ" in it. Professor James Strong, of Drew Theological Seminary, in an article in the Methodist Review for March, 1893, entitled "Songs of the Church," wrote, "The popular lines of Mrs. Adams's 'Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee,' which, moreover, is a purely Unitarian hymn, and is wholly destitute of Christian experience." Those who attack the hymn on this ground do so under a misapprehension. It is a metrical setting of Jacob's experience in his dream of the angels of God descending and ascending from earth to heaven. One can readily see how an additional verse might have been added representing the soul as being in the presence of Christ. The compilers of the Baptist hymnbook of England actually engaged Rev. Arthur Tozer Russell to add a verse of his own, which he did in these words:

Christ alone beareth me
  Where thou dost shine;
Joint heir he maketh me
  Of the Divine.
In Christ my soul shall be
Nearest, my God, to thee,
  Nearest to thee!

In a hymnal published in 1864 by Rev. James Skinner a doxology is added:

Glory, O God, to thee;
  Glory to thee,
Almighty Trinity,
  In unity,
Glorious mystery,
Through all eternity
  Glory to thee!

Rev. Benjamin Hall Kennedy in his Hymnologia Christiana of 1863 appended an additional verse:

And when my Lord again
  Glorious shall come,
Mine be a dwelling place
  In Thy bright home;

There evermore to be
Nearer to thee, my God!
Nearer to thee.

The finest attempt of all was by Bishop Edward Bickersteth in his Hymns compiled in 1876:

There in my Father's home
Safe and at rest,
There in my Saviour's love
Perfectly blest,
Age after age to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Many other similar attempts have been made. Any that I have read fall infinitely below the work of Mrs. Adams.

In a letter to Mr. Francis Arthur Jones, a hymnologist, Mrs. Bridell-Fox, the daughter of W. J. Fox, wrote: "How she composed her hymns can hardly be stated. She certainly never had any idea of composing them. They were the spontaneous expression of some strong impulse or feeling at the moment; she was essentially a creature of impulse. Her translations would be, of course, to a certain extent an exception, also perhaps when she was writing words for music already in use at South Place Chapel. Otherwise she wrote when she felt that the spirit moved her."

Another hymn contributed to the same book is widely known and used:

He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower;
Alike they're needful for the flower;
And joy and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment;
As comes to me or cloud or sun
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Creator! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee;
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

O ne'er will I at life repine!
Enough that thou hast made it mine;
When falls the shadow cold of death
I yet will sing, with parting breath,
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

A funeral hymn of hers is also found in several hymnals which it seems to be is even better than the preceding:

The mourners came at break of day
  Unto the garden sepulcher,
With saddened hearts, to weep and pray
  For him, the loved one buried there.
What radiant light dispels the gloom?
An angel sits beside the tomb.

The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,
  All sepulchered beneath the snow,
When wintry winds and chilling frost
  Have laid her summer glories low;
The spring returns, the flowrets bloom—
An angel sits beside the tomb.

Then mourn we not beloved dead
  E'en while we come to weep and pray;
The happy spirit hath but fled
  To brighter realms of heavenly day;
Immortal hope dispels the gloom—
An angel sits beside the tomb.

Some of her other hymns are beautiful and well written.

Carlyle was a friend, and when Sartor Resartus was published Mrs. Adams wrote, "There are some strong spiritualisms in it, strong-winged, that *fly* us upward at once out of all earthly thrall in which our feet will sometimes become entangled, try as we will to stretch beyond it." I have introduced this quotation in order to introduce a hymn based upon a passage in Sartor Resartus and supposed to have been written by Mrs. Adams:

Though wandering in a stranger land,
Though on the waste no altar stand,
Take comfort, thou art not alone
While Faith hath marked thee for her own.

Wouldst thou a temple? Look above:
The heavens stretch over all in love.
A book? For thine evangel scan
The wondrous history of man.

The holy band of saints renowned
Embrace thee, brotherlike, around;
Their sufferings and their triumphs rise
In hymns immortal to the skies.

And though no organ there be heard,
In harmony the winds are stirred;
And there the morning stars upraise
Their ancient songs of deathless praise.

The relation of the Flower sisters to Mr. Browning has been referred to. In 1833 Sarah wrote a cousin about Browning, saying: "He is very interesting from his great power of conversation and thorough originality, to say nothing of his personal appearance, which would be unexceptionably poetical if Nature had not played him an ugly trick in giving him an ugly nose." The successor of Mr. Fox in the chapel was Moncure D. Conway. He knew this entire group, and in his autobiography records his belief that Eliza Flower was Browning's "Pauline" and that Sarah Flower was the original whence came the suggestion for his "Pippa Passes." He makes also this statement: "I believe that the advanced rationalism for which our chapel became distinguished in Mr. Fox's time was primarily due to Robert Browning. In his early youth he was precociously skeptical and undermined the faith of Eliza Flower's sister Sarah." Mrs. Bridell-Fox gave to Mr. Conway a copy of a letter written to Mr. Fox from Harlow, November 23, 1827, by Sarah Flower. This he gives in full in his autobiography. It is so valuable for our purposes that I subjoin it:

You did not ask me to write, and perhaps will be little thankful for what you are like to receive, a regular confession of faith, or rather the want of it, from one whom you little suspect guilty of the heinous sin of unbelief. It reads like half-jest. Never was I more serious. My mind has been wandering for a long time, and now it seems to have lost sight of that only invulnerable hold against the assaults of this warring world, a firm belief in the genuineness of the Scriptures.

No, not the only one: I do believe in the existence of an all-wise and omnipotent Being—and that, involving, at it does, the conviction that everything is working together for good, brings with it comfort I would not resign for worlds. Still, I would fain go to my Bible as I used to—but I cannot. The cloud has come over me gradually, and I did not discover the darkness in which my soul was shrouded until in seeking to give light to others my own gloomy state became too settled to admit of doubt. It was in answering Robert Browning that my mind refused to bring forward argument, turned recreant, and sided with the enemy. And when I went to Norwich musical festival, O, how much I lost! In all the choruses of praise to the Almighty my heart joined, and seemed to lift itself above the world to celebrate the praises of Him to whom I owed the bliss of these feelings; but the rest of the "Messiah" dwindled to a mere musical enjoyment; and the consciousness of what it might once have been to me brought the bitterest sensations of sadness, almost remorse.

And now, as I sit and look up to the room in which I first had existence and think of the mother who gave it, and watch the window of the chamber in which she yielded hers, in death as in life a fervent Christian, that thought links itself with another—how much rather would she I had never been than to be what I now am.

I have a firm belief in the resurrection—at least I think I have—but my mind is in a sad state; and before that goes I must endeavor to build up my decaying faith. How is it to be done? I want to read a good ecclesiastical history. I dare not apply to papa. I dare not let him have a glimpse at the infatuation that possesses me. Had he been less rigid in his ideas of all kinds of unbelief it would have been better for me. But I have had no one either to remove or confirm my doubts, and Heaven alone knows what uneasiness they have given me. I would give worlds to be a sincere believer; to go to my Bible as to a friend in the hour of trial, feeling that, whatever might befall, *that* would never desert me, and defying the world to rob me of its consolations.

My life has been like a set of gems on a string of gold—a succession of bright and beautiful things without a dark thread to dim their luster. But it will not be always thus. It is not thus now, and some resource I must have against the evil time which is beginning to set in. The very study will be a delight, even if it has not the desired result. The consciousness that I have not examined as far as in me lies weighs heavily upon me, and to you I now look to direct my inquiries. 'Tis a bold step, and I wonder how I could bring myself to speak to you; but *that* I could not do. And now it seems as if I could not bear to speak to anyone, but I want quietly to read in my own room. What? Why, any books that you would deem suitable.

I shall soon be at home (London) and if you will lend them, and let me read them, my mind will at all events be relieved from whatever portion of guilt may mingle in its present uneasiness.

I hope this will not worry you. I would not be one to add to the

annoyances that visit you; but that you have a sincere regard for me I now believe, and how it is returned let this confidence which you possess, unshared by anyone beside, bear testimony.

I long to come home. Harlow is not what it once was, and it has added to the feeling of loneliness which has been coming on. Though I may often be mirthful I am not always happy. But I am in a sad mood this morning, and to-morrow may be brighter in the heavens and in the heart. So I will not write any more than one thing, and that you know already, that I am yours affectionately, SALLY.

Burn and forget—not me and those books, but the letter and low spirits.

I believe that eventually she came out of her doubt, though Mr. Conway seems to think not. Mr. Conway quotes from her "Vivia Perpetua," which was published in the same year as her great hymn. The quotation is thought by him to carry out his contention. Vivia says:

> There are some mysteries; I scarce begin
> To thread them, but from out them up springs love,
> Flies through them like a bird along a grove,
> And sings them to forgetfulness in joy.
> But one e'en now doth come to hold her mute;
> Oppression yet doth crush with iron foot,
> Our power is so much weaker than our will,
> But love is omnipotent!

To this Mr. Conway adds:

In these lines Sarah Flower Adams laid her finger on the defect of all theological theism. Robert Browning no doubt tried to limit the skepticism he had awakened, but his familiar argument, that good comes out of evil, did not reach the theistic dilemma; infliction of pain for good purposes may be the necessity of limited power, but how is it pardonable in unlimited power? Sarah Flower Adams aspired to her God, and not everybody's God; but everybody is now singing the hymn so many years heard in our chapel. And perhaps not one who sings it realizes that it was written by a disbeliever in Christianity.

It seems to me that Mr. Conway found what he set out to find, and nothing more, for in the same poem are these words, expressive of trust in Christ:

> Part in peace—Christ's life was peace;
> Let us live our life in him;
> Part in peace—Christ's death was peace;
> Let us die our death in him.

Part in peace—Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave,
Where all mortal partings cease;
Brethren, sisters! part in peace.

He also fails to understand the theodicy of Mr. Browning.

For God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world,

is only one of many passages that make a reply amply sufficient.

Leigh Hunt in his "Blue Stocking Revels" expressed the thought of many contemporaries when he called Mrs. Adams "rare mistress of thought and tears." She lies in the Forest Street burial ground, near Harlow, where her sister is also buried, and where her father and mother sleep side by side in a single grave. Mrs. Bridell-Fox gathered all Mrs. Adams's literary belongings and placed them in the safe-keeping of the British Museum.

It seems strange that Mr. Browning, coming as he did from a Unitarian group, displays so little of their belief. Undoubtedly Sarah Flower strongly influenced him, and probably for good. They and their generation have taken their upward flight on joyful wing to the throne of God, and are now nearer to him in understanding his mysteries, his love, and his power.

S. G. Ayres

PHASES OF ROBERT BURNS

It was during the winter of 1786-87 that the youth Francis Jeffrey, walking down High Street, Edinburgh, stopped short to see one of the kings of men go by—those beings who somehow attract and impress us by their very presence before we know who they are or what they have done. A shopman standing in his door, seeing the look of interest and of wonder on the boy's face, reached forward and, tapping him on the shoulder, said: "Ay, laddie, ye may weel look at *that* man—he is Robert Burns!" And so he, who was himself to become distinguished as the severe and dreaded critic of his generation, gazed after the ploughman poet as he passed on and out of sight, very much as I one summer evening stood gazing up the leafy arcade of Brattle Street until the reverend form of Longfellow, that most beautiful of old men, had vanished in the depth of shade. Burns was passing by—had passed—along the road that leads to song's immortal mountain, or to that green vale where flows bright Castaly; a road oftentimes found rugged enough, moistened with tears, yet gladdened by rare sunbeams and overhung with clouds which are not without their rainbows. The writer was but a dreaming boy when first he awoke to the music and romance that breathe about the poet's name. It was when some one had given him a printed pocket handkerchief illustrating the scenes of his birth and the subjects of his song. There was the single arch of the "auld brig" that spans the Doon, with the mare Maggie and Tam in the critical act of passing, pursued by the witches and warlocks; while "crouse and canty" snug in one corner hovered Burned with his Highland Mary and the Twa Dogs were holding their unforgettable confab in another. So I had my first peep into the Scottish fairyland, a region in which I have since wandered and reveled late and long. Then came the evening in the farmhouse at Avonport, when the hostess, as much in favor with the poet as was ever Mrs. Dunlop or the "Guidwife of Wauchope House," brought forth that old-fashioned edition of Currie—most like a black-covered pocket Bible in shape—and with it made the hours radiant and set them

all to music. Then, later still, the lame boy, thinly clad, halted over three miles, late in a November afternoon, then home again; but bearing with him, from a seat where the Muses were known and loved, on the banks of the wintry-roaring Piziguid, the complete edition of Cunningham, Life and Letters, and all; and he will assure you that the discovery to-day of a bag of newly minted gold sovereigns would not bring to him half as much pleasure as that precious and long-treasured volume did then. "Folly" say you? Is that extravagance? Possibly; yet remember how scarce books then were, and how avid was my mind. I would like to be just as glad and just as hungry again. But in order to do that you must roll back "the flying day," you must restore me

> The charm of spring, the touch of youth.

It may be thought strange that a man so faulty should have had the power of attaching so many hearts and awakening so much enthusiasm, that he should, in fact, have become a sort of world's darling among the poets. But is it really so strange? Ah, no! This is very human; and such is the fatuity and weakness of our nature, perhaps—some concession must be made to it—that we are found liking, and even loving, people in spite of their faults, and sometimes because of their faults. Some have insisted that a perfectly faultless man would be a monstrosity, would alienate rather than win sympathy, having

> Wound himself too high
> For mortal man beneath the sky;

and it may be suspected that if we really knew more of such spotless heroes as Joseph, Jonathan, Isaiah, and Daniel, we might find some specks in their moral firmament as well as in that of Jacob or of David. Many of us need not fear the Sirens quite as much as did Ulysses; the sailors did not need to be bound. We cannot hinder our enthusiasms altogether, and there are instances in which it may not be wise to curb, or at least to extinguish them. There are some minds habitually and instinctively on critical tiptoe; they must challenge everybody and everything, till criticism has become their single stock in trade. To blame, to censure, to overlook, to misconstrue, these actions are cheap and easy to

everybody as is the drawing a crooked mark. Canst thou discriminate? Canst thou appreciate? Canst thou subdue prejudice and maintain charity? The best way is to take the good we find in a mixed nature, rejecting or ignoring evil. Matters are so complex, so strangely mixed, in this world, there is really no other way. Some one must separate and make the selection; why not let it be you who shall perform the manly act? Some truth may be in Joaquin Miller's lines:

> In men whom men condemn as ill
> I find so much of goodness still,
> In men whom men pronounce divine
> I find so much of sin and blot,
> I hesitate to draw a line
> Between the two where God has not.

"Where God has not"? God has indeed drawn a line between good and evil, but he best sees where it runs, and he has reserved final judgment. Meanwhile the Christ—of surpassing charity, the infinite in sympathy and pity, has touched the Magdalen, and given the look and smile of hope to the fallen, and has not disdained the society of the publican, and is sea-wide in his great mercy—reserved his sharpest goad for the Pharisee rather than for such as fell by sins of passion, the "wooing throng of sweet temptations that betide the wild and wayward child of song." No one of our time can have felt that stress more terribly than did that Scottish minstrel, in whom there was a spirit so wondrously-mingled, so powerfully-attractive, and whose songs are now a world's transcendent heritage. With Southey, I would draw from the departed instructive lessons, not condoning their faults but unveiling their virtues, entering into their conditions, "partaking their hopes and fears," and from the incidents of their career seeking "instruction with a humble mind"; and with respect to Burns himself, after many years of reflection, I would say, with Whittier:

> Sweet Soul of Song!—I own my debt
> Uncanceled by his failings;

and therefore I would breathe the prayer, with Wordsworth:

> Sweet Mercy: To the gates of heaven
> This minstrel leads his sins forgiven;

The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavor.
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven
Effaced forever.

On the wall of the room which now I am facing hangs a plaque representing the poet's birthplace, and just above it the Raeburn portrait of the bard, purchased by my brother at a booth near the Walter Scott monument on Princes Street, Edinburgh. Their value is inconsiderable, except for the giver and subject's sake, but I find my eyes often resting upon them with an interest that does not abate. It is the image or simulacrum of the little clay "biggin" at Alloway with its roof of thatch put up by the hands of the poet's father not long before the birth of his illustrious son. There it stands still by the wayside—not entirely as the builder left it, albeit, with some slight change, unaltered in form. The road winds past it in the direction of Ayr—

Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses.

An American rhymer who visited the place describes it in familiar lines:

'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw,
A hovel made of clay;
One door shuts out the snow and storm,
One window greets the day:
And yet I stand within this room
And hold all thrones in scorn,
For here, beneath this lowly thatch,
Love's sweetest bard was born.

There is no special need of being scornful of dignities in order to poetic appreciation; therefore I prefer, and by reason of a purer, serener art, the lines of another American, Thomas William Parsons, written upon visiting this pilgrim-seat:

A lowly roof of simple thatch—
No home of pride, of pomp, and sin—
So freely let us lift the latch,
The willing latch that says, "Come in."

Plain dwelling this! a narrow door—
No carpet by soft sandals trod,
But just for peasants' feet a floor—
Small kingdom for a child of God.

Yet here was Scotland's noblest born;
And here Apollo chose to light;
And here those large eyes hailed the morn
That had for beauty such a sight!

There, as the glorious infant lay,
Some angel fanned him with his wing,
And whispered, "Dawn upon the day
Like a new sun! Go forth and sing!"

He rose and sang, and Scotland heard—
The round world echoed with his song,
And hearts in every land were stirred
With love, and joy, and scorn of wrong.

Some their cold lips disdainful curled;
Yet the sweet lays would many learn;
But he went singing through the world
In most melodious unconcern.

For flowers will grow and showers will fall,
And clouds will travel o'er the sky;
And the great God, who cares for all,
He will not let his darlings die.

But they shall sing in spite of men,
In spite of poverty and shame,
And show the world the poet's pen
May match the sword in winning fame.

In such a place, unfit, as some might think, to be a kennel for their dogs, on a wild stormy January night (25th, 1759), this peasant boy, the eldest of his father's family, opened his wide wild eyes on the world; and in that night the flimsy, unsubstantial roof was partly torn away by the wind—the initial gust of a stormy life. To this incident, and to the fact that in this case, as was usual in the Scotland of that day, the fortune-telling midwife practiced palmistry, the poet in a rollicking song makes jocular allusion:

There was a lad was born at Kyle,
But what'n a day o' what'n a style,
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

. . . . .

Our Monarch's hindmost year but one
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast of Janwar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.

. . . . .

The gossip keekit in his loof,[1]
Quo' she "Wha lives will see the proof,
This waly booy will be nae coof[2]—
I think we'll ca' him Robin."

. . . . .

He'll hae misfortunes great an sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a',
He'll be a credit to us a'—
Wee'll a' be proud o' Robin.

Not far away from the "biggin" the river Doon—a pigmy stream—ripples and croons upon its pebbles. Earth has many thousands of streams as beautiful, but few haunted by such memories or consecrated by such songs. Just a little way beyond Alloway's "auld haunted kirk," surrounded by its graves, lifts its roofless walls. The town of Ayr, where Tam o' Shanter foregathered with his cronies, is only a Scots mile and a half away. The whole is classic ground to-day, traversed by innumerable pilgrims, marked by monuments, and sowed with memorials as few places can be found to be in England, Italy, or Greece. In the monument by Doonside is one of the dearest relics in the presence of the Bible which was given by Highland Mary to Burns on that memorable day

When by the winding Ayr they met
To live one day of parting love,

and enshrining a lock of that maiden's hair. Perhaps we will not pause to inspect too carefully the circumstances of this or of any courtship of Burns; but the poetic tradition remains with us, and the fact that the heart of the poet returned with agonizing throes to the poor girl who died of fever at Jamie McPherson's house, in Minch Collop Close, Greenock, calling in vain, "O for a drink o' caller water!" and saying, "If it had been God's will I wad hae liked to be Robert Burns's wife; but I ken I'm deein'," and who lies buried near the wall that looks toward the firth, in

[1] Scrutinized the palm of his hand. [2] Blockhead.

the old West Kirkyard of that dingy and dinsome city, with a monument of marble, and a beaten track trodden by innumerable pilgrims leading to her grave. But her best memorial is in the lyric treasures that enshrine her name and that one cry to which the heart of every age shall tremble to the end of time:

> O Mary! dear departed shade!
> Where is thy place of blissful rest?
> Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
> Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Truly wrote Mrs. Jameson in her "Loves of the Poets": "Mary Campbell was a poor peasant-girl whose life had been spent in servile offices, who could just spell a verse in her Bible, and who could not write at all—who walked barefoot to that meeting on the banks of the Ayr which her lover has recorded. But Mary Campbell will live to memory while music and the language of her country endure. Helen of Greece and the Carthage Queen are not more surely immortalized than this plebeian girl. The scene of parting love, . . . that spot where 'the golden hours on angel wings' hovered over Burns and his Mary, is classic ground; Vaucluse and Penshurst are not more lastingly consecrated; and like the copy of Virgil in which Petrarch noted down the death of Laura, which many have made a pilgrimage but to look on, even such a relic shall be the Bible of Highland Mary." So would we fain linger over the manes and memories of Jean and Agnes, but our business in this paper is to be with the poet in his father's house. We must advert, however, to the mausoleum in Saint Michael's Kirkyard at Dumfries—

> The poet's tomb is there—

which will recall that day when the long procession wound through the streets of the town and came hither of those who mourned, with tears upon many faces, their "brave, their beautiful," their gifted, "as when a loved one dies"; and its sculptured figures will bring to mind also the words he addressed to the nobility of Scotland: "The Poetic Genius of my Country found me, as the prophetic Bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me." So has our poet cast a mantle of ideal beauty, a veil of loveliness, like that the spring hangs out on every bloomy

tree, over hill and vale and river, and all the scenes amid which he was born and lived and died, feeling as few have felt the anguish and the joy of life.

The poet thought it fitting to change the orthography of his name to Burns from Burness, as it had been written by his father and by progenitors during generations before. William Burness came from another Scottish county into Ayrshire: namely, Carrick, as the poet tells us in his song:

> My father was a farmer, upon the Carrick border, O,
> And carefully he bred me in decency and order, O;
> He bade me act a manly part, tho' I had ne'er a farding, O—
> For without an honest manly heart no man was worth regarding, O!

William Burness was no ordinary peasant, but unique in his intellectual and moral characteristics. He was a man of stalwart make and molded in the tough matrix of poverty. He was a man of deep feeling, but one who, after the Scotch fashion, kept his sensibilities under firm restraint. He was a reader—intensively, for books were fit and few, while in theology and philosophy he appears to have been somewhat of a thinker. But he was, on the whole, a man of strong sense, a practical man rather than a theorist. He was devout and of the strictest probity, somewhat stiff in his way, firm of will, with a touch of austerity, plain of speech, and under provocation sometimes irascible. To the general substantiality of his character we have the testimony of his son, and that son was not easily deceived in such matters. Never was he prosperous in worldly affairs; often he stood with his bosom against the drawn point of misery and despair, yet mounting with strong wrestling above the waves of misfortune that threatened to overwhelm him, and fighting the losing battle through. Burns reverenced and loved his father, as we may know from the truth and tenderness with which he depicted his virtue; and the clear-seeing eyes of the father, detecting the strangely woven texture of his passionate son, and realizing the peril of his future, found in the waywardness of the poet his deepest cause of anxiety. We are introduced to the cotter's fireside, where at or after the midnight hour he is waiting the return of his sportive boy from the scene of his revel and "high jinks." The lines of

his ever-serious face harden, and a determined look has come into the troubled eyes that pore upon the fireplace; and it is plain to be seen that Robert when he comes will be held up, for, like Tam's unheeded wife, he is

> Nursing his wrath to keep it warm.

Presently the errant youngster enters, with all the briskness and confidence of his disposition. He is in too joyous a mood for culprit fears or premonitory tremblings. He comes like a sunburst into the musing gloom of his father, and the mentor is disarmed of all the weapons he thought he held and meant to wield. Soon the two are seated together, the flagging flame is relumed, and in a few minutes that wonderful tongue and radiant spirit which afterward held duchesses spellbound and took them off their feet, enchains the father, and they end by chatting "crouse and canty" together, and laughing as the wizard recounts the jokes and sets forth the characters of the kintraside. Meanwhile the mother, tucked warmly in bed, yet wakeful, cannot restrain a prideful chuckle at her guidman's defeat and the triumph of her child's golden tongue. Doubtless the most faithful heartfelt account we have of the poet's father and his boyhood's home is to be found in that poem which would best commend him to the Christian Church, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," which, even after the dissent of Matthew Arnold, will by many be felt to be among the sincerest of his poems. It is certainly among the noblest and purest in sentiment, and prompted James Montgomery to exclaim,

> O, had he never stooped to shame,
> Or lent a charm to vice,
> How had Devotion loved to name
> That Bird of Paradise!

It must indeed be a faithful piece of household portraiture, and the scene as the old cotter goes to prayer moves the soul of all in sympathy with the Christian religion. Supper being over, the household circle draws around the evening fire, and the sire "with patriarchal grace" turns over the pages of the "big ha'-Bible,"

the family heirloom; then drooping his head, whose "lyart haffets" [whitening locks] are "wearing thin and bare," lingering perhaps, among the Psalms of David,

> Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
> He wales a portion with judicious care,
> And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.
> . . . . . .
> Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
> The saint, the father, and the husband prays.

It is a scene not soon to fade from the memory of mankind. Another picture of his father's household is given in the poem of "The Twa Dogs." One feels in honest indignation rising, as he reads, at the cruel indignities these worthy people were subjected to; even as Burns, who was a part of it all, felt his blood boiling "at the recollection of the scoundrel factor's insolent threatening letters, which used to set us all in tears." Cæsar, the rich man's dog, when he has listened to Luath's account of the simple pleasures and frequent miseries of the poor, responds, in more than canine fashion:

> But then to see how you're negleckit,
> How huff'd and cuff'd an' disrespeckit!
> Lord, man, our gentry care as little
> For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle,
> They gang as saucy by poor folk
> As I wad by a stinking brock.[1]
>
> "I've noticed on our Laird's court-day,
> An' mony a time my heart's been wae.[2]
> Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
> How they maun thole[3] a factor's smash;[4]
> He'll stamp and threaten, curse, and swear,
> He'll apprehend them, poind their gear[5]:
> While they maun stan' wi' aspect humble
> An' hear it a' an' fear an' tremble:
> I see how folk live that hae riches;
> But surely poor folk maun be wretches."

Burns's characteristic humor comes out in the closing lines of this poem, where he describes the parting of the friendly creatures:

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[1] Badger. [2] Sorrowful. [3] Must endure. [4] Abuse. [5] Seize their goods.

By this the sun was out of sight,
An' darker gloaming brought the night;
The bum-clock[6] hummed wi' lazy drone,
The kye stood rowlin i' the lone;[7]
When up they gat an' shook their lugs[8],
Rejoiced they were na *men*, but *dogs:*
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

Agnes Brown, the mother of Burns, who in true wifely fashion made "a happy fireside clime" for her husband and her children, was in marked contrast, yet complementary to William Burness. It may not be fitting to apply Dr. John Brown's phrase to her and to call her a "finely ignorant woman," but certainly she was little tinctured with book-learning, or versed in academic ways. But whether or not she could read and write she had the better-than-golden gift of a sunny temperament, a sort of singing soul, filling the hours with music and the house with sweet chatter; and, to cap all, she was an excellent housekeeper and a mistress of economics. Does not her son tell us in his cotter's poem how "the mither, wi' her needle and her shears, gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new"? And again, we are told how

The dame brings forth in complimental mood
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell,
And aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a towmond auld sin' lint was i' the bell.

Which means, when stripped of its Doric and its poetry, that, out of compliment to the young man who had come to woo her daughter, Mrs. Burns brings out her well-made, long-treasured cheese, and says to him, again and again, "Tak' a bit—na', tak' a larger bit!" and as often as she presses her cheese upon him so often does he taste it and say, "What a splendid cheese it is!" And Mrs. Burns, "the frugal wifie garrulous," responds, "Yes, sir! and do you know it was a twelvemonth old when the flax was in flower!"

It has been said that it was his mother's heart, rather than his father's head, that made Burns a poet; but may it not have been

[6] Beetle. [7] The cows lowing in the milking-yard. [8] Ears.

the union of both? His father in some sense certainly lived in him, and whether it be that the loss of him hallowed his memory in the heart of the son, while the mother remained with him through all his mortal days, certain it is that his father is more distinguished in his verse. But great that mother's genitive influence must have been, and supreme her nourishing faculty. She had, as we have said, the singing soul, the sunny temperament, and "her songs and ballads were in great store and of a moral aim. The song which she loved most to sing and Burns loved most to hear was 'The Life and Age of Man,' comparing the periods of human life to the months of the year"; and we are told by Burns himself how his great uncle had during years of blindness no greater enjoyment than to sit and sway his body and weep while Agnes Burness sang that ballad to him. Here was doubtless sown the seed and given the impulse to the poem of her boy, "Man Was Made to Mourn." Beecher in his lecture on Burns says beautifully: "Ah! how many sweet sounds there are in this world, how many sounds of air and water, how many songs of birds and sounds of musical instruments; nor has Nature in all her choir and orchestra anything which for sweetness is like a mother's voice singing through the house while she labors—songs, hymns, and ballads; the children sleep, dream of angels, and wake to say, 'Mother!' With such a father and mother Burns could not help himself. Of course he must be an Apollo's arrow, with such a mother for a bow and such a father for a string; and the bow abides in strength, and the string is uncut, and the arrow still flies, and sounds in flying."

Out of the clay-built "biggin" at Alloway William Burness goes, for he cannot make his labors pay enough there, and the place has become too narrow for his rapidly growing family. There is Robert, honest-minded Gilbert, sweet Jennie, and the others. So he takes a survey of the country round and then leases Mount Oliphant, an upland farm of eighty or more miserable acres—and Scotland at the best was never a husbandman's paradise. So from being a nobleman's gardener he becomes an independent farmer—save the mark!—as independent as any poor tenant could be with such a household on such unyielding premises.

O, how they all had to work! It was little time for play and scant opportunity for the Muses. Here were some of their darkest days. Robert got kinks in him that were never taken out, and rounded stooping shoulders to mark the man of toil forever. There was scarcely a gleam to lighten their dreary occupancy; their toil, though strenuous, was in vain, and there the father ceased to hope, and drooped beneath his burden. A heavy shadow fell on Mount Oliphant, and the poet began to see life's sternest, saddest side. I marvel not Elliott, the "Corn-Law Rimer," sang of him:

Stop, mortal! Here thy brother lies—
The Poet of the Poor!
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow and the moor;
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
The tyrant and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace—and the grave.

William Burness grew thin-cheeked and hollow-eyed; at last the hectic came, and the cough resounded through the house. Then he was stretched upon the bed; and Robert, who loved him, and yet pained him, came and stood beside him and held his hand and heard his last solemn charges. Then the head of the household was no more. Mounted on horses, somehow, according to the fashion of the time, they bore him in his plain coffin over to the old kirkyard of Alloway and laid him beside the old kirk yet to be made famous by his boy for all the years. The son, too, wrote the father's epitaph, and had it inscribed—a tribute that brings the tear and the heart-throb whenever I hear or read it:

O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious reverence and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father and the generous friend;

The pitying heart that felt for human woe,
The dauntless heart that feared no human pride;
The friend of man to vice alone a foe;
"For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side."

Burns' father had gone his way, the way of all the earth, but he left the noble legacy of good example; and Robert, after a few

sorrowful tears and weak resolves, would also go his way—the way that has in it the rankness of sorrow and the bitterness of death. He himself has given us his warning:

> Is there a man whose judgment clear
> Can others teach the course to steer,
> Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
> Wild as the wave?
> Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
> Survey this grave.
> The poor inhabitant below
> Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
> And keenly felt the friendly glow,
> And softer flame;
> But thoughtless follies laid him low
> And stained his name.

Might we follow him in all the years of his youth, the years in his father's house, we might see him in many a happier light than that in which we seem to have portrayed him: those precious hours when his inspirations came, as in the field at Mossgiel, where he plowed up the daisy, and stayed his plow to muse upon the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r"; or as at an earlier date he was a bashful youth at the shearing, and plucked the thistles from the fingers of "Handsome Nell" in the barley field. Whether following the plow all day, or reaping, or cutting peats, or smearing sheep, we shall see him hastening home at evening, the bee of the Muses buzzing in his Scotch bonnet, snatching the first bit of paper that comes to hand, bending over it with kindly visage and glowing eyes, and scribbling away till the lyric to the mouse is written and dropped into the rude deal desk over which he lets fall the cover. Who would think that hasty scrawl was winged for immortality! But Burns is, first and last, a poet. He did not need to sit for half a day by a running stream and try to coax and persuade the unwilling muses, they hunted him out when he had scarcely time to pause in his busy days. The woods are full of chatterers, but the phœnix, it is said, springs to light once in a thousand years. And Robert Burns was that Phœnix. He rose up, half in a maze of wonder, shook his locks, Samson like, and without speculation put forth power. The Harp of

Scotland was not flung out beyond his reach, and when he had taken it down he did not merely pick a random chord with haphazard fingers, or twang on two or three, as Douglas or Ramsay or Fergusson had done, but swept them all, like the master he was, till the listeners—a wider throng with each succeeding year—were thrilled as if he plucked a living soul from every wire. As birds sing, as winds blow, as streams flow, as ocean tides sweep, such was the process of his music. With what grace Raphael painted, and Mozart composed, and Phidias cut the marble, and as naturally as souls sing or sigh, or break into laughter, with like grace and naturalness and inimitable power Burns gave to mankind his memorable poesy. And so he loved, and so he suffered, and so he died.

Agnes Brown survived her husband and her illustrious son many years and abode in the light of his great memory and beheld the exaltation of his fame. Elizabeth, the Poet-Queen of Roumania, known in literature as "Carmen Sylva"—who wrote to Lord Rosebery that though she had no copy of his poems she knew all the songs of Burns by heart—has caught up a legend of the poet's mother and woven it into her verse, of which this is an imperfect rendering:

Behold the pride of Scotia borne
  Unto the grave, with many tears!
But the sweet songs he used to sing
  Resound through all the spacious years;
And in the sculptured marble, lo!
  His stalwart, manly form appears.

And one, whose lips are touch'd with fire
  To speak the magic name of Burns,
Tells how he lived, and sang, and died,
  To those who smile, and weep by turns;
How Fame him singing at the plow
  Once found, whom now a nation mourns.

And there the poet's mother stood
  With tearful eyes, amid the throng,
Listening the lofty words of praise
  Were lavished on the son of song:
Then from her mother-heart upheaved
  A sigh of sorrow, deep and long.

The speech is done, the veil withdrawn
Till then around the statue thrown—
Who calls from out the startled crowd,
With upraised hands, in faltering tone?—
"Robert! thou didst but ask for bread
And they have given to thee a stone."

She rests not beside her husband, as would seem fitting, in Alloway kirkyard; but in the churchyard at Bolton, near Haddington, to which she was borne on January 22, 1820, at the age of eighty-eight years. As for her son,

He sleeps among the eternal; nothing mars
His rest, nor ever pang to him returns;
Write, too, her epitaph among the stars—
Mother of Robert Burns!

Arthur J. Lockhart.

MANHOOD WINNING AN APOCALYPSE

Thomas Carlyle says of the book of Job, "It is the oldest choral melody of the heart of mankind, so soft and great as the summer midnight or the world with its seas and stars." And so saying, Mr. Carlyle has made more of euphony and less of fact. If the story of Job is a "choral melody," then we do not understand the meaning of a choral melody. If this book resembles a "soft summer midnight" or a silent "world of stars," then we have missed the meaning of the book. We are inclined to believe that if this book were all then we had never heard of the "soft" and the "still." Here is action, tremendous action; action which deepens with every line until presently we behold the involution of a universe. Here are the creak and strain of thews which throe the world. Here is the deploy of omnipotence. Here is the extravagant hell of superlative war. Shield and buckler there are not. Armor is forbidden in the terms. Huge engines of destruction ply shock on naked hearts. Here defeat and victory transcend all limit and assume proportions universal. Here man is the smallest factor, for be it known that the honor and the wisdom and the power of God are at stake upon this field. The book of Job is not a "choral melody." Music to express the sentiment of this book must have for its major strain a wild dirge, a dirge mounting through crescendo to be lost in a pæan of triumph. The book of Job is the swan song of Death gradually merging with, and then displaced by, the rich, full music of Life. There are those who find as chiefest lesson in this book a treatise on suffering. If the mission of suffering is not revealed, at least suffering is here removed from the realm of the fatal and is shown to be possessed of meaning. This for many an afflicted person is lesson enough to be drawn from the pages of a single book. Again, there are those who find as the chiefest lesson in Job a treatise on faith. If faith is not here set forth as possessing power to win all the treasures of life, it is at least given a place higher than the reasoning faculties. Faith is here revealed as capable of marshaling treasure quite beyond the reach of other resource. It is our own

conviction that neither the mission of faith nor the meaning of suffering is the chiefest lesson to be found in this wonderfully suggestive book. We believe that the central teaching of the book of Job is the *vindication of manhood.* Human character is here subject to the most severe of all tests. It is to be expected that the mind of Job will waver under such circumstances. When the Prince of Uz is called upon to endure suffering which threatens to extinguish life it is only natural that his mind should revert occasionally to the significance of such suffering. Again, it is only natural that he should inquire the meaning of a Divine Providence that permitted so great infliction. Indeed, the twentieth century mind is so nearly like Job's mind in this particular that the meaning of suffering and the mission of faith are the lessons invariably drawn from the book of Job. If this inquiry concerning suffering and Providence is universal with men then surely Job is excusable, in the circumstances in which he is placed, if his questioning becomes vehement and at times even extravagant. His mistake, if he has made one, is of the flesh and not of the spirit. Job's reasoning on this point is acceptable to most folk: "Do ye think to reprove words, seeing that the speeches of one that is desperate *are for the wind?*"

The psychologist will testify that the story is closely knit. There are few, if any, unrelated parts. The thesis set forth in this Old Testament narrative is found in Satan's challenge, "Doth Job serve God for naught?" The entire book is but an elaboration of the thesis laid down in this question. It is possible to approach the study of this thesis from three different angles: that of the disinterested observer, of interested man, and of God. Let us for a moment suppose ourselves to be outside of the range of interests involved and study this question from the standpoint of a disinterested observer. "Doth Job serve thee for naught?" is the challenge of Satan. The inference is unmistakable. Is Job capable of unselfish action? Is manhood, stripped of outward motivity and incentive, capable of standing alone? Is there such a thing as real, genuine human character? The indictment is direct and tremendous. Human character is the object of assault. The inference is that man's character is essentially selfish and a

farce. This feature of the drama of Job is not a forced and unnatural construction. There are a million men in the world to-day, blinded by the satanic spirit, who stand ready to hurl that challenge into the face of God's messengers. Which one of us has not lauded the character of some saint of God only to meet with the hot, swift challenge, "Doth your saint serve God for naught? Strip him and he will curse God to his face"? If the date of the book of Job were not so well attested we could almost believe the record of this challenge to be an interpolation of the twentieth century. The second angle from which we may study this thesis is not less practical than the first. We approach the question from the standpoint of interested man. This time there is a note of yearning in our voice, for in this light Job typifies the race. "Doth Job serve thee for naught?" Is it possible for men to serve God for naught? Can I serve God for naught? Is it possible for Job, or for me, to attain a real character that will stand alone and be of value in God's sight? Can Job, nay, can I, win and hold for my possession that something known as a holy life which will fit me for companionship with God throughout eternity; And soon, very soon, I am asking myself the age-long question, Is my character worth while? Is it worth the struggle and the sacrifice and the submission? What is to be the end of it all? How many times in the bitterness of defeat, or the weariness of the battle, have we paused and asked ourselves, "Is it worth the cost?" If there be a deeper or more often-recurring question of the soul I know it not. If this thesis is important when viewed from the standpoint of the disinterested man, how much more significant it becomes when viewed from the standpoint of the man who is sacrificing all else in an attempt to build character! When we approach the study of this indictment from the viewpoint of God we are amazed and pained by its content. "Doth Job serve thee for naught?" is but another way of asking if God's attempt to provide for the existence of character apart from himself is not a failure. The challenge is aimed directly at the omnipotence and omniscience of God. The inference is that man's beauty and strength are in no sense different from the beauty and strength of the oak. In either case beauty

and strength are present, but in either case beauty and strength are God's continuous deed; in either case God is the only source and sustenance of these admirable qualities. The inference is that the Lord has miserably failed in his attempt to create a man capable of winning and holding character on his own account. The wisdom and the power and the sovereignty of God are challenged in this simple query, "Doth Job serve God for naught?" It is only when we combine these three viewpoints that we come to realize how significant and far-reaching is this indictment of human character. If this indictment is true, then God is impotent and Death rules king of Life! If this is true, then a Universe swings by the grace of momentum with the days numbered when it will crash into chaos. That this indictment of human character is not true, that neither God nor men have failed, is the satisfying conviction which deepens in the mind as one follows the elaboration of this exceedingly interesting thesis. If you ever have been tempted to question the sincerity and the strength of the Christian heart, then do not miss reading the story of the Prince of Uz.

The challenge is no sooner given than accepted. Job is robbed, stripped, literally peeled. His temporal possessions are swept away, his family is destroyed, his health is broken, his God is withdrawn. Character only is left to Job. The terms of the challenge forbid that violent hands shall be laid in coercion upon the man's character. The indictment is that this character *will* not and *cannot* stand alone. As the trunk of some great tree, despoiled of protecting neighbors, stripped of foliage and limb, peeled of its bark and left exposed to the ravages of sun and rain and wind and sleet and frost, so the character of Job, decorticated, dismantled, naked, stands forth absolutely alone and unsupported, exposed to all the warring forces at the command of an unscrupulous and resourceful enemy. If we have caught this vision of Job standing alone, without support or comfort from either man or God, then we are ready to follow the play of influences as they are brought to bear upon his character. More subtle, more persistent, more devilish onslaught could not be devised than that which sieged for days and nights the sensitive spirit of Job. A

lifetime of anguish and temptation is crowded into seven days of experience. Let us follow the story.

The Prince of Uz is dead. Law and society have decreed it—*the Prince is dead.* A leprous beggar, the shadow of the Prince's former self, sits on an ash heap outside the city wall. He may not enter. Dead men are not allowed to fester on the city streets. If he were to essay entrance he would be stoned at the gates. Living folk do not relish the company of dead folk. The Prince of Uz is dead, and he is given to understand that he is dead. "Mine acquaintance are wholly estranged from me. They that dwell in mine house, and my maids, count me for a stranger; I am an alien in their sight. My kinsfolk have failed, my familiar friends have forgotten me. I call unto my servant and he giveth me no answer, although I entreat him. My breath is strange to my wife, and my supplications to the children of my own mother. Even young children despise me; if I arise they speak against me. My familiar friends abhor me and they whom I have loved are turned against me." The Prince of Uz is dead. Law and society pronounce him dead. Relatives say he is dead. Servants agree he is dead. Children playing around the ash heap arrange mock funerals; they know he is dead. Every living thing unites in a conspiracy to force Job into the demoralizing consciousness that he is dead. The Prince is not blind to the situation, but he holds steadfast to his integrity. Job refuses to *feel* dead. Nevertheless, he carries in his consciousness as a ten-thousand-pound burden the remembrance that all the world unites in pronouncing him to be dead. The Prince's former wife—she is his wife no more, no woman can be wife to a dead man—the Prince's former wife approaches the leper on the ash heap. If ever a man needed the support found in the tenderness and affection and spiritual insight of a woman that need is here. Almost as he would turn to God Job turns for comfort and consolation to his wife. Noble daughter of a noble race! True sister of the Elect Lady, of Mary and Elizabeth, of Lydia and Deborah, of Lois and Eunice, of Esther and Rebecca! Blessings on thy head since thou hast remembrance of the old ties and hastenest to the succor of the Prince! With what sense of relief Job turns from his surfeit of suffering to

look into the face of his wife! He is sure that her words will drip sweeter than honey from the honeycomb to soothe his aching heart. Never a man expected more, never a man received less. When the woman does speak hot grief and indignation spring everywhere. "What, dost thou still maintain thine integrity? Curse God and die!" Could evil genius devise keener instrument to impale character? Such shock, under such circumstance, from such source, is terrible to contemplate. Lesser breed must collapse under attack so base. Not so the Prince of Uz. Almost is the gaping multitude ready to swear it is over; almost is Satan ready to claim a world; almost is faith in manhood gone, when Job makes fence: "Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speak."

Breathing space is gained, but that is all. For here is only beginning; here is only picket fire preceding deadly engagement. Mass movement becomes the order and swiftly the lines converge. Three men approach the figure of the leper on the ash heap. These are former acquaintances of the Prince of Uz. Job greets them as brothers beloved only to find them tempters in the guise of friends. They have come to argue, not to console. They conjure trouble. Like some neighborhood gossip they sit beside the sick and philosophize concerning the meaning of suffering and the merits of Almighty God. Eliphaz is the first to speak. In the midnight watches secret wisdom has been imparted to him. He easily determines that suffering is the providential punishment for man's sin. His charge is pitiless and is aimed directly at the character of Job. The afflicted Prince, much to our astonishment, makes reply in words of moderation: "To him that is ready to faint kindness should be showed from his friend. . . . Teach me and I will hold my peace; and cause me to understand wherein I have erred. . . . Is there injustice on my tongue? Cannot my taste discern mischievous things?" Bildad is the second comforter. The solution of Job's trouble seems very simple to him: "If thou wouldst seek diligently unto God; . . . if thou wert pure and upright; surely now he would awake for thee, and make the habitation of thy righteousness prosperous." Once more Job fends. "Him that removeth the mountains and overturneth them in his anger; that commandeth the sun and it riseth not, and sealeth up

the stars; that alone stretcheth out the heavens and treadeth upon the waves of the sea; that maketh the Bear, Orion, and the Pleiades, and the chambers of the South; that doeth great things past finding out, yea, marvelous things without number. Who will say to him, 'What doest thou?' How much less shall I answer him, and choose out my words to reason with him? . . . For he is not a man as I am that I should answer him, that we should come together in judgment." Zophar the Naamathite is the third friend who has a private wire from God and understands all mysteries and all knowledge: "Thou sayest, 'My doctrine is pure, and I am clean,' know therefore that God exacteth of thee less than thine iniquity deserveth. . . . He knoweth false men; he seeth iniquity. . . . If thou set thy heart right, and stretch out thy hands toward him . . . thou shalt forget thy misery, thou shalt remember it as waters that are passed away." Once more Job defends his character as he would his best gift from God. "In the thought of him that is at ease there is contempt for misfortune; . . . ye are forgers of lies; physicians of no value. O that ye would altogether hold your peace. . . . Nevertheless I will maintain my ways before him. Hear diligently my speech, and let my declaration be in your ears. Behold now, I have set my cause in order; I know that I am righteous."

It is the turn of Eliphaz who opened the debate, and he comes back at Job with cutting sarcasm. "What is man that he should be clean? And he that is born of a woman that he should be righteous?" It is not so much the cruel words of accusation which hurt Job. It is rather the disloyalty of his former friends which breaks his heart. It had never before occurred to him that his friends could doubt his integrity: "Miserable comforters are ye all. I also could speak as ye do; if your souls were in my soul's stead I could join words together against you, and shake my head at you. But I would strengthen you with my mouth, and the solace of my lips would assuage your grief. . . . There is no violence in my hands, my prayer is pure. Even now my witness is in heaven and he that voucheth for me is on high."

Three wills are stronger than one and a well-wrought conspiracy exists to break the defense of Job. Bildad the Shuhite is

next in order and his words reveal the heat of his attack: "The light of the wicked shall be put out, the spark of his fire shall not shine. . . . Terrors shall make him afraid on every side; his strength shall be hunger bitten; the members of his body shall be devoured; there shall dwell in his tent that which is none of his; brimstone shall be scattered upon his habitation; his roots shall be dried up from beneath, and above shall his branch be cut off. His remembrance shall perish from the earth, and he shall have no name in the street. He shall be driven from light into darkness and chased out of the world. He shall have neither son nor son's son among his people, nor any remaining where he sojourned. They that come after him shall be astonished at his day." We submit that Job's faith is worthy of a better hearing. His answer at this point constitutes one of the memorable utterances of the race: "How long will ye vex my soul, and break me in pieces with words? These ten times have ye reproached me; ye are not ashamed that ye deal hardly with me. He hath walled up my way that I cannot pass; he hath stripped me of my glory and taken the crown from my head; he hath broken me down on every side; my bone cleaveth to my skin and I am escaped with the skin of my teeth. O, that my words were now written! O, that they were inscribed in a book! That with an iron pen and lead they were graven in the rock forever! As for me, I know that my Redeemer liveth, and at last he will stand upon the earth; and after my skin, even this body, is destroyed, then without my flesh shall I see God; whom I, even I, shall see *on my side!*"

It would seem that shame must counteract and break up this conspiracy aimed at the character of Job, but the end is not yet. For a third time these men press the attack and the burden of their charge may be found in the words of Eliphaz: "Can a man be profitable unto God? Surely he that is wise is profitable unto himself. Is it any pleasure unto the Almighty that thou art righteous? Or is it gain to him that thou makest thy ways perfect?" If Job had known the thesis he was set to prove he could not have devised more pertinent answer: "When he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold. Surely my lips shall not speak unrighteousness, neither shall my tongue utter deceit. Far

be it from me that I should justify you; till I die I will not put mine integrity away from me. My righteousness I hold fast and will not let it go. My heart doth not reproach me for any of my days." At last the tempters are silenced. They have employed the most subtle of all methods of attack in trying to shake Job's integrity and weaken his self-respect. They have utilized every known instrument but have utterly failed to break Job's faith in himself and in God. In all this Job sinned not.

The suffering man has silenced his tormentors, but shock indescribable awaits him yet. Job carries his case to God and pleads for vindication. He pulls himself together with a superhuman effort and throws every ounce of his remaining strength into a last agonizing appeal. It is my sober conviction that any attempt to characterize this appeal must end in failure. I have read the best efforts of our best writers describing this portion of the book of Job only to lay them down, each one, with the feeling that they were inadequate. In any such characterization hyperbole is out of the question. Superlative diction, fired by a superlative passion and fed by an incomparable faith, has here given rise to a quality of eloquence which stands in a class by itself. Indeed, if this were not true, then must the close student of this book be disappointed, for in the earlier chapters of the narrative the character of Job's utterances is on an equality with the best productions of the race. But those earlier utterances were induced by a sense of physical and intellectual loss, chiefly, as Job at that time had not drunk to the dregs the bitter cup of isolation from God. In the earlier hours of his dire calamity Job has been too much exercised over his physical and mental sufferings to fully realize that God has withdrawn from him. It is when he awakens to the realization of this larger loss that his soul pours forth in utterances sublime. The careful student of Job arrives at this part of the narrative with keenest anticipation and that which he finds more than fulfills his expectation. Job does not realize his larger loss until he determines to carry his appeal to God. It is only as the suffering man proceeds with his plea for vindication that he becomes fully aware of the fact that God has deserted him. At least once in the career of every man the Ego

is required to stand forth unsupported and alone to meet the issues of life and prove its right to the title of individuality. It was one of these crucial moments which wrung from the lips of the crucified Christ that heart anguish, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" When the fact of Job's isolation begins to dawn upon him each moment that passes by impresses him with the increased sense of his staggering loss. Job steadily refuses the evidence of his own intellect, and each unanswered prayer becomes with him an added incentive for a more passionate plea. Before he is done his very soul leaps into utterance as he sounds the farthest reaches of the universe in his desperate search for God. One must ever hold in remembrance Job's condition, every circumstance, if he is to appreciate this plea:

"Where shall wisdom be found and where is the place of understanding? Man knoweth not the price thereof, neither is it found in the land of the living. That path no bird of prey knoweth, neither hath the falcon's eye seen it; the proud beasts have not trodden it, nor hath the fierce lion passed thereby. The deep saith, 'It is not in me,' and the sea saith, 'It is not with me.' It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. No mention shall be made of coral or of crystal; yea, the price of wisdom is above rubies. Whence then cometh wisdom, and where is the place of understanding? God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof. He did see it and declare it; he established it, yea, and searched it out."

"O, that I were as in the months of old, as in the days when God watched over me; when his lamp shined upon my head, and by his light I walked through darkness; as I was in the days of my autumn, when the friendship of God was upon my tent; when the Almighty was yet with me; when my steps were washed with butter and the rock poured me out streams of oil."

"I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless also that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I put on righteousness, and it clothed me; my justice was as a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the needy; and the cause of him that I knew not I searched out. I brake the jaws of the unrighteous and plucked the prey out of his teeth."

"But now they have me in derision whose fathers I disdained to set with the dogs of my flock. They gnaw the dry ground in the gloom of wilderness and desolation; they pluck salt-wort by the bushes. They are driven forth from the midst of men, they dwell in frightful valleys, in holes of the earth and of the rocks. Among the bushes they bray

and under the wild vetches they stretch themselves. They are children of fools, yea, children of base men; they are outcasts from the land. And now I am become their song, yea, I am a byword unto them. They abhor me, they stand aloof from me, and spare not to spit in my face!"

"Terrors are turned upon me, they chase mine honor as the wind; my welfare is passed away as a cloud. My soul is poured out within me, days of affliction have taken hold upon me. In the night season my bones are corroded and the pains that gnaw me take no rest. I am a brother to jackals and a companion to ostriches. My skin is black and falleth from me, and my bones are burned with heat."

"If I have walked with falsehood; if any spot hath cleaved to my hands; if my heart hath been enticed unto a woman and I have laid wait at my neighbor's door; if I have despised the cause of my manservant or of my maidservant when they contended with me; if I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail, or have eaten my morsel alone and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof; if I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or that the needy had no covering; if his loins have not blessed me, and if he hath not been warmed with the fleece of my sheep; if I have made gold my hope, and have said to fine gold, Thou art my confidence; if I have rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me, or lifted up myself when evil found him; if after the manner of men I have covered my transgressions by hiding mine iniquity in my bosom—

"Let me be weighed in an even balance; let me sow and let another eat; yea, let my offspring be rooted out. Let my shoulder be torn from the shoulder blade and mine arm be broken from the bone. Let thistles grow instead of wheat and cockle instead of barley."

"O, that I had the indictment which mine adversary hath written! Surely I would carry it upon my shoulder; I would bind it unto me as a crown; I would declare unto him the number of my steps, as a prince would I go near and present it unto him! O, that I had one to hear me!"

The words of Job are ended. Francis of Assisi pleading with God for the church's apocalypse seals his plea with the gift of his heritage. This man has no *heritage!* William Butler pleading with God for India's apocalypse seals his plea with the gift of his citizenship. This man has no *citizenship!* Luther pleading with God for Faith's apocalypse seals his plea by giving up his beloved church. This man has no *church!* Livingstone pleading with God for Ethiopia's apocalypse seals his plea by the gift of his home. This man has no *home!* Wilberforce pleading for Freedom's apocalypse invests his plea with the vigor of fifty years. This man has no *vigor!* Brainerd pleading for the Red Man's apocalypse invests his plea with warm crimson blood. This

man's veins course liquid fire; he has no *blood!* Destitute of all else beside, the Prince of Uz, pleading with God for Manhood's apocalypse, *invests his plea with soul stuff!* Job, with prodigal abandon, having drained his precious life force to the last drop, sinks back on the ash heap exhausted, a spent mass of quivering nerves. The Prince of Uz has carried his case to the Tribunal of the Ages and he has failed. God is withdrawn and will not interest himself! At last this disenchanted sufferer is gripped with the staggering consciousness that he is absolutely *alone* in the Universe! Little wonder that the words of Job are ended. The youth of the city have him in derision; bloated prostitutes who shun the light of day spit in his face; his servants turn a deaf ear to his pleadings; his friends regard him as dead; his wife, to whom he turns as he would to God, heaps gall of bitterness on his defenseless head; seven days and seven nights three men lay siege to his will, determined to wreck his faith and waste his character; his flesh rots, and his skin falls from his body or adheres to the cartilage. His bones are a burning fever and his heart pumps poison through his brain. His soul spends itself in search for the Lord, only to recoil paralyzed with the awful consciousness that God is withdrawn and he is utterly alone! Such is the condition when all hell, raging at the prospect of losing a world, lays siege to the citadel of Job's soul.

A youthful tempter steps forward declaring himself sent of God to answer in the Lord's stead. This youth characterizes Job's championship of his integrity as the basest kind of self-righteousness. Job has just been entreating God to speak, and now comes this youth announcing himself as the voice of Jehovah in condemnation. More subtle attack on human character could not be possible. Old age would never lend itself voice for such a tempter. Unsophisticated youth is the only material this devil may draft. That which youth lacks in other things it makes up in self-esteem. What boots it that Job has unhorsed the field? Elihu is in the lists! He has no chariot of burning fire, but he is strong, he is self-confident, and he rides in the place of God! "If thou canst, answer thou me; set thy words in order before me, *stand forth!* Behold, I am according to thy wish in God's stead. . . . What

man is like Job, who drinketh up scoffing like water, who goeth in company with the workers of iniquity and walketh with wicked men? . . . If thou hast sinned what effectest thou against him? If thou be righteous what givest thou him? Or what receiveth he of thy hand? Thy wickedness may hurt a man as thou art; and thy righteousness may profit a son of man. . . . Surely God will not hear an empty cry, neither will the Almighty regard it. How much less when thou sayest thou beholdest him not, the cause is before him, and thou waitest for him! But now, because he hath not visited in his anger, neither doth he greatly regard arrogance, therefore doth Job open his mouth in vanity; he multiplieth his words without knowledge." And this youth proceeds with mouthings which require five chapters for record, while through it all the Prince of Uz lifts a mental prayer and fights for the breath of life.

Job is about to die. His life is at the point of extinction. This last temptation, subtle as hell, proves as bootless as the first. Job will renounce his life, but he will not renounce his manhood or his God. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him!" The old patriarch has given the lie to Satan, he has maintained his integrity, he has sealed forever the status of human character, he has vindicated anew the sovereignty of God! The Prince of Uz can afford to die! But this youthful philosopher, is he a suckling that he should be a stranger to the death rattle? Will this blatant boy never be done? With the death dew gathering on his victim's brow will he never cease speech? Almost are the terms of the challenge broken in the death of Job. One more gasp and he is gone—but suddenly the youth stops short, paralyzed with astonishment! Potash and lime are a blaze of glory—ineffable Light is springing everywhere—Job feels in his person the wild surgings of a new life! Manhood has won its apocalypse! Almighty God tarries on the ash heap by the side of the Prince of Uz! "What know we greater than the soul?"

Walter H. Smith

THE INFLUENCE OF FOREIGN MISSIONS ON THEOLOGY, OR THE NEW CATHOLICITY

That the thinking of the church is to receive emendations and corrections from its missionary enterprise is now very apparent. Doubtless many missionaries would be ready to affirm that a term or more on the mission field had done much toward remolding their theology as well as causing marked changes in their method of interpreting the gospel. This result the church should have expected, and it is possible, we believe, to indicate the tendency and something of the outcome.

As long ago as 1884 Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, England, speaking before a missionary meeting, said:

> If it is true, then, by sending the Christian gospel to the heathen nations we are not only making known to them what God has made known to us; we are rendering possible an enlargement, an immense development, of the Christian revelation. The intellectual genius of the nations is different from ours; their moral temperament is different, their civilization is different, their social organization is different. The Divine word, when it strikes root in these new soils and under these new skies, will have a new and unexpected growth. There is a kind of Christian perfection possible to the East which is not possible to the West, and there is, therefore, a kind of Divine knowledge accessible to the East which the West will never discover for itself. The ear of the East is sensitive to Divine voices that have been speaking through Christ for eighteen centuries, but which our ear has not recognized. And when our missions begin to achieve their great triumph the saints and theologians of India and of China will tell us truths concerning the revelation of God in Christ which we have never learned. To them whole provinces of wonder and glory will be revealed of which the churches of the West know nothing. Christ revealed God; we are in fellowship with Christ, and through the success of Christian missions the revelation itself will become richer and more wonderful.

It is apparent to all who can read the signs of the times in the East that just such a new understanding of Christianity is being born. Christianity in the Far East will receive, yea, is already receiving, fuller interpretation. It is certain that the great races will have a contribution to make to Christian thinking, toward a fuller and richer interpretation of Christ. This does not mean that Christianity is to adjust itself to everybody's whim, nor that

it is to be tinkered to fit the notion of every nation or community. It does not mean that there is to be an adjustment for the Hindu, Chinaman, and Japanese. The unity and harmony of Christianity in all lands will be maintained. But these peoples will add something important to the enrichment of the church's thought as Christianity becomes their dominant religion. The missionary who comes to the East expecting to find only ignorance, and no intellectual outlook or power, will suffer a great shock, for wherever he goes he is likely to be near men who are perhaps his superior in intellectual capacity. Those who live next door to educated Indians or Chinese will understand, even on short residence, that here are men who are not only able, but independent in their thinking, and woe betide the unexperienced Westerner who thinks to become their instructor forthwith. If any one thing is especially imperative in Indian missions to-day it is that more men of thorough scholarship and intellectual training shall be sent out; and no man need fear that his great gifts shall be lost here, for he will find many educated gentlemen quite his equal in every way. It will also be admitted generally that these educated Easterners are not going to be influenced by workers who are untrained educationally, or by missionaries who make no effort to keep up their thought life or to understand the deep problems that engage the Eastern mind. We are not making these statements to reflect upon missionaries on the field, nor as a plea for better-trained missionaries, though the latter is all-important, but because of their bearing on the possible changes in theological interpretation which may be forced upon us as these deep and metaphysical Easterners begin to work on the teachings of Christianity. There are many influences working to-day for a wider, more human, and yet more biblical interpretation of Christianity. The scientific atmosphere or temper has compelled us to get down nearer to tangible facts in our theology. The breakdown of certain old points of belief has freed Christian thinking of a real incubus and has opened the way for more human doctrines, especially of the character of God. The new social demands have tended to force the church out of her timeworn activities and to make her forget her ecclesiastical and theological problems while

she goes forth to care for human life at her doors. Some may be disturbed over the tendency of the church to get out into human life and the world at large, but this process is inevitable. Many others will believe that the more human church of to-day, which is interested in social problems, the welfare of the people in even temporal lines, is, after all, more divine than the church of yesterday. The observant can now see that science, the new humanities, and the new interpretation of the Bible are having their influence, and slowly, but surely, our doctrinal emphasis is changing. But any or all of these influences will be but small compared with the influence on theological interpretation of the foreign missionary movement. There is an old word which will best express what is likely to be the result of our missionary enterprise on theological views, and that word is catholicity. Is it not time we should seriously inquire whether the future church can rest securely upon the so-called catholic creeds? Let it be remembered that these creeds are man-made and that they are old. They were an impressive expression of Christianity fifteen hundred or five hundred years ago. They have sacred associations and mean much to some people. But may it not be truthfully said that these ancient expressions of faith are without meaning and impressiveness to the average man we want to reach? The gospel for our age is a gospel for the world. One has only to live a little while in the Orient to feel quite differently about certain facts pertaining to our theological construction. It would be a fine thing to give our teachers of theology a long vacation and let them get into the Far East and feel the different currents of religious thought and expression. Many a book of theology would be revised if this were done. A new breath of catholicity would sweep through their pages. We are all agreed that the gospel is big enough for the whole world, but many have grave doubts about the actual gospel that is carried to these distant lands. Many would-be missionaries bring but a small island of Christian truth when they ought to bring a continent. Our thought of Christianity must somehow receive expansion. Until a greater depth and breadth comes to us we will not see the results we desire.

Unless all signs fail we are at the beginning of the new and

better Catholicity. Some old things are about to pass away, not because they are old, but because something better has come to take their place. A new comprehension of Christianity is being born. Students in all parts of the world are making contributions. We are on the verge of a time when the greatness of Christianity is to receive such recognition as history can scarcely parallel. The Chinese empire is to rest on the foundation of Christian prayer and a recognition of the Christian Scriptures and the Christian God. Such recognitions of Christianity are to be frequent until all have bowed at his feet whose right it is to rule. Some timid souls may be afraid, but it is an hour for courage, faith, and hope. The best of Christianity and the church is yet to be seen and be manifest to the world. "It is daybreak everywhere." Christianity has become a world religion. It is far more than the religion of the Mediterranean Sea. The thought of the West has been brought to bear on the gospel and its interpretation. Now the thought of India, Corea, Japan, and China, and the farther parts of Africa, is being brought to bear on the gospel. In both the West and the East there is a feeling that the gospel needs a modern expression. Is it not imperative that a larger synthesis take place? Do we not need a new Catholicity, especially in connection with ancient creeds? But what is Catholicity? Is it what Rome professes, or what the Greek Church claims? It ought to be apparent that the Catholicity of which we hear so much is far too narrow and limited a thing to suffice for the modern church. The Catholicity which we are told to regard as binding is the Catholicity of a very small area, a few people, a few races and languages; in a word, the Catholicity of the Mediterranean Sea. But the world is much bigger to-day.

What shall we think of the claims made by different denominations of Christians to be the "holy catholic church"? This claim is insisted upon by the Roman sect, the Greek division, and in some milder way by the Church of England and the Episcopal Church of the United States. It was Voltaire who said of the Holy Roman Empire that it was neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire; and we shall have to agree with the great skeptic in at least two of these items—the first and the last. The Roman

Church as such cannot claim holiness as a special characteristic beyond others, and the appeal here would be to well-known facts about the church, not only during the dark ages, but in every age since. The Roman Church only shows its willingness to deceive, and a sad want of conscience, when it uses the word holy as applied to itself. The term "catholic" means general or universal. That is to say, when we use it in the Apostles' Creed we mean that we believe in the whole, or universal, church of Christ. This cannot mean that we indorse every item taught by every part or sect, but that we fellowship every sect, as a part of the whole church, though there are incidental issues on which we disagree. Professor Charles Briggs, in his volume on Christian Unity, defines the term as follows: The term stood for three essential things: (1) The vital unity of the church of Christ; (2) the geographical unity of the church extended throughout the world; (3) the historical unity of the church in apostolic tradition. It would lead us too far afield if we stopped to discuss these statements, and we are not inclined to fully agree with them, but they may be taken to indicate the gist of the claim made about Catholicity, as well as a definition of the term. The word "Catholic" does express the universality of the church. In the Creed it indicates that the church is to be disseminated throughout all nations, extended to all places, and propagated to all ages; that it contains all truths necessary to be known, exacts absolute obedience from all men to the commands of Christ, and furnishes us with all graces necessary to the fullest life. The word embraces all this and more. However, it should be noted that the word does not occur in the earliest creeds of the church.

We wish to raise two questions. First, Can any church claim to be the catholic church? Second, Are the so-called Catholic creeds catholic? Then, finally, we want a word in regard to the Catholicity which is growing apace in the missionary fields of the church.

First we will consider the claims of the Roman Church to be the catholic church. Thayer in his Life of Cavour says:

> The church which assumed to be catholic was, first of all, Roman. Since the Dutchman, Adrian VI, died, in 1523, every Pope has been

Italian; and although by actual census the nominal Catholics in Italy have never numbered more than one fourth to one sixth of the Catholics throughout the world, yet the majority of Cardinals have always been Italians. This small, compact, adroit body has been able, generation after generation, to persuade the faithful in all lands to contribute to its aggrandisement and wealth. For centuries Pope after Pope amassed a great fortune to be bequeathed to his kinsmen. Rome is dotted with palaces, each of which is a monument to the successful rapacity of some Pontiff. Many of the collections of paintings and of sculpture were bought with the mites of widows and the oblations of devotees who had little idea that their pious offerings would be spent on pagan art or on pontificial luxury.

This is not only a strong indictment of the morality of the Church of Rome, but a strong putting of its purely Roman character, and the latter is the point we insist upon in this connection. The Church of Rome, as the very name indicates, is Roman. It has never had a genuine warrant for adding the words "holy" and "catholic," for it is neither holy nor catholic. Its claims to catholicity are belied by its almost wholly Roman character. Its claim to catholicity wars with historic facts, as well as with all appearances at the present time. It nor any other church can claim to be "The Catholic Church" in any fair interpretation of the word. The Roman Church's best argument for catholicity is based on its widespread organization in nearly all lands. But the Methodist Episcopal Church can make almost as great a boast from this viewpoint. The Methodist battle line runs to all countries and peoples quite as truly as the Roman Church. Of course, the Romanist bases his claim not only upon the wide diffusion of his church, but upon its connection with the past. He claims to be the one inheritor of the apostolic and later traditions of the church. This claim involves many historical questions, such as those relating to Saint Peter, his so-called bishopric of Rome, the truth or falsehood of apostolic ordinations to bishopries in Asia, the value of tradition when brought into opposition with the New Testament, together with many other questions concerning the making of the creeds in the great Councils, and whether Rome is right, in some instances, or the Greek Church, which differs from it. This much may be said: Rome has never made good on her enormous claims from an historical point of view.

No unbiased historian would grant them. However, this is beside the point. The facts justify this one statement, that her claims of catholicity are invalidated not only from the history of the past, but from the wholly Roman character of her organization, spirit, and methods. Far from being catholic in her organization and spirit, she is sectarian and narrow, limited mostly to the gifts of one nation, namely, Rome. Plainly, there is no church that can claim to be "The Catholic Church" except by conceit and pride. The Greek Catholic Church would appear better able to call itself catholic. It can make out a much better claim for apostolic succession and faithfulness to the early pronouncements of Councils and has less to mark it as provincial. Still it lacks on many points. Its fixity both as to teaching and extension is against it. It is not equal to many churches in the catholicity of missionary effort. Moreover, after all is done and said, the Greek Church is Greek just as the Roman Church is Roman. And the same may be said of the Church of England. It is English, and the very term Anglican belies its claim to be "The Catholic Church." The proposed American Catholic Church would have the same objection.

As to the claims to catholicity based upon the so-called catholic creeds. But are there any catholic creeds? Have we even yet catholicity in faith? Can the ancient creeds, for which so much is claimed, be really considered catholic to-day? Even if we grant that they were catholic in their day, can such claim now be put forth.

They were made when the world clustered about the Mediterranean Sea and when the limits of the church were set by that sea. Are the creeds adopted by these peoples many hundreds of years ago to be received as catholic to-day when the church has gone into all lands and crossed all seas, when the breath of the whole world has blown across her teachings? Are the ideas, or more particularly the expression of ideas by the ancient Greek and Roman Fathers, to be the final utterance and interpretation of Christianity? Is the narrowness of those days to control the wider scope set to-day? Evidently catholicity must be looked upon as something altogether wider than that of the Mediter-

ranean countries. Are the nations of the West or the Far East not to have any voice? Are they to be mute under the claim that the great creeds of the church are fixed once and forever? Plainly the question needs to be asked, What is catholicity? We evidently need to see the narrowness of that which is put forward as catholic. The world is many times larger and the church has traveled far beyond its early boundaries, and are these numerous peoples of both West and East to receive Christianity in the strait-jacket forms set in the early centuries? A real catholicity is what is needed to-day, a catholicity that is catholic. A catholicity which is Roman or Greek or English is a poor thing. Clearly some larger reading of Christianity is not only possible, but imperative as against that set forth in the ancient creeds. No one can doubt that one of the chief drawbacks to the acceptance of Christianity in the Far East is the hard and fast forms of expression in which it is reaching it. A new synthesis of Christianity is vitally necessary, not only a broader interpretation, with less of dogmatism and in modern terms. To suppose that the intellectual form of the first three or four centuries is intended to be the final form of Christian truth is a small and hurtful conception of the vital forces and doctrines of Christianity. No one age or people can ever exhaust the norms of Christianity given in the New Testament, and we may welcome the broader and deeper reading of Christianity about to break upon us as a result of the missionary propaganda. We are hampered now by those ancient forms, and the need is most urgent for a Saint Paul or Saint John who will dare to interpret Christ in larger and richer terms to this age and to the whole world of to-day. It may be said that there has already been change and progress in Christian doctrine. So there has. The special claims of Rome have been disregarded by an ever-increasing number of people since the sixteenth century. The Latin and Greek elements have been eliminated in measure, and fresh air has been let in by modern critical studies. Still a very large preponderance of Christians insist upon the acceptance of the ancient creeds as a requisite to church membership. In the Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America especially there is a great deal that

suggests popery, and their insistence upon the historical continuity and acceptance of the so-called Catholic creeds as an absolutely fundamental element of Christianity is persistent. The Reformation of Luther's time is discredited largely by writers of these denominations, and they will not suffer themselves to be classed as Protestants. Evidently the work of the reformer is not yet done. He must go on and work out in the clearer light of to-day the principles of that great Reformation. These are vital issues, especially in view of the proposal to have a World-Conference of Faith and Order. Undoubtedly the time is near when the final stand of Sacerdotalism as against Evangelicalism is to be made. The question of unity will not down. Catholicity is an issue with all the Sacerdotal churches, by far the larger part of Christendom. For our mission fields they are issues of primary importance. Is God holding back the development of the church in mission lands until unity is attained, or until the dogmatism of the present is more clearly past? One cannot but wonder what God proposes to do in these lands. It is now very plain that the missionary propaganda is letting in a new air upon the church. Our contact with the forces and teaching of Mohammedanism and Hinduism, as well as other faiths, is forcing upon us a new apologetic. The arguments required in Christian countries and in non-Christian lands are very different. Our ancient arguments for Christianity are not very useful on mission fields. Every missionary must acquire an apologetic of his own as he goes among the non-Christian people. The weakness of our teaching and of our statements of Christianity is being demonstrated. The chief effect noticeable so far is that we are being forced away from incidental positions to those which are fundamental. A missionary who comes to India to propagate some foible of his sect has a hard time, though he may in turn do much harm. We are better able under the tests here put upon Christian doctrine to discover what is weak and what is strong, what is incidental and what is fundamental. In all this we see not only progress toward a new apologetic, but toward a true catholicity.

Homer E. Hark

WALTER BAGEHOT, A LITERARY BANKER

Walter Bagehot, though neither a politician nor a statesman, and though he never filled any public office, still exerted a potent and salutary influence upon the foremost men in the British government during the middle of the last century. He was beyond all question a very prominent man. His name has never been one to conjure with and his fame has never been commensurate with his achievement, his charm, and his wit. He was a singularly original thinker and a clear and stimulating writer. No matter what subject engaged his thought—whether finance, politics, or literature—he expressed himself in an easy, lucid, witty, and vigorous style. But perhaps his penetrative insight and his originality were the most conspicuous qualities in his mental endowment. A witty fellow countryman who was an ardent admirer of his genius said of Bagehot at his death that "he carried away into the next world more originality of thought than is now to be found in the three Estates of the Realm." President Wilson called him a literary politician, a wit, and a seer. "To ask your friend to know Bagehot," he wrote, in an appreciative essay some years ago, "is like inviting him to seek pleasure. Occasionally a man is born into the world whose mission it evidently is to clarify the thought of his generation and to vivify it; to give it speed when it is slow, vision when it is blind, balance where it is out of poise, saving humor where it is dry, such a man was Walter Bagehot."

Walter Bagehot was born in February, 1826, at Langport, in the heart of Somersetshire. His father was Thomas Watson Bagehot and his mother a Miss Stuckey, who was a niece of the founder of Stuckey's Banking Company, so well known throughout England. Thomas Watson Bagehot was managing director and vice-president of this joint stock company for thirty years. Langport is a quiet little village of about eight hundred inhabitants, situated in that beautiful part of southwest England, lying between the Bristol and English Channels, noted for its balmy sunshine and salubrious climate. It is the country of Lorna

Doone; it is "the vale of Avalon" of King Arthur fame. In it are located many of England's architectural treasures, such as Exeter Cathedral, Salisbury Cathedral, Wells Cathedral, and the ruins of Glastonbury Monastery, where the ashes of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere are reputed to repose. Nowhere else in all his travels, Bagehot used to say, did he find a land so blest with such perennial charm of climate and varied landscape save on the northwest coast of Spain, which he called "a sort of better Devonshire." From his beloved quaint Langport Bagehot went to the nearby city of Bristol for his schooling, at Bristol College, and afterward to London, at University College. His father, being a Unitarian, was not willing to subject his son to the doctrinal tests then exacted of all undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge. However, University College proved a wise choice; for the great city of London of itself afforded rare educational advantages, apart from the university, to an eager and observing young man and Walter Bagehot was quick to avail himself of them. At University College Bagehot had only a few intimate friends, the chief of whom was Richard H. Hutton. There was but little similarity, it is said, between the natures of Bagehot and Hutton, but their lifelong friendship was cemented by the ties of a common intellectual interest and sympathy that were an unfailing inspiration. In Bagehot's own words, they each possessed "the intense and glowing mind—the vision and faculty divine." During his college days Bagehot became profoundly interested in politics; and surely the great British metropolis offered him ample opportunity to study the subject in its varied and multiform phases and in its ramifications in the government, home and foreign. His decision, therefore, to prepare for the bar as opening the usual way to a political career is what one might expect. But, like scores of young men who have studied law, no sooner had Bagehot prepared himself for the practice of law than he resolved to abandon it, and thereupon entered into the banking business with his father in Langport. His, however, was not to be the hum-drum life of a country banker. Like the late Edmund Clarence Stedman, of New York, his bias to literature was too strong. As he expressed it, he never had the knack

for merely adding figures. Banker, to be sure, he was, but a literary banker. Later in life, in pursuit of the literary side of his profession, he became editor of the London Economist, that high authority on finance founded by the Right Honorable James Wilson, to whose eldest daughter he had been married in 1858. On the death, in 1860, of this able financier in the government service in India, Bagehot was made editor of the Economist and by dint of his own genius raised that financial weekly to a position of prominence it had never attained under its founder. Being a recognized authority on banking, he was consulted by the chancellors of both political parties in England, and he was generous enough to place his expert knowledge at the disposal of any official, regardless of party affiliation, who desired to consult him on matters of finance and currency. Bagehot was never the avowed exponent of the principles of any party; in fact, as he put it, he was "between sizes in politics," and his views on finance were considered sane and sagacious and commended themselves to public confidence.

However, Bagehot's thought was not entirely absorbed by banking and finance. Various kinds of study attracted his attention. He liked "to play with his own mind," and it was not irksome to him "to exercise the ingenuity and fertility of his brain." Accordingly, in his college days, when he was reading philosophy and political economy for his master's degree, his attention was diverted therefrom to the English poets, and he became deeply interested in Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, devoting to his study of them much time properly required by his prescribed studies. It is this feature of the wide scope of his mind—his versatility—that made Bagehot something of an enigma to his contemporaries. He was recognized as an authority on finance and practical politics, but those who knew him in this capacity had to marvel at his achievement in other and unrelated fields, and they wondered that the same author could have written those suggestive critical essays on literary subjects which are among the most charming in our language. What he said of Brougham seems true of himself, "Variety was his taste and versatility his power." During the

period of indecision between his graduation and his entrance upon his profession he went to Paris, ostensibly to perfect himself in the French language. While there he had what he considered the good luck to witness the Revolution of 1851. The letters he wrote during those days reveal in a striking manner his close and accurate observation of men and events and his sagacious judgments. The Enquirer had just then been established in England as the organ for the instruction and edification of the Unitarian dissenters, and to its editor Bagehot addressed a series of flippant letters, in a humorous and satirical vein, on the "Coup d' Etat of Napoleon III." Though his father was a Unitarian, Walter Bagehot was never himself a subscriber to the doctrines of that faith. "You have asked me," he begins in his first letter to The Enquirer, "to tell you what I think of the French affairs. I shall be pleased to do so; but I ought perhaps to begin by cautioning you against believing, or too much heeding, what I say." With this redundant suggestion he goes on to justify the acts of Louis Napoleon in setting up a dictatorship in open defiance of the French constitution. Then, with the delightful irony and satirical humor of a Heinrich Heine, he proceeds: "Whatever other deficiencies Louis Napoleon may have, he has one excellent advantage over the French statesmen: he has never been a professor, nor a journalist, nor a promising barrister, nor by taste a *littérateur*. He has not confused himself with history; he does not think in leading articles, in long speeches, or in agreeable essays. He has very good heels to his boots, and the French just want treading down and nothing else—calm, cruel, businesslike oppression—to take the dogmatic conceit out of their heads. The spirit of generalization which, John Mill tells us, honorably distinguishes the French mind has come to this, that every Parisian wants his head tapped in order to get the formulæ and nonsense out of it. . . . So I am for a carnivorous government." After this flippant introduction Bagehot undertakes to analyze the volatile French character. He says:

> The essence of the French character is a certain mobility; that is, a certain "excessive sensibility to present impressions," which is sometimes "levity," for it issues in a postponement of seemingly fixed prin-

ciples to a momentary temptation or a transient whim; sometimes "impatience" as leading to an exaggerated sense of existing evils; often "excitement," a total absorption in existing emotion; oftener "inconsistency," the sacrifice of old habits to present emergencies. . . . A real Frenchman can't be stupid; *esprit* is his essence; wit is to him as water, *bonmots* as *bonbons*. . . . If you have to deal with a mobile, a clever, a versatile, an intellectual, a dogmatic nation, inevitably and by necessary consequence you will have conflicting systems; every man speaking his own words and giving his own suffrage to what seems good in his own eyes; many holding to-day what they will regret to-morrow; a crowd of crotchety notions and a heavy percentage of philosophical nonsense; a great opportunity for subtle stratagem and intriguing selfishness; a miserable division among the friends of tranquillity, and a great power thrown into the hands of those who, though often with the best intentions, are practically and in matter of fact opposed both to society and civilization. And moreover, besides minor inconveniences and lesser hardships, you will indisputably have periodically—say three or four times in fifty years—a great crisis; the public mind much excited; the people in the streets swaying to and fro with the breath of every breeze; the discontented *ouvriers* meeting in a hundred knots, discussing their real sufferings and their imagined grievances with lean features and angry gesticulations; the Parliament in permanence, very ably and eloquently expounding the whole subject, one man proposing this scheme and another that; the opposition expecting to oust the ministers and ride in on the popular commotion, the ministers fearing to take the odium of severe or adequate repressive measures lest they should lose their salary, their places, and their majority; finally a great crash, a disgusted people overwhelmed by revolutionary violence, or seeking a precarious, a pernicious, but, after all, a precious protection from the bayonets of military despotism.

In this clever and racy style does Bagehot give his rather subtle analysis of the affairs of the French people in his so-called "Coup d' Etat" letters. It must be admitted that they exhibit a keen insight as well as a clever style on the part of their author for a young man of twenty-six. If the style is the man, according to Buffon's dictum, then we have here the promise of that witty, penetrative observer of men and affairs Bagehot was destined to develop into in his mature years. However, one characteristic of Bagehot the mature man is conspicuous by its absence in these letters of the precocious young man, and that is his balance, his self-poise. Incidentally, these "Coup d' Etat" letters revealed Bagehot to himself no less than to his English readers as having the root of the matter in him as a writer. He now for the first

time found himself and forthwith resolved to cultivate his latent gifts as a writer. Following his bent to literature, he began to write that delightful series of critical essays which he contributed to the Prospective Review and to its successor, the National Review, after he was made editor of it. Of these essays that on Hartley Coleridge was considered by Richard H. Hutton to be perhaps the most perfect in style. Like most of the essays of this series, it was "self-delineative." A sentence or two from his essay on "Shakespeare the Man" will serve to illustrate the sense in which this term is used:

> Some extreme skeptics we know doubt whether it is possible to deduce anything as to an author's character from his works. Yet surely people do not keep a tame steam engine to write their books; and if those books were really written by a man he must have been a man to write them; he must have had the thoughts which they express, have acquired the knowledge they contain, have possessed the style in which we read them. The difficulty is a defect of the critics. A person who knows nothing of an author he has read will not know much of an author he has seen. . . . To a great experience one thing is essential, an experiencing nature. . . . The reason why so few good books are written is that so few people that can write *know* anything. After all, the original way of writing books may turn out to be the best. The first author, it is plain, could not have taken anything from books, since there were no books for him to copy from; he looked at things for himself.

Now, this incidentally shows Bagehot's own method of writing. He looked at things for himself; and as he wrote he kept his eye on the thing he was writing about. This is the secret of his perspicuity; this explains his power of visualizing and illuminating his subject. The first essay he wrote for the National Review was on William Cowper, printed in 1855; the last was entitled "Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning; or Pure, Ornate, and Grotesque Art," written in 1864. During these nine years his contributions to its pages covered a wide range of literary themes, such as "The First Edinburgh Reviewers," "Gibbon," "Macaulay," "Peel," "Shelley," etc. In a passage in "The First Edinburgh Reviewers" dealing with the literary feud between Lord Jeffrey and Wordsworth, Bagehot says:

Yet we do not mean that in this great literary feud either of the combatants had all the right or gained all the victory. The world has given judgment. Both Mr. Wordsworth and Lord Jeffrey have received their reward. The one had his own generation, the laughter of men, the applause of drawing-rooms, the concurrence of the crowd; the other a succeeding age, the fond enthusiasm of secret students, the lonely rapture of lonely minds. And each has received according to his kind. If all cultivated men speak differently because of the existence of Wordsworth and Coleridge; if not a thoughtful English book has appeared for forty years without some trace for good or evil of their influence; if sermon-writers subsist upon their thoughts; if "sacred poets" thrive by translating their weaker portions into the speech of women; if when all this is over some sufficient part of their writing will ever be found fitting food for wild musing and solitary meditation, surely this is because they possessed the inner nature—"an intense and glowing mind," "the vision and the faculty divine." But if, perchance, in their weaker moments the great authors of the Lyrical Ballads did ever imagine that the world was to pause because of their verses, that Peter Bell would be popular in drawing-rooms, that Christabel would be perused in the city, that people of fashion would make a handbook of The Excursion, it was well for them to be told at once that this was not so. Nature ingeniously prepared a shrill artificial voice, which spoke in season and out of season, enough and more than enough, what will ever be the idea of the cities of the plain concerning those who live alone among the mountains, of the frivolous concerning the grave, of the gregarious concerning the recluse, of those who laugh concerning those who laugh not, of the common concerning the uncommon, of those who lend on usury concerning those who lend not; the notion of the world of those whom it will not reckon among the righteous—it is said, "This won't do!" And so in all time will the lovers of polished liberalism speak concerning the intense and lonely prophet.

As another fine example one might cite the passage containing Bagehot's estimate of the cavalier:

A cavalier is always young. The buoyant life arises before us, rich in hope, strong in vigor, irregular in action; men young and ardent, "framed in the prodigality of nature"; open to every enjoyment, alive to every passion, eager, impulsive; brave without discipline, noble without principle; prizing luxury, despising danger; capable of high sentiment, but in each of whom the "addiction was to courses vain" . . . The political sentiment is part of the character; the essence of Toryism is enjoyment. . . . The way to keep up old customs is to enjoy old customs; the way to be satisfied with the present state of things is to enjoy the present state of things. Over the cavalier mind this world passes with a thrill of delight, there is an exultation in a daily event, zest in the "regular thing," joy at an old feast.

No less fine is his estimate of Peel as a constitutional statesman—a character, by the way, which he defined as "a man of common opinions and uncommon abilities":

> His opinions resembled the daily accumulating insensible deposits of a rich alluvial soil. The great stream of time flows on with all things on its surface; and slowly, grain by grain, a mold of wise experience is unconsciously left on the still, extended intellect. The stealthy accumulating words of Peel seem like the quiet leavings of some outward tendency, which brought these, but might as well have brought others. There is no peculiar stamp, either, on the ideas. They might have been any one's ideas. They belong to the general diffused stock of observations which are to be found in the civilized world. . . . He insensibly takes in and imbibes the ideas of those around him. If he were left in a vacuum he would have no ideas.

The world has rightly marveled at Bagehot's broad outlook on life, his penetrative insight, and his critical faculty, as well as his realizing imagination which irradiates and enlivens all of his essays, and, for the matter of that, of his miscellaneous writings. The essays, however, seem all the more an object of marvel when we reflect that they were the product of a young author who had not yet arrived at the meridian of life. As a critic remarked concerning them, they have proved the delight and despair at once of modern readers. Where else can you find combined in the same limited compass such a wide acquaintance with literature, such penetrating insight into life, such subtle analysis, such clever criticism, and withal such a delightful style?

After undertaking the editorship of the Economist he found it advisable to take up his residence in London. Despite the tax entailed on his time by the routine demands of the paper and his widespread reputation as an authority on finance, he yet was able to make a special study of various phases of the English government, contributing a series of articles on this subject to the Fortnightly Review. These he collected in book form, in 1867, under the title "The English Constitution," a work now recognized as a classic. Under such chapters as "The Cabinet," "The Monarchy," "The House of Lords," "The House of Commons," "On Change of Ministry," etc., he showed in an easy, lucid, and comprehensive manner the government of Great Britain to be no true monarchy,

but a parliamentary government by a committee of the House of Commons known as his Majesty's Ministers, with the House of Lords as a revising or advisory body. He had previously published in a magazine article a study of our own American Constitution in which he argued that secession was expressly forbidden by that historic document. When he sent Gladstone a copy of this essay (which was quite apropos upon its publication in 1861), the great statesman pronounced it very able and highly instructive, but he dissented from the conclusion as to secession. Hardly had Bagehot concluded this work on the English Constitution when he undertook a line of thought and study even broader and more complex. This was his well-known Physics and Politics, first published as a serial in the Fortnightly Review. President Wilson, than whom there is no higher authority in this field, says of this book:

> Bagehot's thought is not often constructive. Its business is generally analysis, interpretation, but in Physics and Politics it is distinctly creative and architectonic. It is always his habit to get at once to the concrete reality of a subject, lingering scarcely a moment upon its conventionalities; he sees always with his own eyes, never with another's; and even analysis takes from him a certain creative touch. The object of his thought is so vividly displayed that you seem to see all of it instead of only some of it. But here, in speaking of ages past and gone, his object is reconstruction, and that direct touch of his imagination makes what he says seem like the report of an eyewitness.

Bagehot's reputation, no doubt, marked him out as an excellent man for Parliament. Yet to his friends the enigma of his life was the fact that, though he stood three times for different constituencies, he was never elected to Parliament. In his diary for 1865 occurs this amusing entry: "I tried to get into Parliament for Manchester this year, but Manchester could not 'see it.' I had a letter from Mr. Gladstone recommending me, but it was of no use. They said, 'If he is so celebrated, why does not Finsbury elect him?'" His mother was ambitious for him, not only that he should be most highly esteemed by politicians and statesmen, but that he himself should attain distinction in this field of activity as he had in others. Bagehot would have done all in his power to please his mother, but he was defeated three times for Parliament after he had done all he could to gratify her ambition,

the third time by the electors of the University of London, on whom he felt that he had a special claim. This defeat he accepted as final and never again consented to stand.

Bagehot is reputed to have been a brilliant converser—quick, witty, and clever. "As an instrument of truth," said a friend of his once, "I never knew anything like a talk with Bagehot." His lifelong friend Roscoe used to say that Bagehot comprehended the full significance of everything you yourself said, making "talk with him like riding a horse with a perfect mouth." Lord Bryce, writing to Mr. Hutton about him after his death, said: "One seemed to gain more profit as well as pleasure from a talk with Bagehot than with almost anyone else, all the more as, however, much one felt his superiority, it always remained conversation, and not, as often with great talkers, a lecture or a declamation." But while Bagehot was a brilliant talker, his voice was not adapted to public speaking. He was no orator and despised monologue.

In 1870 Bagehot began a treatise on finance, which appeared three years later under the title "Lombard Street." It did not first appear in serial form. As its author states in the preface, this book deals with four sets of persons: the Bank of England, joint stock banks other than that bank, private bankers, and bill brokers; and he naïvely adds, "I am much afraid that neither will altogether like what is said of them." To convey some idea of the character of this work, in the introduction to the 1910 edition Mr. Hartley Withers says: "It is a wonderful achievement that a book dealing with the shifting quicksands of the money market should still, after forty years, be a classic of which no one who wishes to understand the subject can afford to be ignorant."

In 1875 Bagehot was invited by Lord Morley, then editor of the Fortnightly Review, to prepare a series of articles on political economy for that journal. From this simple beginning Bagehot designed a pretentious work of three volumes, including one devoted to the biographies of celebrated political economists. But the execution of his plan met with frequent interruptions, for one reason or another, and the work was left unfinished at his death in 1877. However, enough had been done to indicate to the

leading economists of England and the Continent the high character of the projected work and to insure the rank of a classic for the part that was completed. Sir Robert Griffen remarked concerning these Economic Studies that they were in reality, "with all their incompleteness, the most important work which Bagehot left." "I do not think," he continues, "that anything he did in this way will compare in quality with the work in Lombard Street or the Economic Studies. His work in this respect, to use Mr. Hutton's phrase, was that of the least part of him; he was often not deeply interested in it himself, taking it only as 'all in the day's work,' to use his own phrase; but what he did was none the less considerable, enough, and more than enough, to account for his authority and reputation, and to have made a name for him as an economist alone. . . . The fragments left are those of a grand building, the design went much farther than what we see, and, fine and noble as the work is, it is greatly interesting as proving how much finer and nobler the whole structure would have been." Economic Studies concluded the list of Bagehot's important writings. Yet perhaps mention should be made of a long series of articles on the "Depreciation of Silver" written in the last year of his life.

Nature surely lavished her gifts upon Bagehot. It is the good fortune of but few men in a generation to be so generously endowed with superior mental gifts. His deep insight into men and affairs amounted almost to an intuition. With peculiar appropriateness he has been denominated a seer, but Bagehot was not simply a seer. Coupled with this faculty he had the gift of a concise, lucid, graceful, and vigorous expression which reenforced and enhanced his original thought. It may be said of him, as Doctor Johnson remarked of Addison, he never touched any subject that he did not adorn it. Besides, Bagehot possessed a realizing imagination that illuminated the driest and the most abstruse subjects of his study and investigation; and, as if to make his mental endowments all the more effective, he had the grace of wit and the saving sense of humor to impart spice and piquancy to what he said or wrote. Little wonder that we find him so spontaneous and stimulating as a writer.

Such was Bagehot as his many-sided genius is revealed to us of the present generation through his miscellaneous writings. Upon his death his father remarked, "I should never have known how great a man Walter was had I not survived him." In expressing his high regard for Bagehot's character and his admiration for him as a man, Mr. Gladstone paid this glowing tribute: "Nor have I in all my experience known anyone from whom in this important province [finance] more was to be derived, or who was more free and genial in the communication of his large knowledge and matured reflection. But he seemed not less at home in deeper questions of political philosophy and of human character. . . . No one, I believe, more highly appreciated than myself the satisfaction and profit which were to be derived, during his lifetime, alike from his conversation and writings."

Edwin W. Bowen.

CHINA AND CONFUCIANISM

The root of these remarks is in a conversation that occurred some months ago with a fellow passenger in mid-Pacific. The topic happened to be China. It was his feeling that the inroads of Western civilization all through this empire are disrupting ties that have held it together for forty centuries, without replacing them with any new. This he considered to be particularly true of missionary schools and chapels. The Chinese were a peaceful, contented race, blessed with a religion of their own well suited to their needs. The introduction of foreign learning and Christian ideals cast their native faiths under a cloud and developed, in the case of the schools, quickness of mind at the expense of the older morals with their fine restraints. Such efforts tended to unsettle the people and to disturb the picturesqueness of their ancient life. The number of persons who wish to see China remain forever a land of tea, pagodas, and bronze Buddhas is surprisingly large, and those others are still more numerous and influential who, with a deeper motive, wish to declare "Hands off," so that she may be left free to develop in her own way, in religion as in all things else, from seeds indigenous to her soil. They are common in Back Bay as well as in Peking. I can remember hearing, not a great while ago, a rather eloquent sermon in Appleton Chapel in which Confucius was hailed as the founder of the Golden Rule. One of their persuasion recently lectured in Shanghai, an emissary from Boston, who pleaded for purification of native faiths as against replacing them with Christianity. Let the brazen image be explained rather than cast out! But they are strongest of all here in the capital of China. With the approval of the president, and under the leadership of a doctor of philosophy from Columbia University, they have been seeking to incorporate in a democratic constitution provision for Confucianism as a state religion. To no fair observer is the revival of Confucianism an unwelcome sign. Surely everyone will rejoice to see evidences of life in those old veins through which once flowed a nation's blood. But it is a pertinent query how much of this rising force is due to a resusci-

tation of former powers, and how much to the infusion of new vigor through contact with Christianity.

Economically speaking, there have been two great eras in China's history. The first of these is the pastoral, a prehistoric epoch of which such abundant record is left in her poetry, her chronicles, and in the formation of her written characters. The second is the exclusively agricultural. The transition from a wandering existence to that of a life fixed in the soil may be read in the ceaseless wars and bloody centuries which brought to a close the dynasty of the Chows. This period, which native historians were wont to deplore as a lapse from the excellence of the Golden Age, is in reality the story of the struggle to put down roots in a fresh form of existence. Confucianism made its advent with this new life. The seeds were sown in the most troubled years of its birth. These upheavals were what called Confucius to his peripatetic mission among the warring states. His ideals presided over the slow progress of the rural life and gradually fastened themselves upon every phase of its activity. Confucianism is essentially the cult of an agricultural people. The first chronicles it embraced were of the heroic figures who taught the sowing and reaping of grain; of the herald who at the spring of the year passed through the countryside with his wooden-tongued bell to proclaim the season of planting and of the mating of beasts. It makes of its emperor a disciple of the plow, and by its reverence for the aged, its worship of the past, its hostility to innovation, has practically closed every other avenue to wealth save that of the most rudimentary arts. The immense riches of the sub-surface in minerals and the inconceivable saving of cooperative manufacture have been shut doors to China's needy people for two millenniums. Its influence upon their spiritual life has been very much in kind. There is frequent reference in the Shu King and the Shi King to the will of Heaven, to which as a species of pale abstraction the righteous man is urged to bow his head and to which the changing course of history is to be traced. It cannot be doubted that such a conception of the world as rational was, like Stoicism in the West, a great advance over polytheism. Its weakness lies in the fact that it is too bloodless a belief ever to

supersede it and that the worship of strange gods goes on under its very shadow. That part of its literature most intimately Confucian is the Lun Yü, a collection of the sayings of the great sage. They make no pretense to divine wisdom, but consist for the most part of disjointed observations on the conduct of life as typified in the Superior Man. Their nearest counterpart is to be found in the pithy sayings of Solon and the stormy advice of Theognis to his wealthy pupil. In these remarks, treasured up by admiring disciples, we find our closest transcript of the mind of Confucius. Some speech we find of Heaven, and twice the word prayer is mentioned, but never in the sense of a fatherly God or of free intercourse with him. On the only recorded occasion when one of his followers ventured an inquiry on the subject of the after life he was rebuffed by the answer, "We know too little about our present existence to bother our heads with a future." Most of his gnomic utterances consist of varying emphasis on the excellence of humility, sincerity, reverence, pertinacity, and cautious goodwill. We must not do evil to others lest they do the same to us—the so-called Golden Rule. We must not reward our enemies with love for fear we have nothing better left to give our friends. There is not a single statement which might not be strung upon the thread of enlightened self-interest, a breviary of self-approbation. Perhaps the nearest parallel to them in our own time is to be found in the closing verses of Wordsworth's "The Happy Warrior"—although Confucius abhorred the martial virtues—those sonorous lines which set forth an ideal as splendid as it is hollow, and as melancholy as it is cold, the ideal of a solitary virtue.

There are, of course, in Confucian literature, as there are in every other, many noble passages, and many others of that ambiguous sort easy to fill with all the richness of twenty centuries of Christian thinking; passages which when pieced together present a garment of undeniable beauty; but it is not the garment Confucius cut. The real facts, as scholars have long known, do not justify any other conclusion than that his teachings spring from a motive of refined prudence. They are not a faith, but a code of morals; they are not a literature of revelation, but a loose

collection of gnomic sayings. On the great points of religious belief from which true inspiration takes wing—the fatherhood of God, his love for mankind, and his atonement with them—they maintain the silence of an avowed ignorance. "Men grow," says Theodore Snow, "by that upon which they feed." When did a diet of agnosticism ever produce the ruddy vigor of self-sacrifice?

China stands on the threshold of her third era. The possibilities of the exclusively agricultural life have been exhausted. It can support no more of the population without the use of scientific fertilizers, such as electricity or expensive chemicals, the cost of which is at present out of the question. The sustenance they get from the soil is too meager for any margin of income; no capital is available for improvements. They are bound to the earth. Though it yields them the scantiest of livelihoods, they cannot leave it, for they have nothing else to which to turn. It is a marvel that centuries ago mere pressure of numbers did not force them into other avenues of life. Instead, they have continued to seek their living in the same way their remote ancestors did, and the methods which sufficed for their fewer mouths have brought these into a steadily deepening pit of poverty and degradation. The vast majority of the Chinese are too poor to afford anything but a diet of the coarsest grains and a wardrobe of the rudest cotton clothing. Education, books, periodicals, travel, these are luxuries which have not dawned on their horizon. Beset between an insufficient soil upon one hand and starvation upon the other, they have been left for hundreds of years a prey to famine and disease. From these evils a door of escape has opened through the prospect of an industrial life. An entirely new level of occupations has been disclosed to view. The fabulous wealth in minerals which has lain from time immemorial under the feet of China, locked up by fatuous superstition, when brought to the surface in mines will literally water the country with golden streams. It will multiply the investing capital. It will furnish employment for unnumbered thousands. It will call into being railroads to deliver its metals at the centers of trade. These in their turn will employ other thousands. They will open up highways of intercourse. The easy exchange of goods will encourage

the division of labor; localities suited to the production of certain fruits, grains, and natural commodities will be stimulated to specialize in that direction. The discovery of a market will swell the private income. A larger income will mean easier circumstances, more catholic tastes, a wider range of needs. The concentration of trades, the establishment of factories, the diversification of crafts will follow as a natural consequence. The remotest corners of the empire will thus be drawn by an automatic process into the gigantic warp and woof of an industrial society. Finally, when the people shall have been diverted from the soil, its cultivation may be taken up on a new and generous scale, with the use of scientific appliances such as are practiced in Germany, and of labor-saving machinery such as is common in America and Siberia. An incipient development of this sort has already made its appearance, and it furnishes a new source of wealth.

But what of the incalculable demands which such a society will put upon the Chinese? The power to see opportunities, the disposition to shoulder great undertakings, the willingness to repose trust in others, the loyalty to interests not one's own, the faithfulness, the vision, the "far view, which is the fair view," those spiritual qualities which make possible so complex a civilization as our own—where are these to come from? This aged land, which has so long been the paradise of the venerable old, whence is she to conjure these attributes of perennial youth? Not from Confucianism, with its cautious prudence and calculating goodwill. Not from Confucianism, with its apotheosis of the pater familias, with its blind deference to seniority, with its ingrowing circles of blood-relationship. Though these have developed unparalleled stability, at the cost of what real patriotism, what deep, spontaneous home life, has not that stability been purchased. From whatever inward warmth Confucianism may once have eked a guiding ray, her day is past. Her pale beams have been quenched in a greater light. Henceforth she shall mirror the radiance of a new orb. For a sun has arisen on Cathay.

Frederick Foster Fitch.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

Side by side in Norway's Hall of Fame stands Björnson and Ibsen. To discuss the comparative merits of the two would be a thankless task. They are so different that the truest comparison would be a contrast. One critic has said that Björnson is the heart of Norway, Ibsen its head. We can accept that judgment without detracting from either one; for heart and head both have value. The world needs its great hearts as well as its superior brains. Each has its mission. Which shall be given preference depends entirely on the viewpoint of the individual who expresses the preference. "Doubtless God could have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless he didn't." So agreed good Izaak Walton. Izaak has not convinced the world, however, and there are many who would take up the cudgel for some other member of the berry family. Some of us have decided, nevertheless, that we will not postpone our shortcakes and pies until the controversy is settled. So Ibsen and Björnson have their partisans. Happily we need not wait for an absolute decision in the matter before we can think with Ibsen or feel with Björnson. There is truth in the critic's statement that "heart" predominates in Björnson. We do not think of him as an intellectual prodigy, but as a great soul. If one looks for brilliance he will be disappointed. Not so if he seeks for warmth. He never dazzles you; he always delights you. He is not a bird of plumage, but of song. If Shaw is a peacock who is continually spreading his feathers, Björnson is a lark who forgets himself in the wild joy of song. The one is a patch of landscape, very pretty as long as it does not rain. The other is a message of cheer floating out over the meadows of life, telling us that brighter hours are at hand. We do not fall on our faces in Björnson's presence, but rather grip the hand and look into the eyes of a comrade. He does not compel our worship, but captures our love. He has a philosophy, but he impresses you as one who has felt rather than syllogized his way through the problems of life. You do not think of him as a wrinkle-faced pedant, but a buoyant, optimistic man, glad that he is alive,

thoroughly convinced that the universe has a kindly heart and that the final outcome will be good, and not ill. Björnson had a great heart. And none knew it better than his countrymen. When Nansen returned from his expedition in the north a great reception was given him. The nation, thrilled with the stories of his adventures and awakened to a new consciousness of expanding life and to a new sense of national power, looked for a spokesman who should gather into his own bosom all the emotions, aspirations, patriotisms of the hour and give them fitting expression. With one accord it turned to Björnson. And he did not disappoint. His throbbing heart, sensitive to all that stirred his fellow men, caught the spirit of the hour, and he came to the task as one to the manner born.

But, like most epigrams, this one concerning Björnson and Ibsen expresses only half a truth. Ibsen was not merely a brain and Björnson was certainly more than a heart. An unemotional man could not have written "Brand," nor could an unthinking man have produced "Beyond Our Might." None of Björnson's dramas lack evidence of intellectual power. Measured by the usual instruments of dramatic analysis, his dramatic children demonstrate their right to be. The garments in which they are clothed are not striking, it is true. As a rule Björnson's language is very matter-of-fact. How much it has lost through translation a Yankee has no means of discovering, but viewing it as it stands in English translation, there is little that is unusual. The reader is seldom surprised into a fervent "O" by the bursting of metaphorical skyrockets. There are a few posies which the reader may gather into his basket as he journeys through the Björnsonian fields. "It's just raining sunlight." There is a whole glorious June day in four words. Shaw's Tanner would have needed a whole scene to get that said, and when the curtain rang down he would still be "talking." What more graphic description could one ask for than this of the house in "Hell": "Broken the windows and sadly drooping the sign, like a drink that is dripping away. The stoop seized by a hurricane and hurled across the ocean of destiny, and you, yourself, clinging to this last remnant of the vessel that is your life. And the door—now it's hanging there like

a drunkard whom the bouncer is chucking into the street." And how is this for a description of a petulant wife: "She is like a child that woke up too early in the morning; it strikes and kicks at anyone that comes to pet it." We defy even Strindberg to paint a better—or a worse—picture of conjugal infelicity. For the most part, however, Björnson's characters are not arrayed in garments of flashing metaphor. They are clad in street clothes. And to many this seems a distinct advantage. We do not have to spend valuable nervous energy trying to decide how much is silk and lace and powder and wigs and how much is real man or woman. His characters do not deliver orations; they talk. They do not play a part; they live. Their language is not simply the vehicle of smart and pretty things which Björnson wanted to say, but is the expression of their own inner souls. So it comes to pass that he has given to the world not a troupe of actors, but flesh-and-blood men and women. His characters do not take prizes at beauty shows nor honors at the universities; they do not startle society by their idiosyncrasies nor dazzle it with impossible achievements. They fit into a normal world, and their joys and sorrows, defeats and triumphs, sins and virtues, are so much like our own that we feel perfectly at home with them. A few times his character sketches sink into caricature. One may be pardoned a doubt as to whether such a man as Pastor Sang ever existed outside of the author's imagination. And certainly Professor Tygesen is a case of exaggerated individualism. But it is probable that these caricatures were not accidental, but intentional. At least they serve well the dramatist's purpose in heaping ridicule upon certain things which he scorned. For the most part, however, his characters are real. In Holger he has given us a typical industrial tyrant, with his class pride, his scorn of the laborer, his utter failure to recognize his debt to the men who helped him make his wealth. When Olsen, speaking for the laborers, says: "I guess there's a few who helped build up—from the first—and now there are thousands helping," Holger contemptuously replies: "Helping? Yes; my inkwell has also been helping. And the power and the machines and the telegraph and the ships and the workmen. I put the workmen last because every so often they

try to smash all the rest to pieces. And neither the inkwell nor the power nor the machines nor the telegraph is that stupid." And to Rachel he says: "I have had to hear that those fellows have made my wealth, and that, accordingly, I am playing the part of an arch thief. Eh? Quite an amusing tale. 'Here I have built up a market for the labor of many thousand men. Add to those all who are depending on them and they make a whole city. And so one fine day, before I am through with it, they turn on me and tell me it is theirs." How natural that sounds! One would think that Björnson had lived on this side of the water and had met some of our own Lord High Chancellors of Industry. And what a modern figure he has given us in Lydia. This poor girl sought to achieve self-realization. But she thought that self-realization meant self-assertion. She took what pleased her and passed on. Men were simply toys for her amusement; when she got tired of them she flung them into the fire. She did not hesitate to crush life if it stood in her way. And so through life she went smashing hearts and homes and lives. One is reminded of Oscar Wilde, who said: "I amused myself with being a dandy, a man of fashion. Tired of being on the heights, I deliberately went into the depths in search of new sensations. I grew careless of the lives of others. I took pleasure where it pleased me and passed on." Lydia is a real ultramodern and could find plenty of company in American cities. Björnson's characters are not visitants from another world. They are picked off the dusty highways of this world.

To create such characters one must know life. If the literary artist's pictures are to be alive, the paints must be carefully mixed. Vice and virtue, weakness and strength, love and hate, humor and ill-humor, must be wisely mingled, else the portrait will be unreal. He must know how to dip his brush into that queer stuff which we call human nature if he would produce that marvelous blending of hues which we call human life. We think Björnson has done so. "He knew what was in man." How keen his appreciation of the longings of the human heart! "If there is any happiness on earth it is to find one's every thought faultlessly understood." "If I only had the reward of thanks which the humblest workingman

gets—if it were only a smile." How well he measured the workings of the spirit this, from The Newly Married, bears witness:

> Axel—"And what is still more amazing is that she is jealous."
> Mathilde—"You should only be glad that this has happened."
> Axel—"That she is jealous?"
> Mathilde—"It has helped her. She is on the high road to loving you now."
> Axel—"Now?"
> Mathilde—"Love often comes that way—especially to one who has been made uneasy."

And when shallow Marna returns from her broken marriage in a flood of tears her father sees that her copious weeping is more the result of injured vanity than wounded love, and he says, "Let me add that those who are wounded in their vanity are most deeply wounded for the moment. But it passes off more quickly." How alert Björnson was to the dangers of the artistic temperament! Listen to Borgny after describing the heartless character of Undine: "He—I mean the man whom Undine loves—must be a dreamer. A poet, for instance—or a musician." "Why?" asks Langfred. *"Because such people are more easily captured.* Björnson also discovered what many men never have, that a minister may be a human being. In Dean Hall, instead of the starched and frocked prig who could not bend without cracking, we have "a man of like passions as we are." In the hands of another Hall might have become a clown. As it is he is semi-ludicrous at times, but the appealing element is his vigorous assertion of his humanity. "Dean or no, I am a man." It is a tribute to Björnson's knowledge of men that he allowed this minister to say what every true minister feels and would say if he had a chance. And, finally, it is evidence of the dramatist's versatile knowledge of humanity that, in the same play in which he has given such a true picture of the lordly capitalist, he has also flashed on the canvas the inner soul of the oppressed laboring class. A student of social affairs must look far for a better insight into the feelings of men smarting under industrial tyranny than he will get in such sentences as these:

> The sun kills off microbes; the sun breeds faith. All this is known by the rich people up there—and yet they let you live down here where

disease and rottenness live side by side with you—here where children lose their color and thoughts their clearness—here where clothes and minds alike grow moldy. They have preachers and churches; they have hymns and prayers; they have a tiny bit of charity, too—but a God they have not.

Or this:

To seat oneself upon a *sedia curulis* built out of the bent necks of millionaires! Ah! ah!—with one's feet on their money bags and all around me the curses and applause of men like the swelling blast of an orchestra, like a roaring sea of homage—ah!

Humor is the hallmark of mental soundness. I would distrust the logic of a man who could not laugh. True logic and laughter are inseparable. The man who sums up life in proper syllogisms will see much to make him smile, and the man who smiles will make a truer estimate of life. The dramatist who can laugh and who puts a laugh into the soul of his characters and his audience will give a better delineation of life than one who does not. Of course not all merrymakers are wholesome. We could easily spare the man of the horse-laugh along with him of the insufferable grin. Much of the so-called humor of the stage belongs to one of these two classes. It is an intermittent guffaw or one prolonged grin. Björnson's humor is neither. It is refined and refreshing, not rude nor tiresome. It is normal to the situation, never dragged in on all fours. "Love and Geography" furnishes many instances. Speaking of Turman, a supreme example of selfish bachelorhood, Birgit, a stranger, asks: "Is he married;" Tygesen replies, "If you had ever seen him—for a moment only—you would never have asked that question." If one desires a good laugh he cannot find it better than by following the fortunes of snuff-taking Malla. Her combat with Tygesen just before she and Tygesen's wife run away is one of the merry tragedo-comedies. To attempt to reproduce it within the limits of this paper would be only to spoil it. It is impossible to get the humorous effect of this scene unless one reads the story of the whole combat. It is simply overwhelming. A most humorous scene is given in "Beyond Human Might." A number of factory owners have assembled to consider the troublesome labor problem. The humor arises out of the attempt of these lordly business men

to make speeches. One Blom, elegantly dressed, mounts the dais, orders a glass of water iced—with emphasis upon the iced—and proceeds. He is evidently not versed in public speaking and his effort becomes a farce. These are fair samples of the dramatist's humor. They reveal a sense of the ludicrous that is entertaining and harmless. He makes us laugh without lowering our manhood.

Björnson's dramatic methods are simple. He seldom depends on startling stage effects. We recall one prominent instance where he departs from the rule. This is the opening scene of "Beyond Human Might." Here is desolation. Hovels cling to the sides of a deep chasm. In the foreground stands a ramshackle building with broken windows, door almost off its hinges—and on it painted the ominous word "Hell." Before the curtain rises a funeral hymn is sung in unison. As the curtain rises a coffin, holding a grown person, is carried out from one of the shanties. It is followed by another holding the body of a child, and then by a third that is still smaller. Such a curtain-raiser would startle any audience. As a rule, however, Björnson uses situations rather than spectacles as weapons of dramatic power. There is little rattling of stage machinery. He relies upon the conflict of struggling souls to grip the interest of his audiences. In some of his plays, as in Laboremus, there is almost no acting at all. The characters simply talk. But how effectively they talk! That the interest does not flag is high tribute to the power of the ideas which troop in columns across the stage. On the whole, his development of situations is very satisfactory. Most of that which he has made his characters feel and do seems perfectly legitimate to the occasion. Perhaps the most strained effect is the reunion in the "Newly Married Couple." It seems hardly possible that a couple who have been estranged shall fall into each other's arms and wipe out all differences so suddenly as Laura and Axel do upon the visit of her parents. But as a rule his characters are admirably handled. They move before us as living men, not like manikins who act upon the nod of the dramatist. But a dramatist's ultimate place in literature does not depend merely upon his technical skill. Some importance attaches to the purposes and aims which technical skill embodies. Why did he write? For

what purpose did he create his dramatic children? What kind of a moral atmosphere do his plays carry with them? Do they affect the race for good or for ill? These are pertinent questions which the student of literature has a right to thrust upon the aspirant for literary fame. Literature must be appraised in terms of life. It is justified if it ministers to life; it is condemned if it vitiates or destroys it. One can hardly discover any reason for Gorky or Tchekhoff. It is easy to find a place for Shaw. The former with their blank pessimism cut the nerve of human energy. Shaw with all his "peacockery" at least applies the spur and whip. He stings, but he stirs. You think sometimes you would like to take him by the neck and shake him; you are certain that you ought to go out and shake yourself. So he does serve life—therefore has an excuse for living and a claim to recognition. One day Björnson said, in speaking of Collins, "What we want in the future is a literature that will make men better." That is a fair demand. Let us apply it to Björnson himself. Will his work make men better? We think it will. It is absolutely clean. After one wades through the reeking pages of a Wilde or D'Annunzio he feels as if he ought to take a bath. The very atmosphere is polluted. One is reminded of a well-known evangelist's prayer for the newspaper men: "Visit them in their offices. They are pretty bad fellows—some of them. You may have to take a bottle of smelling salts along with you. But don't pass them by." No bottle of deodorizing fluid is necessary for the readers of Björnson. He is as clean as the sunlight that rides on the fleecy clouds of a June day. In "When the New Wine Blooms" he has handled a situation that offered great possibilities of evil suggestions. He touches upon the most intimate relations of the home, but he does it without slurring the relation or shocking the reader. We listen to those lines with none of that sense of outrage which seizes us when we read certain other pages. But Björnson's purity is more than freedom from pollution. It is a knight-errancy in behalf of the whole cause of purity. How he scorned the double standard for men and women. His "Gauntlet" is one mighty protest against the idea that "a woman owes a man both her past and her future; a man owes a woman only his future." When Nordau asks,

"Are you right in being equally strict with the men as with the women?" Svava, who is Björnson's spokesman, says: *"Yes, of course."* And again Svava says, "One would think that marriage were a sort of a superior washhouse for men, and that men could come and take a dip there when they pleased—and in what state they please." Through the entire play Björnson makes a vigorous protest against that false and superficial morality which would call a prodigal son's career the "necessity of nature" but would send a prodigal daughter to hell without trial. For his insistence that man should bring to the marriage altar just the same purity which he demands of woman he deserves the gratitude of every woman.

But Björnson not only did the home a service by his earnest plea that it be founded in purity; he strikingly drew attention to the danger to the home that lurked in the unrestrained individualism of the Ibsen school. Self-realization may too easily degenerate into self-assertion, and self-assertion can be successfully practiced only by an unwedded savage. The day a man or woman enters into wedlock self-assertion must give way to self-sacrifice or the divorce court will soon have a case on docket. Our dramatist saw this, and he took up his pen and wrote two plays in order to get his countrymen to see it. In one the individualist is a husband who is devoted to geographical studies. And he is no mere bookworm. The romance of the thing has seized him. "I began a philologist. But always while at work on my languages, especially the old ones, it was as if I had heard the distant roaring of the sea in one—as if I had heard that long-drawn melancholy soughing of the waves—that incessant gentle lapping. And in another I would hear the echoes rolling between the hills—popping and leaping and laughing. And the language of the big plains—full of heavy, monotonous drudging and something that sounded like the tramp of horses and the rattle of carts. And in that way I saw landscapes and habits of life emerging from the languages. It tempted me. I had to read about the country inhabited by those peoples. I got so deep into it that I had to stay forever." So he was no mere pedant, but a romancer. But in his romance with geography he forgot his romance with his wife, Karen. He

gave himself up wholly to his geographical love. His wife and the other inhabitants of the household became mere things, to be used for his convenience. He so filled the house with his maps and papers that the wife scarcely had standing room. He sent his daughter away to boarding school because she was in the way. He became a thoroughgoing individualist—determined to express himself at any cost. But there comes an awakening. His wife, unable to endure his selfishness, goes away. His daughter, happening in, says she will not stay. "Without mother? Not if you begged me on your knees! Not if you killed me for it either!" He essays the task of living in the big house alone. He thinks it will be splendid. His individualism can have its fruition now. But, alas! he discovers that to walk one's way without restraint is to walk a bitter way. He summons his wife back again. "It was I who drove you away. All geography and no love—that won't do, you see." The other play aims at the same thing. Only in that one it is the wife who is the individualist. She is the "New Woman." Björnson's readers will discover that he is not in sympathy with this modern creation. His views are old-fashioned and—well, I was going to add another adjective, but it would only betray a humble preacher's opinion in the matter, and what is the use of doing that in so hopeless an affair as this modernized and masculine female? However that may be, Mrs. Arvik is a typical New Woman. Her husband is a figurehead in the home. But to her, too, there comes an awakening. Left alone by the husband whom she has so ruthlessly disregarded, she flings herself upon his bed. "I heard from his pillow how I had forsaken him. Forsaken him on your account, children, and on account of the household and of those miserable business affairs. . . . Between yesterday and to-day there is a whole night. More than that! Between yesterday and to-day there is a whole life." She is completely cured.

Much might be written on Björnson as a prophet of moral truth. How he hated sham! Some of the hottest shafts from his quiver were hurled at the Pharisee. What scorn he heaps upon the bishop who, because of her supposed past, refuses to receive Leonarda! He has never seen anything wrong in her; in the

eight years in which he has known her he admits that her life has been exemplary; but there is a rumor against her. The bishop thinks nothing of receiving General Rosen, whose vice is common knowledge. But then Rosen is a man—and, forsooth, a vicious man is not so dangerous as a suspicioned woman. And when she points out to him the weakness of his position, and reminds him of compassion, and he still refuses to give her recognition, how she pillories him! "Now I can say this to your lordship: You have no courage. Standing face to face with me here, you know what you ought to do, but dare not do it." No preacher ever protested more earnestly than he against the obliteration of moral distinctions. Sin was always sin to him. At the close of one of Oscar Wilde's plays, after a career of murder and suicide, two lovers are dying in each other's embrace. And this is their last message: "Who sins for love sins not." No such mawkish sentimentalism is found on the pages of Björnson. In "Laboremus" he smites that assertion to the dust. Lydia has tried to rise by means of crime. She appeals to Langfred for "a love so great that it can raise the blackest sinner up to itself" and say to its love: "I shall carry you to where the angels dwell. Even for that my love is strong enough." But Langfred answers: "That story has been shattered for me into a hundred thousand fragments. The distance is too enormous. Not a single change would suffice, but a hundred thousand changes if such a creature is to reach heaven." Björnson did not believe much in death-bed repentance. When that group of factory owners faces death Anker says, "Dear friend, why don't you come and pray for your soul;" Ketil replies: "Not much use, I fear. I guess the soul is what it is. It can't change as quick as all that. And if anybody should be waiting for it on the other side—well, I imagine he won't let himself be fooled by what little I could say now." These are stern words, but they will have a mission in a world too prone to forget the distinction between sin and righteousness and too ready to presume that one can be transformed into the other in the embrace of passionate love or by means of a prayer on lips already stiffening with death.

We cannot close without a reference to Björnson's repudiation

of "otherworldliness." His critics are agreed that two of his dramas were written against what they call "the tyranny of the Boundless." To him the Christian's placing of life's purpose beyond all life actually known to man seemed a great obstacle to the race. I think no one will find fault with his criticism of that otherworldliness which neglects this world. There is no reason nor room for those who are so busy star-gazing that they do not see the task lying at their feet. Rightly did he ridicule those churchmen who forgot their duties in their eagerness to see a miracle and who did not know that a deed of love is a surer proof of God than any interruption of the normal order of nature. There is also a place for his plea against that sentiment which looks for the redemption of the world through catastrophe rather than through persistent toil. Against such forms of the craving for the Boundless his criticisms are well directed. But if he means that man is to ignore his passion for the Infinite, to treat it as inconsequential, and address himself wholly to the things bounded by time and space, then some of us will have to be pardoned if we part company with him. Indeed, he parts company with himself, if you will pardon the paradox. For in "Love and Geography" he makes Birgit ask, "Do you think anybody loses anything by living a complete human life?" In that particular instance he is pleading a place for the instinct of love against the encroachment of scientific pursuits. And he means to say that a complete life means the recognition of the instinct for love as well as the instinct for work, and that both are necessary. It certainly is fair to apply his own reasoning to himself. Side by side with the instinct for love and the instinct for work is another instinct—the instinct for the Infinite. It is not a cogitation of theologians, but a fact widespread as the race. A complete human life means the recognition of that instinct as well as any other. And we hurl Björnson's question back in his own face: "Can anybody lose anything by living a complete human life?" Does not the fullest life demand that this very passion for the boundless be allowed its largest development? And, finally, it is not true that we shall set the race ahead by seeking to comprise all of life's purposes within the life of this world. If

history teaches anything it is that when men lose sight of the sky they also grow careless of earth; that the man who never looks up will not see very far beyond himself; that when you destroy men's faith in the Infinite and crush their hope of immortality you dry up the fountain of inspiration and cut the nerve of human energy. Goethe quoted with approval the saying of Lorenzo De Medici, "They are dead for this world who hope for no other." Lamartine, the Frenchman, looking with envy upon nations whose great men were like Washington and Franklin, Sidney and Cromwell, uttered this lament for his own country, which seemed destitute of such leaders: "The great men of *other* countries live and die on the scene of history looking up to heaven; *our* great men appear to live and die forgetting completely the only idea which is worth living and dying for; they live and die looking at the spectator, or, at most, at posterity." With few exceptions it has been the statesmen and reformers with the upward look who have moved the race on to its goal. It has been the people who have not lost God who have hastened the realization of the Good. We think Zangwill was nearer the truth than Björnson when in reply to Stephen's advocacy of "The Next Religion," which religion was to ignore everything except this visible world and dispense with prayer and the hope of immortality, he makes Mary say: "You and your dried-up thinkers! I tell you that the great live world will never take your religion, and even if you deluded all male humanity the mothers would rise up and tear it to pieces." And snatching up a great lily from the body of her dead boy, she says, with transfigured face, "The Resurrection and the Life."

Robert E. Day.

ANDREA DEL SARTO AND HIS WIFE

Browning's "Andrea del Sarto" has always been among the poet's most popular works, having the twofold interest of being at once a great poem and a criticism of a great and well-known painter. It has seemed to most readers, however, to be chiefly a discussion of the art of Andrea, the "faultless painter," with the criticism that his paintings lack the spiritual element or the divine fire. Good drawing there is, as the poem says, and colors that have made Andrea famous, but, though having these technical excellences in full, the painter was lacking in the higher spiritual elements that distinguished his great contemporaries, Raphael and Michelangelo. The assertion of this inferiority has been taken as the burden of the poem. The occasion of the poem has probably helped to leave the impression that it was meant chiefly as a poem on art. It seems that Browning had been asked by Mr. Kenyon, Mrs. Browning's cousin, who had in the first instance introduced the two poets to personal acquaintance, to procure for him in Florence a copy of Andrea's famous painting of himself and his wife, but being unable to obtain the copy as desired, Browning sent this poem instead. No doubt, then, partly because it was sent as a substitute for a painting, the poem has been thought of chiefly as a poem on a painting. But a more careful reading leaves the conviction that the poem deals primarily with the painter rather than with his art. Browning had the true poetic interest in human life above all things else and studied men's work chiefly to understand their lives. In this poem, then, he makes a study of the relations of Andrea and his wife, as portrayed by Andrea himself in the painting, and by unveiling for us the inmost secret of his life he accounts for Andrea's comparative failure. In forming his judgment of Andrea the poet makes use of all available knowledge of the painter and, as has been observed by many writers, he follows chiefly Vasari, the author of the Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, who had himself been a pupil of Andrea, and who knew well his wife, Lucrezia. As one writer says, "This poem is in a large measure a poetic

rendering of the prose account of Vasari, even to the character of Lucrezia" (Cooke, Browning Guide Book, page 11). But the poet discloses none of the animosity of the historian toward Andrea and his wife, and agrees more in spirit with Vasari's second edition, in which, as has been said, the account of Andrea "is abbreviated and softened somewhat" (Ibid.). The poet makes him a pathetic figure, and while disclosing fully his shortcomings, does not rob us of our sympathy with him. The poem is one of those intimate studies of the inner thought and consciousness of a man that fully discloses his character, and in which no one has more ability than Browning. It was very bold indeed for both Vasari and Browning to proclaim the great painter as a failure when he had accomplished so much in his life. Andrea had been one of the three greatest painters of his time, and hence stands among the great of all time. In some respects neither Raphael nor Michelangelo could surpass him, and on the occasion referred to in the poem Browning has him say concerning a certain painting of Raphael's:

> That arm is wrongly put—and there again
> A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,
> Its body, so to speak . . .
> Still, what an arm! and I could alter it.

Even while Andrea was still a youth Michelangelo recognized the superiority of his technique and foretold that he might some day "bring the sweat" to Raphael's brow. That such a talented and eminent painter could be considered in any way a failure might at first come as a shock to any reader. But Browning had standards of success and failure that penetrated to the inmost thoughts and recesses of the heart and had little to do with outer appearances or professional success. In strange contrast, then, with the great painter it should be recalled that a few years after writing this poem Browning characterizes as only "apparent failures" the poor wretches "who did most abhor their life in Paris yesterday," and whose bodies he saw in the place for suicides in the morgue in Paris. He weeps over these as probably the victims of misfortune, and while lamenting the fact that they seem to have failed, he leaves them to God, with the hope

> That what began best can't end worst,
> Nor what God blessed once prove accursed.

The picture upon which the poem is based has been carefully described by various writers chiefly with a view to help in the understanding of the poem. Mr. Ernest Radford thus describes it in The Browning Society Papers: "The artist and his wife are presented at half-length. Andrea turns toward her with a pleading expression on his face. . . . It wears an expression that cannot be forgotten. . . . Andrea's right arm is around her; he leans forward as if searching her face for the strength that has gone from himself. . . . It suggests only a very mild, and at the same time immutable, determination to have her own way. Anyone who has sat, as I have, looking at the picture of which I write will feel that the poem is true, not merely typically, but historically." It appears to have been the work of the year 1524, when Andrea was thirty-seven years of age. He had married Lucrezia twelve years before, when he was twenty-four years of age. Even then he had attained considerable eminence as an artist, having produced a number of excellent paintings for the Servite monks, and had already been given the title of "the faultless painter" that still attaches to his name. During his married life he had done much excellent work, and the following year, 1525, he was to paint his masterpiece, the "Madonna of the Sack." The situation of the picture as described by Browning is of Andrea's own choosing. He portrays himself, as the poet interprets it, in the act of pleading with his wife for the encouragement and sympathy she had never given him and which alone, as he thinks, prevents him from being the equal, if not the superior, of the greatest painters of the day. She has evidently come to him to request money and to urge him to undertake for wealthy patrons commissions that do not accord with his artistic conscience. Instead, then, of affording him the inspiration he desires she has come to him once more to urge him to debase his art in order to furnish more money for her and her pleasures. She has apparently turned from him at his show of unwillingness, and only deigns to turn to him again when he weakly submits to her solicitations. Browning has simply taken this situation of the painting and has given us with a poet's insight

what Andrea may be imagined as saying to his wife on that occasion. Andrea has been completely ensnared by the physical beauty and charms of Lucrezia and is oblivious of her spiritual deformities. From this the poet would have us infer that Andrea is himself deficient in spiritual discernment and hence lacking, either as a man or as an artist, in the elements of true greatness. It is part of a man's proper equipment to be able to see beneath a beautiful exterior and to judge by moral qualities. As the poet follows the imaginary conversation between the painter and his wife we see Andrea becoming willing to work his life out and debase his art for her pleasures. The poem then becomes Andrea's explanation of and apology for his life and work, in which he appears to most readers to lay upon his wife the blame for his failure.

All critics have agreed that Andrea's work is lacking in ideality. None seem to have surpassed him in the technique of line and color, but his pictures lack the ideal element which is the reflection only of a great mind and soul. There has been little disposition to disagree with Vasari, who says, "Nor did he at any time display one particle of that elevation which, could it have been added to the advantages wherewith he was endowed, would have rendered him a truly divine painter." He had only what the poem calls "This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine." In his History of Painting, Heaton says, "Many of his Madonnas have greater beauty, strictly speaking, than those of Bartolommeo, or even of Raphael; but we miss in them that mysterious spiritual loveliness that gives the latter their chief charm." This contrast between the faultless technique and the faulty and unideal character of Andrea's life and work has been made the subject of literary treatment by various other poets besides Browning, but, as one writer says, "It was reserved for Browning to bring out the full pathos of all that this story implies" (Marion Little, Essays on Robert Browning, page 166). There can be no doubt that Browning considers Andrea a failure notwithstanding his great accomplishments. In "Saul," written ten years earlier, he had said, "'Tis not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do!" This was his conception of life.

It was Browning's idea that failure consists in doing and being satisfied with less than one's best. Man is measured by his ideals, not by his achievements. The poet believed failure was in refusing or neglecting to strive for high things, and especially when these seem possible of attainment. In the same year in which he published "Andrea" Browning also published "A Grammarian's Funeral," in which he said:

> That low man seeks a little thing to do,
> Sees it and does it:
> This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
> Dies ere he knows it.

The success of life, then, the poet seems to think, is not in the mere character or amount of work done, for Andrea accomplished much and yet is pronounced a failure. The tragedy of his life consists in contenting himself with low ideals when he might have attained the highest. He was not shut out from the highest by any limitations to his genius, but only by the shortcomings of his own moral nature. His genius does not soar aloft into the ideal, and his hand can execute what little his genius invents. This is his limitation, and of this he is very conscious:

> I can do . . . what at bottom of my heart
> I wish for, if I ever wish so deep.

He has little "vision," and what little he sees his hand can fully execute. He knows, however, the nature of the ideal and is conscious of his lack:

> Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
> Or what's a heaven for?

The trouble with Andrea is that he has forfeited, if he ever had, a deep moral sense. He does not see things in their true relations. His eyes cannot distinguish between right and wrong. He is in the same debased moral condition as Shakespeare pictures Antony, who, with an honorable wife in Rome, embraces the profligate Cleopatra, saying, "The nobleness of life is to do this." In a similar way Andrea, looking upon the face of the beautiful but profligate Lucrezia, cries out, "Behold Madonna." To see in her the model of the Virgin Mary was to mistake vice for virtue and

impurity for holiness. Recognizing his failure, Andrea is at pains to explain it to his wife and to his own conscience. He is at first disposed to lay the blame on God, and tries to console himself with the thought that his failure is decreed:

> Love, we are in God's hand.
> How strange now looks the life he makes us lead—
> So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
> I feel he laid the fetter: let it lie!

The heavens, he tries to say, have been shut to him, though his work is better than that of his contemporaries:

> Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
> Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me!

In these words he tries to justify the low ideals of his life and his work, and adds later, "All is as God overrules."

But scarcely satisfying himself that God is to blame, he proceeds to lay the blame on his wife. This is one of the last extremities of noble minds, but one of the first for base minds, and the fact that Andrea so soon resorts to it is proof of his ignoble nature. He first chides her for having no sympathy with his work:

> You don't understand
> Nor care to understand about my art.

Then, after saying he has much better technique than Raphael, he admits he achieves much less, and proceeds to throw the blame on his wife's failure to give him the necessary inspiration and encouragement:

> But all the play, the insight, and the stretch—
> Out of me, out of me! And wherefore out?
> Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul,
> We might have risen to Raphael, I and you.

He next praises the fascinating beauty of her brow, eyes, mouth, and voice, and laments that with these she had not brought a "mind." Then with utter shamelessness he tells her:

> Had the mouth there urged
> "God and the glory! never care for gain.
> The present by the future, what is that?
> Live for fame, side by side with Agnolo!
> Raphael is waiting: up to God, all three!"
> I might have done it for you.

And in the end he admits that his three great compatriots, Leonard, Raphael, and Agnolo, all overcome and surpass him, as he says, "Because there's still Lucrezia—as I choose." In other words, he would rather fail with Lucrezia than be without her and attain to the eminence of the other three masters.

No doubt Lucrezia was a base, despicable woman, and had all the bad qualities that the poem states or implies. And she was all the more dangerous because she was so beautiful. But Andrea was scarcely conscious of her baseness, and his words that imply rather than state a strong denunciation of her character are uttered with the considerateness and apology of a lover and admirer. Vasari says and Browning implies many other derogatory things about her that Andrea accepts with complacence, but does not denounce. And it has been taken for granted by too many readers that Browning admits her vices and baseness as the cause of Andrea's failure. Newell Dwight Hillis says: "In Andrea del Sarto he shows the tragedy and failure that overwhelms a man who loves downward." Another writer, a woman, says: "The main cause of all lies in the fact—he loves unworthily." And again: "Lucrezia created around her an atmosphere in which no high aspirations, no unselfish strivings could live, and this was the atmosphere that he breathed. And so his moral energies had gradually slackened; and little by little he had lost grip upon life and art." It is at least very doubtful if it was the poet's intention to leave this impression upon readers of the poem. No one, however, was more ready to credit woman with the power of blessing man or of cursing him. One of his favorite conceptions was that of the influence of other personalities in the making or marring of human life. In "By the Fireside," in which it is agreed the poet speaks in terms of his own life with Mrs. Browning and of her influence upon him, he says:

> O, I must feel your brain prompt mine,
> Your heart anticipate my heart,
> You must be just before, in fine,
> See and make me see, for your part,
> New depths of the divine!

No husband ever more gladly or more proudly acknowledged the spiritual helpfulness of his wife than Browning, or spoke more

eloquently of her excellences and endowments. No doubt Browning was at the time of this poem becoming aware that it was under her influence that his best poetry was being composed. It was not until after they were married that he began to write those poems that brought him into fame and that have made him immortal. No direct influence, however, has been recorded, as the two poets seem to have worked quite independently at their poetry. But it was during the period of their married life, from 1846 to 1861, that Browning emerged from the obscurity and neglect of the days of "Paracelsus" and "Sordello" into the light of his best days. To this period belongs "Andrea del Sarto," which was published in 1855, just beyond midway in the married life of the two poets. Yet, great as Mrs. Browning's influence thus seems to have been, it was all by way of inspiration and of love, and as far as is known did not affect either his choice of subject or his treatment. On the other hand, as an instance of the debasing influence of a wife upon a husband's life and work, he has given us this poem on Andrea and his wife. There can be no doubt that the influence of Lucrezia was distinctly harmful to Andrea. In the poem Browning alludes to the well-known incident of Andrea's life, the appropriation of the money given him by the French monarch, Francis I, for the purchase of works of Italian art. This money Lucrezia induced him to use in building a house for her in Florence. Under her influence also, as the poem recites, he was induced to abandon his own aged parents to poverty and starvation. And, perhaps worst of all, her influence effected a degradation of his art to the mere ends of money—the sure indication of the collapse of the real artist in him:

> I'll work, then, for your friend's friend, never fear,
> Treat his own subject after his own way,
> Fix his own time, accept, too, his own price,
> And shut the money into this small hand
> When next it takes mine.

Though admitting all this evil influence of Lucrezia upon Andrea, the poet is far from saying that it was she who made Andrea a failure. And this is the point of the poem that has so often been misunderstood. Andrea certainly tries to blame his wife for his failure, but the poet is not thereby deceived. Andrea's

attempt to shield himself at his wife's expense is perhaps the surest evidence of his own baseness, and the strongest assurance that the fault was not more in his wife than in himself. While permitting him to cast the blame upon Lucrezia, the poet has made him in the very same breath speak his own condemnation. Browning follows Vasari in making it appear that Andrea's first great disgrace was in loving and in marrying a woman of the type of Lucrezia. He was already a famous painter, and Vasari says it was considered that he disgraced himself and his friends by his marriage. Lucrezia was even then known as an artful, base woman, and when the news became known of Andrea's marriage to her, as Vasari says, "the respect and affection which his friends had previously borne to Andrea changed to contempt and disgust, since it appeared to them that the darkness of this disgrace had obscured for a time all the glory and renown obtained by his talents." It would appear, then, to be the poet's idea, following Vasari, that Andrea was himself base from the first or he would not have been ensnared by a base, designing woman. There must have been a moral weakness, a center of perversity, in his nature, or he could not have been ensnared by a woman who had few, if any, spiritual excellences and whose sole charm was her physical beauty and manner. As one writer says, "His love for a selfish, worldly woman has been a hindrance; but a radical and insuperable hindrance lay in himself." Another says: "Mr. Browning's poem tells us in no hesitating phrase that the secret lay in the fact that Andrea was an immoral man, an infatuated man. . . . Lucrezia, despicable as she was, was not the cause of her husband's failure. . . . No woman ruined his soul; he had no soul to ruin." Browning, then, traces back the want of the highest artistic excellence in the work of Andrea to the fact that he was a man of no moral or spiritual depth; that he really failed in his work because he was at the same time already failing in his life. The highest products of art, either the painter's or the poet's art, can come only from the highest type of manhood and character. Only great men accomplish great work. Only good men produce good art. This close connection between the character of a man and the excellence of his work was long ago seen by Milton, and it

was because he trained both his art and his character that he was able to produce his great poetry. In his Apology to Smectymnuus he had in mind, no doubt, the plans for his "Paradise Lost" when he wrote, "I am confirmed of this opinion that he who would not be frustrate in his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem." In the same vein Ben Jonson had previously written in his Dedication of Volpone: "For, if men will impartially, and not asquint, look toward the office and function of a poet, they will easily conclude to themselves the impossibility of any man's being a good poet without first being a good man." And Browning himself affords one of the best illustrations of this truth that a man's work is, after all, but a phase of his life. Probably no more sincere or noble man has a place in the honorable roll of English poets, and his work is now being recognized as the richest spiritual heritage of the nineteenth century.

Browning, then, in the poem, is showing that Andrea failed because he was himself base, and had only low ideals, that his blaming of his wife is only a very thin form of self-deception and self-justification. No reader need be deceived, for a man does not fail because another, even a wife, does not measure up to the fullest ideal of life. But every man fails, as every man succeeds, solely because the heart of him is wrong or is right. Andrea himself recognizes the truth that "incentives come from the soul's self," but it is equally true that temptations come only from the same place. It is for each man either to mar or to make his own life; and Andrea's failure is that he has so little conscience about his failure. He is content to include himself among the "half-men," and toward the end of the poem says, hopelessly, "I regret little, I would change still less." His failure has only been made more apparent by his transparent attempt to lay the blame upon destiny or upon his wife; and to be content with failure is the worst of all forms of failure. Thus Browning depicts Andrea.

A. W. Crawford.

THE MAGIC MELODY

Glory to God in the highest,
Peace on earth,
Good will to men.

THERE must be the keynote of universal harmony, the very magic of melody, in the song that the strains should resound across nineteen hundred years and reverberate increasingly around the world. Wherever their mystic meaning has been understood not only have the arts been stimulated and commerce vitalized, but miracles of joy have been wrought upon human hearts. Were we to visit every land that has caught the cadence of the carol, we should see millions of eager happy fingers fashioning gifts that will possess a lyric quality independent of artistic or commercial standards; we should behold love's transfiguration in millions of faces that betray the open secret of gifts hoarded for the day that celebrates the birth, centuries ago, of a Baby in a paltry province far away. Because of the Bethlehem Child numberless pines will exchange the cold northern forests for warm firesides and the sweet society of childish hearts. Here they will bloom with flowers of flame and gifts of love. Around them will frisk little feet and tiny hands will clap their ecstasy of joy while the air will pulsate with peals of happy laughter. Where the "pinch of poverty" is keen love will blossom in the street. For, as if determined that no child may be deprived of its heritage of happiness, the mammoth municipal Christmas tree will add its eloquent testimony that "Good will to men" is to be the destined program of the race. The anthem of the angels has assured not only the coronation of the heart, it has been the inspiration of man's genius as well. All the arts that minister to the higher sensibilities of men find their fullest expression at Christmas time. Ceramics, the artist's canvas, and the weaver's loom live a charmed life because of Him who glorified toil in the little town of Nazareth. Goldsmiths, silversmiths, and workers in precious stones ply their tasks with busier fingers because the wise men had occasion to give gold and costly gems to the King of kings. Even the flowers that lend their

exquisite fragrance to our Christmas dinner borrow sweetness from One who grew upon the Judæan hillsides, whose matchless beauty bankrupts speech, whom we call the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley.

The magic of the heavenly hosanna lies deep in the nature of the cosmic world. Matter is composed of atoms in rapid motion. The invisible atoms themselves are made up of ions and electrons in unceasing vibration. An iron ball suspended from a ceiling may be made to swing in pendulum motion by the conserved energy of the rhythmic blowing of one's breath. The scientist also tells us that if we knew the keynote of a structure, the length of its arc of vibration, we could raze the building simply by rhythmic vibrations. He also informs us that "an inanimate beam of light yields melody, prismatic colors have tones, dead tendons, strings, and reeds reproduce in measure creation's harmonies."

> Thou canst not wave thy staff in air
> Nor dip thy paddle in the lake,
> But it carves the bow of beauty there
> And ripples in rimes the oars forsake.

The poet, whose imagination is a "swift-winged reason by which we have reached the highest revelations known to the race," teaches us that the universe is built out of rhythm, "from whirling atoms up to circling suns; from dust to Deity. The heavens were woven out of melody and out of song the Christ Child arose."

> There's not the smallest orb that thou beholdest,
> But in his motion like an angel sings.

In every land that reechos the song the vibrations are razing the Jericho walls of ignorance, superstition, and injustice. But the song is positively constructive as well. It conserves every beautiful impulse; it fosters all the forces that make for self-realization. Everything that makes life rich and golden and worth while finds its surest protagonist in Christianity. Hymns inspired by it enabled Zwingli to arouse the Swiss peasants. Christian songs were at the very foundation of the Reformation. The inspiration of the heavenly chorus helped our forefathers to build the republic. It led them, with Bibles and guns in strange proximity, to the

sanctuary to give "Glory to God in the highest" when peace with their savage neighbors was still an impossibility. Human progress itself has grown out of the overtones of the seraph's symphony. Our magnificent educational system took its rise out of the old English singing schools which were the product of Christianity. Colleges grow out of the gifts of wise men of to-day. Hospitals do miracles of mercy where men have felt the power of the Bethesda Healer. In the emphasis upon the rights of childhood is the unique adoration of modern shepherds who believe that

> Each little human form in truth
> Houses the Eternal Child.

This reverence is strangely borrowed from the Manger-Child.

Civilization itself in all its finest aspects and highest values is synonymous with Christianity. The difference between nations moved by the motives of the song and those lacking its lyric inspiration must be patent to the most stiff-necked among pessimists. "Happy is the people that know the joyful sound." It is also as true to-day as when the clarion note was sounded that "where there is no vision the people perish." When in spite of the message of the angels we see

> dogged war bristle his angry crest
> And snarl in the gentle eyes of peace,

we are compelled to admit that "only man is chaos and yet in the heat of the creative process." Humanity has responded but indifferently to the pleading, wooing, wistful melody; at times it has almost ceased to listen to "Peace on earth, good will to men," and the shrieks and groans of men have drowned the song of praise. The Armageddon of nations is distressingly emphasizing the fact that civilization is not yet a hallelujah chorus. But the tragic condition is in no wise due to faulty orchestration on the part of the Great Master, but to man's miserably inadequate interpretation. So limited has been the spiritual compass of the race that never yet has it succeeded in taking in the full diapason of "Glory to God, peace on earth, good will to men." The intonation of "Peace on earth" without the upward reaching of "Glory

to God in the highest" lacks the Omnipotent cooperation which makes peace possible. The nearest route to the hearts of our fellow men is, strangely enough, by way of the Throne of the Universe. When men look into the face of God they lose the desire to strike the faces of their fellows; they seek to put the smile of joy where was the tear of misery. A tangible instance of the very immediate magic of "good will" inspired by the literal melody itself is shown in the following incident. Two armies to be engaged in battle on Christmas Day were drawn in hostile array on opposite sides of a river. On Christmas Eve the soldiers of one army began to sing the Christmas song, and when the soldiers of the enemy joined in the singing every heart was stirred. As the sounds of the double chorus died away both armies found their military enthusiasm paralyzed. Fighting was no longer possible. The magic melody had conquered. Without the dynamics of the song national peace is only a dream, nor can modern Amphions build the ramparts of civilization with melody. On the other hand, the monk in his cloister, with his emphasis upon the first phrase of the song, cannot get the full musical sequence. We cannot attain our spiritual majority without relating our lives in "good will" to others. The complete correlation, the *ensemble* of the song, alone assures perfect harmony of human conduct. The two overtones of the heavenly symphony, "Glory to God, good will to men," are integrated for us in an old-fashioned, but strangely modern, Book: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world." The improvisation of the angels remains the sanest mysticism, the best social system, the soundest economics, the most effective Hague Conference. Christ is "our infinite paradox, life's explainer, the solvent harmony." When we consider the inestimable heritage, the priceless treasures of the race, art, literature, and music, we find they borrow their finest *motif* from the Angels' Classic. The most wonderful canvases are bathed with the idealism inspired by the Galilæan teacher. That artists find no subject equal to the faultless Judæan is evident when we remember that among the many immortal masterpieces are Raphael's Sistine Madonna, his "Trans-

figuration," Guido Rene's "Crucifixion," Rubens's "Descent from the Cross," and Corregio's "Holy Night." The rhapsody of the angels has quite as marked an influence upon literature. Humanity broods over the volumes that are permeated with the redemptive note. It scorns the adroit sarcasm of Voltaire, the ironic outbursts of Nietzsche, and the dogma of Taine. It chooses the Æolian wail of human suffering, the soul-questioning, the eager yearning for "good will to men" of a multitude of humbler, saner realists, to say nothing of the master spirits of the ages. Somehow those emotions that enchant and inspire are impossible to unbelief. Noble emotion is the atmosphere in which exalted thought is steeped and to which it is indebted for half its power. The eternal human hunger is fed by those translated into the world of exalted sentiment and sympathetic imagination springing out of "Good will to men." When we come to the universal language of music we find that its triumphs have been but variations of the exhaustless *theme*. Though Pythagoras formulated the scale in the sixth century before Christ, and while the Greeks were naturally a music-loving people, understanding the mathematical relation of sound, yet at their very best they had only a little minor music. Outside of the Hebrew nation the world was poor in instrumentation and musical consonance. But it remained for Christianity to sweep the entire keyboard of musical possibilities. Without the carol of the "Holy, Silent Night" the symphonic lava stream of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, the Christmas Oratories of Bach, the imperious charm of Handel's "Messiah," would have been impossible. According to his own testimony, Haydn's "Creation" "came from above." "When I think on God," said the reverent master, "my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen." Atheism has no song, no anthem, no oratorio. Our musical masterpieces, worthy to be sung even in heaven, owe their very life to the sweetness and majesty of Him who "in Judæa melted human hearts."

The song casts an incalculable spell upon the human heart. When a man becomes aware that his will is a part of God's creative energy he realizes that disobedience thwarts the Divine Energy and spoils a part of the universal harmony. Sin becomes more

tragically serious when we realize that it means the introduction of the element of discord into this world, otherwise so beautiful. Because the cure of man's disobedience is effected in nothing short of seeing divinity in the flesh, the simple, sufficient fact of the Incarnation was made necessary. Finer than the music produced by instruments is the golden music of the Orpheus who is inspired by the lofty lessons of the lowly Capernaum teacher. The doxologies of Time are the noble lives that have poured themselves out in "Good will to men"; who have sought to hush the discords and lengthen the harmonies of life. More than by commerce the race profits by those winsome lives which vibrate in unison with the heart of the matchless, the ineffable Christ. The world needs less of silver and gold, more of "Glory to God in the highest"; less of luxury, more of loving dispositions; less of terrapin, more triumphant lives; fewer airships, more heaven-scaling aspirations; fewer bombs, more brotherhood; less of the "strain and tumult of *things*," more of "the undying melody which is the gladness of the world,"

Glory to God in the highest,
Peace on earth,
Good will to men.

Mary Beal Housel

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE MIGHT AND MIRTH OF LITERATURE*

I should acknowledge, first of all, that this title is an appropriation and not an invention. Even a title should be protected from plagiarism. The man is a benefactor who coins a name that so perfectly expresses a thought that it falls easily into the currency of the world's speech and his creation should be protected. "The Might and Mirth of Literature" is the subject of a book by John Walker Vilan Macbeth, long time a teacher in the University of West Virginia. The book is a work on rhetoric, especially intended to illustrate by examples drawn from literature the various figures of speech. Having made this acknowledgment of indebtedness for the title of this article, I hasten to enter caveat that I am not indebted to it for anything beyond the title.

I am not sure, however, that this book does not in fact illustrate the second part of the title in a way not intended by the author. We have been amazed in studying natural history to find what prodigiously long names some surprisingly short animals have. Mark Twain once made a somewhat careful calculation as to what the result would be if the Mississippi River should be suddenly straightened out. His conclusion was that it would stick out over the Gulf of Mexico several hundreds of miles. So if some of the modestly minute creatures of the world biological should suddenly be drawn out to match their names it is doubtful whether the world would be large enough to contain them. So also when we turn to this work on rhetoric by Professor Macbeth we are impressed that if an orator should make his discourse long in proportion to the length of the names given to the various figures of speech the average life-expectancy of his hearers would need to be

* By the late Dr. J. T. McFarland.

extended if they heard him to the end. I submit to my readers, as those who have been accustomed to the use of the English language from a very early age, whether they are aware that they have been using the following rhetorical figures of speech: "squaeresis," "synezsis," "syllabification," "synechphonesis," "asynteton," "hypallage," "oxymoran," "epiphonema," "hendiadys"! I think if we should be suddenly accused of having uttered a "hypocatastasis," or an "omoiotelenton," or an "anacoenosis," we would protest that we were not in the habit of swearing; or at least not in the habit of swearing in the use of any such particularly pagan profanities as these. But there is an impressiveness and an awe-inspiring effect in terms the meanings of which are unknown. There are always such unlimited and fearful possibilities in the mysterious. That, I think, is what attaches such an undying interest to the Egyptian Sphinx. That ancient lady, it is supposed, has held a great secret back of her sealed lips for some thousands of years. It is possible that if she should find her tongue some day, and speak, the spell would be broken and the awe would cease. For there are those who have a great reputation for wisdom so long as they keep silent. I heard of a student of this kind who was described by one of his fellows as one "who looked like a dictionary and who spoke like a primer." We all recall the famous fish-woman, who had a great reputation in the use of a variegated and original vocabulary, who was put to rout by a mathematician. No one had ever been able to stand before the outbursts of this virago. She deluged and dazed them by her whirlwind of expletives and uncomplimentary characterizations. The achievements of this vocal termagant having been reported to a certain professor of mathematics, he announced his intention of trying issues with this woman on her own grounds and offered a liberal wager that he could outdo her at her own game. His friends questioned whether much learning had not made the professor mad, and warned him that he was only courting destruction. But the professor had a knowledge of the human mind as well as of mathematics, and he took the position that in the matter of expletives and epithets and maledictions the secret lay in employing terms of unknown meaning to the one against whom they were directed.

To be called something that required a long and mysterious name to express it, a name that may have in it unimagined derogation, is staggering. And so, safely assuming that this feminine volcano of vocables and terror of the fish market had no knowledge of mathematics, the professor determined to attack her with missiles drawn from his own arsenal. So one morning he strolled down into the market, inquired the price of a particular fish, sniffed his nose, and remarked that that fish was in an advanced stage of decomposition. Then the storm began to rise, and when he made a still more uncomplimentary remark about some other article of her merchandise she surveyed him from head to foot and then described him in terms that made the very eels squirm and the lobsters blush. To which the professor calmly replied by calling her "an oblique angle of an equilateral triangle." Dilated with rage, she let drive at him with a volley of expletives and a round of epithets that attracted the attention of the entire market, and then leaned forward and shook her fist at him. The professor, entirely unmoved, simply said, "Blaze away, you windy old hypotenuse of an isosceles triangle, you rhomboid trapezium, you rectangular parallelogram. Who cares for you!" Then she called up all of her reserves, calling him the "gall of a devil fish, a rotten shrimp, a tub of fish tails, a spawn of a dogfish," and so on through all the departments of fishatology, fairly gasping as she concluded. Then the professor blandly remarked, "You diagonal of a polygon, you homologous tetragon, you perimetric polyhedron, you perimeter of a trihedral parallelopipedon, you incommensurable frustrum of a pyramid!" She could stand no more. Dazed, overwhelmed by a volume of terms which she had never heard and of whose awful meanings she had no conception, she sank back on her bench, white and red with rage and awe, but speechless; and the professor, as he backed away, still looking at her with that unmoved expression, remarked, "When I call again I hope you will know better than to call me names, you truncated dexagonal prism, you directrix of a parabola, you trigonometrical function of a complementary angle, you cylindrical cone, you excentrical ellipse, you radius of an hyperbola, you—" But the woman had fainted, and ever after the sight of that professor passing through

the market reduced her to silence and fear. Not for all the world would she have his awful torrent of dreadful words turned loose on her again. Such is the power of unknown and ponderous words.

This employment of ponderous words of vast and indefinite meaning is one of the things which affords not a little diversion to the student of literature. There is apparently an almost universal propensity to this verbal bombosity. Richard Grant White, in his book Words and their Uses, says, "The curse, and the peril, of language in this day, and particularly in this country, is that it is at the mercy of men who, instead of being content to use it well according to their honest ignorance, use it ill according to their affected knowledge; who, being vulgar, would seem to be elegant; who, being empty, would seem to be full; who make up in pretense what they lack in reality; and whose little thoughts, let off in enormous phrases, sound like firecrackers under an empty barrel."

Literature—the world of books—what a vast and wonderful domain it is! We take up some book fresh from the press, artistically bound, gilt-topped, clear print, interlarded with illustrations, that a hundred years ago would have cost five times the price of the book, paged and indexed, and we glance at it, it may be idly, and curiously, and put it down and forget it. The fact is, we should touch a book with something of almost reverence and awe, for it comes to us out of so remote a past and stands for so much of the highest life of the race. Among the great mural paintings in the Library of Congress is a series of six pictures by John W. Alexander entitled "The Evolution of the Book." These pictures mark the great steps in the progress of mankind. The first is "The Cairn," in which a company of men in prehistoric time are engaged in raising a heap of bowlders to commemorate some notable event. The second represents "Oral Tradition," and consists of a scene in an Arab village in which a chieftain is relating his tale to a group of absorbed listeners. The third is "Egyptian Hieroglyphics," and shows a workman chiseling an inscription over the portal of a temple. The fourth represents "Picture Writing," and presents the American Indian painting upon a deerskin the story of his tribe. The fifth symbolizes "The Manuscript Book" and

reveals the interior of a monastery of the Middle Ages with a monk in the dim light of the arched window inscribing the current events in a great book. The sixth and last picture presents "The Printing Press" and shows us old John Gutenberg, the inventor of movable type, in his office with an assistant examining a proof sheet and discussing his great invention. To this I think might properly be added a seventh picture, representing one of our great printing offices with its linotypes and power presses, for these mighty appliances are almost as far in advance of the original handpress as the hand press was in advance of the monastic scribes. So, I say, the modern book, as it comes fresh and fair from the hands of the publisher, is a witness to a very long line of history. It has taken the human race a very tedious while to make this gilt-edged book. Back of it stand the old German Gutenberg of five hundred years ago, the savage painting on skin and rock, the Egyptian cutting his hieroglyphics in the gray granite of his monuments, the nomadic chief flushed with the recital of his tale, the pathetic monument of gathered stones reared by men just becoming conscious of a past and feeling the first promptings of a wish to preserve and pass on some record of their lives. It has been said that "a book is simply the mummy of a soul; a library is a graveyard where intellects lie buried." But a book and a library are more than that: they are a mystic incarnation of the spirit of the past. If we lay our ear to the cover of some fresh volume and listen with the mind we will hear the voices of the ages, the slow and painful marchings of the centuries, the throbbings of the hearts of the nations. The literary art is the oldest, and most universal, and the highest of all arts. Long before architecture was anything more than simply crude buildings of places of human shelter, long before sculpture and painting had made their first attempts, long before there was any method of making records of human thought, in the ballads and hymns of poets, in the impassioned speech of orators, and in the thrilling romances and narratives of the story-teller men began to throw their thoughts into the forms of literary art. Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors painted no pictures, built no temples, carved no statuary; but their skalds and bards sang the passion and glory of battle and the deeds and

greatness of their heroes. The native races as found on this continent had built for themselves no monuments in wood and stone, and lived in tents of bark and were clad in garments of skin, but their orators had learned the power of appeal and some of their songs which have been preserved have in them the music of the woods and the waterfall. There was literature before there were letters, there were verses before there were books, there were songs before there was the harp.

It is to be feared that our modern appliances for making books and the modern motives for writing books seriously threaten the debasement of books. The facility and the cheapness with which books may now be issued have made possible what could not have happened in the days when books were expensive—the sending out of a vast quantity of bad and worthless books. We boast of the magnitude of the products of our modern press, but it is a question whether ninety per cent of it might better never have been printed. Then, too, the commercial has so far taken possession of the writing and the publishing of a book that there is small chance for the serene and high thinking of the old masters, who knew that there was little chance for pecuniary reward for the best products of their genius. The dazzling possibilities of great fortune may stir men up to their best efforts in commercial enterprise and industrial and inventive skill, but that is not the kind of motive that evokes from the mind its finest fruit. It is significant that the greatest masterpieces of skill have been produced under the limitations of poverty. Literary genius cannot find its deepest and mightiest inspiration in the bank check. And along with this commercialism in authors and publishers has grown up a most unfortunate spirit in the reading public. Reading is being made too much a matter of mere amusement, a part of the dissipation and fashion of our modern life. People wait for the latest popular book as they do for the latest and most exciting play. The devil of the world of literature at the present time does business under the title of "The latest book." The time seems well at hand when the men of intellectual respect will need to make it a matter of literary conscience not to read the latest books.

Notwithstanding the almost total dearth of great writers, I

do not believe that literary genius has died out in the world. Literary genius comes for the expression of the spirit and the thought of its times; and until that spirit and thought are developed and ripened the hour for literary genius has not come. Humanity will find voice for the expression of that which is in it when the process of assimilation and ripening puts it in possession of something final and great to express. The life of humanity just now is in the ferment of a process of transition. It is passing into a new era. Vast changes are taking place. A world of new ideas is coming into the field. New social and religious ideals are taking shape. A wider world-life is developing. By the stress of great events the nations are being brought into more vital relations. Nature is taking on new and higher interest through the vast increase of knowledge concerning her interests and through the mastery of her forces. But the process is not as yet far enough advanced to make its full meaning clear. The mind of the age has not yet come into the light of its new consciousness. Until that has happened we may not expect the advent of great literary genius, for it is the function of great literary genius to give expression to the clarified consciousness of an epoch. That state will be reached by and by. In the meantime literary workmen of a lower order will speak forth the smaller and partial thought of the years, speaking as they see and hear, catching glimpses of the larger meanings in progress of unfolding, and prophesying more or less clearly of the great age that is coming on to its realization. When the time is ripe for it, when the message has been first fully written in the hearts of men, though imperfectly understood, felt by the common mind rather than put into articulate speech, the literary genius will arise and speak for the age. Some great poet will come whose soul has caught the meaning of this age of steel, and electricity, and titan enginery, and whose heart is deep and strong enough to feel and interpret the spirit of an age that is so daring and unconfined in its enterprises. And I am sure when that poet comes he will discover that underneath and thrilling through this age, that seems to be so material and unspiritual, run and flow the great currents of the soul and the far-reaching thoughts of God. The need of such a poet is ex-

pressed by Rudyard Kipling in his "McAndrew's Hymn" when he makes the old Scotch engineer of the great steamship say:

Romance! Those first-class passengers, they like it very well,
Printed and bound in little books; but why don't poets tell?
I'm sick of all their quirks and turns—the loves and doves they dream—
Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song of Steam!
To match with Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra sublime
Whaurto—uplifted like the Just—the tail rods mark the time.

Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,
To work, ye'll note, at any till and every rate of speed.
Fra' sky-light lift to furnace bars, backed, bolted, braced, and stayed,
And singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made;
While, out of touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-block says:
"Not unto us the praise o' man—not unto us the praise!"
Now a' together hear them lift their lesson—theirs an' mine:
"Law, Order, Duty, and Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!"
Mill, forge and try-pit taught them that when roarin' they arose,
And whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them with the blows.
O, for a man to weld it then, in one trip-hammer strain
Till even first-class passengers could tell the meanin' plain!
But no one cares except mysel', that serve and understand
My seven thousand horsepower here. Eh, Lord! They're grand—they're grand!"

This poet, capable of singing the "Song of Steam," will arise by and by capable also of singing the song of the mighty age of which steam is one of the most puissant servants; and when he comes the great geniuses of the past will hail him with a recognizing smile, knowing that another Peer has come to take his seat in the soul's universal House of Lords.

There is an unfailing interest in the lives and associations and the ways of men and women great in the world of letters. I was impressed with this, as I dare say many others must have been, when something like fifteen years ago I climbed to the summit of Cheyenne Mountain to look there upon a solitary grave. Thousands had gone before me, for the grave was covered by a great mound of stones each one of which had been brought and cast there by a reverent visitor. Who slept in that grave that was thus made a place of pilgrimage? A woman that had no other distinction than that she possessed the witchery of a gifted pen; that

she wrote sonnets that were like fourteen-stranded necklaces of pearls; that she wrote books that plead the cause of the weak and the despised. There are great mine owners in Colorado whose fortunes grow annually by the million, but what grave of any one of them would ever attract a thousandth part of the interest that did that lone sleeping place of Helen Hunt Jackson? We put it down as a thing always to be remembered if we have ever been permitted so much as to see a great writer. It is related that Robert Browning, walking in the streets of Paris with his little boy, saw an old man approaching in a long, loose, rather shabby coat, and with a stooping, shuffling gait. He whispered to the boy, "Touch that man as you pass him, and afterward I will tell you why." The child touched him, and then Browning said, "Now, my boy, you will always be able to remember in later years that you once saw and touched the great Beranger." Think you anyone would care, walking down Wall Street, to have his son reverently touch the garment of any millionaire, however potent in the world of money? I shall never forget the day when, on a steamer from New York to Boston, I saw, for the first and the last time, the poet Longfellow. He was wrapped in a long cape overcoat, a soft black felt hat was drawn down over his eyes, and he was leaning over the railing looking out over the sea. He must have been at the age when our most familiar picture of him was taken; his beard was full and mixed with gray, and there was that indefinable expression of refinement and gentleness in his face which we know so well. I had recited his poems when a lad in school and heard them recited again and again. I remembered the freshness of his "Song of Hiawatha," the cathedral music of his "Robert of Sicily," the sweet and rich flow of his "Psalm of Life," and I found myself, as I watched him leaning on the ship's rail looking down into the restless waters of the sea, repeating to myself the pensive lines of his "Bridge." Since then I have looked upon many men of great wealth, upon men high in civil and military life, but no face of them all is so sacred in my memory as that of Longfellow.

This comparison of the relative rank of genius and wealth recalls an unusually good pun by the pastor of the leading Uni-

tarian church in Saint Louis a number of years ago. There was a company of invited guests sitting on the ample veranda of the mansion of a millionaire pork-packer. It was a very imposing palace. It so happened that directly across the street facing this mansion was the little, unpretentious cottage of General Sherman. The preacher, calling the attention of the company to the magnificence of the residence on whose veranda they sat, and pointing across the street to the humble home of the great general, exclaimed, "Here is another proof of the fact that the pen is mightier than the sword!"

The association of the name of a great literary genius with a place gives to it an immortal interest and often adds to it a great commercial value. Stratford-on-Avon would have remained in the obscurity of a common English village but for its connection with the name of Shakespeare. As it is, three hundred thousand visitors annually pay for the privilege of entering the house in which he lived. Is there a spot in England associated with the name of any of her greatest kings to which so many pilgrims go?

No visitor who is familiar with the history of English literature would travel in England and fail to visit what is known as the Lake Region, made famous by Wordsworth and his companions in letters. An American gentleman visiting at Rydal Mount inquired of his guide whether any traditions concerning Wordsworth were preserved. "Aye; I have heard my grandfather speak of him," said the guide contemptuously. "He was not one of the gentry. He owned no estate. He was a shabby old man and lived in a cheap cottage, and went strolling and pecking about fields that did not belong to him." But those fields and hills and trees and streams did belong to the "shabby old man" in a higher sense than they did to the fat-headed, fox-hunting gentry who held the legal titles to them. And now, when the names of those same landowners are all forgotten, except it may be they are incidentally referred to in his life, all that region is lifted into an atmosphere of hallowed interest, and every year thousands of visitors seek to walk again over the ways of the master of that "cheap cottage" who went "strolling and pecking about fields that did not belong to him." Over all the country, on hill-top and meadow, on rocks

and streams, will rest forever the transfiguring light of his memory and fame.

The poet Burns was seeking for a farm to purchase. Mr. Cunningham, steward of the Lord of Dalswinton, showed him various tracts. Burns turned away from the low-lying and fertile farm of Foregirth and selected for his home the farm of Ellisland. "Mr. Burns, you have made a poet's choice, not a farmer's," said the steward. But Burns abided by his choice, for he was seeking something more than the cramped one hundred acres to which he was to receive the deed. Ellisland might not produce as large crops of wheat and potatoes as Foregirth, but it had other possibilities of production in which the poet was much more interested than wheat and potatoes, much as he needed them. From Ellisland there were great outlooks over the rich holms and the noble woods of Dalwinston and over the hills of Dunscore. Immediately beneath there was "a red scaur of considerable height overhanging the stream, and the bank of the stream was covered with broom, through which wound a greensward path, whither Burns used to retire to meditate his songs." The farming was a disastrous failure, as we might safely imagine, but while he wrought out his homely tasks he produced songs that give to all the lands of Scotland an interest and a glory second not even to the memory of Bruce and Wallace. And that rocky, unproductive farm of Ellisland will continue to be a Mecca for all travelers who have come under the spell of "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and "To a Mountain Daisy." It is, as Lowell sings in his poem "The Landlord":

> What boot your houses and your lands?
> In spite of close-drawn deed and fence,
> Like water 'twixt your cheated hands,
> They slip into the graveyard's sands
> And mock your ownership's pretense.
>
> Fence as you please, this plain poor man,
> Whose only fields are in his wit,
> Who shapes the world as best he can
> According to God's higher plan,
> Owns you, and fences as is fit.

There is a general sense in which the whole realm of literature is charged with mirth. The soul of literature is that of

cheerfulness and kindliness, and hopefulness. There is a light of smiles playing forever over the face of the best literature as the sunlight flashes from the breeze-stirred surface of a lake. Deep in the heart of literature is the spirit of laughter, the spirit of song; for literature is optimistic, and it looks out upon life in its larger views with joy. To me the realm of literature in this respect is like the realm of nature. Nature, to a mind that approaches her with openness and normal sensibilities, is always full of cheer and gladness. She has her dark aspects, her deep and melancholy moods, her sighs and moans and tears; but nevertheless we know that the dominant spirit of nature is that of cheerfulness. We go to her for the revival of our depressed spirits, for the dissipation of our clouds, for the absorption of our sadness, for the healing of our hurts. And she never disappoints us. A half hour in a daisy field; a walk knee-deep through clover bloom; a pause by that miracle in white and green and crystal, a lily pond; a quarter of an hour by some secluded hedgerow, listening to the music of the thrush, or by the marge of some brake to feel the witchery of the bob-o-link's ecstatic trills, or on some wooded hill to hear the silvery whistle of the brilliant cardinal; a walk through the woods in the springtime, when the mossy ground is lush under your feet and the air is filled with the pungent balsam of bursting buds; or a walk through the same woods in autumn when the nuts are falling and the vines swing in scarlet festoons from the trees, and the foliage runs the whole gamut of colors from faintest grays to resplendent crimson and gold; or a tramp through the same forest again in winter, when the snow lies twenty inches deep and soft as down about the feet of the great trees, and covering every branch and twig with a gently clinging enamel as brilliant as if it were powdered diamond dust; a half-day's loitering along the banks of some river, or on the shores of some lake, watching the current hurrying gladly on, or the waves wind-stirred and sun-kissed; a climb up some mountainside, every stage of which gives an outlook of increasing wonder, and from the summit of which you from sheer excess of joy—all these, and ten thousand other avenues and phases of the great world, show us that God has put the spirit of a great joy at the heart of nature.

Now something like this I find in literature. The mirth of literature is not simply in what we call its wit and humor. That is a very small part of it. Rather it is the gladness, the buoyancy, the happiness of literature. Literature in its higher ranges is the product of genius, and genius is almost universally exuberant. So it comes to pass that in great literature there is a deep mirth like the mirth of nature, a spring of perpetual laughter that has its source in the hills of hope. One may make excursions into literature as he would into the fields and forests, and he will return from them refreshed and heartened and glad.

Of the mirth of literature in the narrower sense, that is, of wit and humor proper, our recent and present writings lack the fine flavor of the older authors. There was genial warmth and kindliness in the old eighteenth-century essayists, Steele, and Addison, and Johnson, and Goldsmith, that we do not find in our modern humorists and wits. There is a richness and quietness of good nature and wholesome wit in Irving that we miss in our current writings. There is, coming still nearer, a refinement and dignity and moderation in Lowell and Holmes which we sorely miss in the books of the hour. Is this not the truth as to the literary wit and humor of the present day—it is lacking in delicacy, it is too broad? It grows out of the temper of our times. We are running to dissipation in our reading as in so much else. We are not content to smile, but want to laugh; and not to laugh moderately, but to explode. It is the difference between the continued and chastened enjoyment that brings the twinkle to the eye, that breaks occasionally into the broad smile or produces at intervals the low gurgle of the scarcely audible chuckle, and the shout of laughter, the side-splitting convulsion that brings tears to the eyes. It is the difference between a company of genial and congenial folk of refined tastes in whose social gatherings there is always a spirit of warmth, who chaff and banter kindly and wittily, and whose speech has always a sparkle, and a company of rioters whose boisterous laughter and loud guffaws shake the rafters. It is the difference between rare old wine, mellowed and softened by years, sipped slowly and moderately, not for its intoxicating power, but for the very fineness and richness of its flavor, which is to the

taste what subdued and fine-toned music is to the ear, and the fiery draught of the fresh product of the still, swallowed by the glassful and at a gulp, and taken not at all for its flavor, but for the very quickness and fierceness of its intoxicating power.

There is a proverb that "he who laughs last laughs longest." But in the literary sense it is true that he laughs longest who laughs moderately. Mirth is too precious an article to be continually blown off in explosions and eruptions of laughter. If so wasted, like oil gushes and gas wells unrestrained, it is sure to exhaust the deposit in due time. There are few sadder things to see than a superannuated laugher, one who once laughed boisterously and on the smallest provocation, but who has lost the power to laugh. The mouth of such a man is a sort of extinct volcano of mirth, a melancholy sight to look upon. It is a great thing to learn the art of laughing inwardly. Such laughter bubbles up on the soul like a subterranean spring, keeping fresh the very roots of all thoughts and feelings. Laughing geysers are likely to throw up mire and dirt. We love best and return most frequently to those writers who touch the strings of mirth in our hearts deftly and gently rather than those who strike them into loud twangs and sudden roars. You can reproduce again the pleasure of the quiet, genial humorist who simply suffuses you with a warm sense of mirth, but you can never bring on again by repeated readings the spasm of hilarity which made you cry out like Boyet in "Love's Labor's Lost," "O, I'm stabbed with laughter." Though it be for the hundredth time, we experience the same warming of the cockles of our hearts as when at first we read Addison's "Sir Roger de Coverly." You remember how you roared and exploded and slapped your knees when you first read David Harum's account of the way he beat the deacon in the horse trade, or his tragical experience with the soft-boiled egg in the home of his rich friend at Newport. But when you have read that horse story some twenty times, your laugh, I warrant, if it comes at all, will be a horse-laugh; and the egg, I pledge you, if you take it up too frequently, will have grown dangerously stale.

Henry Drummond said: "To fall in love with a good book is one of the greatest events that can befall. It is to have a new in-

fluence pouring itself into our life, a new teacher to inspire and refine us, a new friend to be by our side always, who, when life grows narrow and weary, will take us into his wider, calmer, and higher world." What a noble and suggestive characterization of literature was that given by Henry Fielding when he called it "The Republic of Letters"! In this republic there is but one speech, the speech of genius; from its domain there is no bar of exclusion but the bar of ignorance. It is a republic of peace. Its arsenals are the great libraries, its artillery the printing press, its fleets the argosies of undying thoughts, its commerce the interchange of the products of great minds, its laws the eternal principles of truth and beauty. It is a republic that knows nothing of political boundaries, that is undisturbed in the world-wide intercourse of its citizens by the feuds of race or the clash of arms. Germany and France may fight, but Goethe and Schiller and Hugo and Balzac remain friends. Spain and the United States may be at war, but Averroës and Cervantes are ours, and Prescott and Motley are theirs. Political England may have no friend on all the continent of Europe, but literary England is welcomed wherever the names of Milton and Shakespeare are known.

"Give me a great thought," said Herder, "that I may live on it." Literature is the unwasting treasury of great thoughts on which the soul may feed and grow into larger life. Companionship with a great author draws the soul out to higher stature. Said an eminent Frenchman two hundred years ago, "When I read Homer I feel as if I were twenty feet high." Some writer has described Voltaire as one who "lived long, wrote much, laughed heartily, and died." With slight modification that would be a summary of life of which any man might be proud if he had fairly earned it. We are not all authors, and so it cannot be said of everyone at the end, "He wrote much," but might it not be said of everyone, "He lived long, worked faithfully, read much, laughed heartily, and died"?

THE ARENA

GROWTH OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH BY DECADES[1]

The Bishops

In 1800 the Methodist Episcopal Church had three bishops, 18 district superintendents, 287 preachers, and 64,894 members. At the same time the census bureau reports a total population to be served in the United States of 5,305,952.

In 1910, one hundred and ten years later, there were 29 bishops, 570 district superintendents, 17,773 ministers, 3,010,066 church members in a census population of 91,972,266.

In 1800, there was one bishop for every 6 district superintendents, 96 ministers, 21,631 church members, and 1,768,651 in the census population. In 1910, there was one bishop for every 19 district superintendents, 612 ministers, 103,795 church members, and every 3,171,463 of the census population. To make these statistics more impressive you will note the comparison in table below.

	Dist. Supts. for each Bishop	Ministers for each Bishop	Members for each Bishop	Population for each Bishop
1800.....	6	96	21,631	1,768,651
1910.....	19	612	103,795	3,171,463

When it is remembered that some of the 29 bishops in 1910 were permanently stationed in foreign fields, and others gave much time to these fields, while the figures given above represent only the membership and population in the United States, it will be seen that several bishops might be added to the number above to make fair comparison in 1910. Even as figures are given above each bishop had under his care three times as many district superintendents, six times as many preachers, five times as many church members, and two times as many in the total census population in 1910 as each bishop had in 1800. The number of bishops at each decade since 1800 has been as follows:

1800..... 3	1840..... 5	1880..... 9
1810..... 2	1850..... 6	1890.....18
1820..... 3	1860..... 6	1900.....24
1830..... 4	1870..... 8	1910.....29

From these figures it will be seen that the greatest increase has been from nine in 1880 to 29 in 1910. Limitation of space prevents a discussion of the causes which worked for increasing or decreasing the ratio of bishops to the work to be done. The bare facts and figures are presented and each reader is left to draw his own conclusions.

It does seem that when the board is small in proportion to other departments of the church service there is a cry from the critics of "too

[1] Due credit should be given to Dr. O. S. Baketel, Editor of the Methodist Year Book, and to the Census Bureau at Washington, for assistance in special research and statistics on which this paper is based.

much power in too few men." When the number is increased some of the very same critics are quick to cry, "Too many men for the work." One thing is very clear, and that is, we could have eighty-seven bishops to-day and the number would not be larger in proportion to other departments than it was in 1800. Of course this will not be done, but it suggests facts and figures for consideration.

District Superintendents

The district superintendent in Methodism has frequently been called "The Hub of the Wheel." No office in Methodism has aroused so much discussion as the office of presiding elder or district superintendent. It has produced more division of opinion than any other office in all the quadrenniums and decades. The number of district superintendents by decades since 1800 has been:

1800..... 18	1840.....144	1880.....504
1810..... 39	1850.....190	1890.....533
1820..... 60	1860.....322	1900.....581
1830.....101	1870.....458	1910.....570

From a brief study it would seem that when the bishops increase the district superintendents decrease or grow slowly, and when the bishops increase slowly or not at all the district superintendents increase rapidly. It is suggestive to note that the increase in district superintendents for a period of forty years from 1830 to 1870 was from 101 in 1830 to 458 in 1870—a net gain of 357 district superintendents in forty years, while there was a gain of only four in the number of bishops. In the next forty years, from 1870 to 1910, the gain was from 458 in 1870 to 570 in 1910—a gain of only 112 against a net gain of 357 in the preceding forty years. It is still more suggestive to note that from the figures at hand it would seem that the decade from 1900 to 1910 shows an actual decrease of eleven district superintendents. I have not yet been able to locate the cause and place. During this last period of twenty years the bishops have increased from 8 to 29—a net gain of 21.

In 1800 there was one district superintendent for every 16 preachers, 3,605 church members, and 294,774 of the census population. In 1910 there was one district superintendent for every 31 preachers, 5,280 church members, and 161,004 of the census population. The table below makes the comparison plainer.

	Preachers for each Dist. Supt.	Ch. Members for each Dist. Supt.	Population for each Dist. Supt.
1800	16	3,605	294,774
1910	31	5,280	161,004

These figures show that for each district superintendent the population has decreased, but the ministers and church members have about doubled. The ratio of district superintendents always seems greatest in pioneer work and smallest in the old and organized work. The growth of the office was greatest in pioneer days. Doubtless, Methodism owes more to this office for her development in pioneer days than to any other

branch of the service. It was this official who opened up new work and could gain a footing when other denominations failed. To this office is due the fact that scarcely a railroad station, or post office can be found in the United States without a Methodist church. Whether the future will find a substitute or different system of work so as to abolish the office, the historian who writes a hundred years from now the history and place of the district superintendent in early Methodism will doubtless place him as the hub which held the wheel of Methodism together and without which it could never have accomplished its mighty work.

Number of Ministers

Have we too many preachers? Have we too many churches? Let us see. In 1800 there were 287 Methodist preachers in the United States, or one for every 226 church members. In 1910, 17,773 preachers, or one for every 169 members. As there were so many local preachers not counted as members of the Conference, but doing the work of a preacher on big circuits, and as the people in those days were content to take preaching once or twice a month on the great circuits, whereas almost every church now wants to be a station with preaching twice a Sunday, it would be better to take the following figures of a more recent date.

	Ministers	Church Members	Members for each Minister
1860	6,967	858,249	123
1870	9,094	1,222,067	134
1910	17,773	3,010,066	169

These figures show fewer ministers in proportion to church members than were working a generation ago. That is, each minister has a larger number of members under his care and likewise a larger number of members to support his church than in the days of our fathers. As compared with population, statistics show 9,094 ministers in 1870 for a population of 38,558,371, or one minister for every 4,228 of the census population. In 1910 we find 17,773 preachers for a population of 91,972,266, or one preacher for each 5,174 of the census population, against one for each 4,228 in 1870. That is, each preacher is responsible to get the gospel to nearly one thousand more people to-day than forty years ago. These facts are worthy of careful consideration and should at once silence the cry of too many reapers in the harvest field. They should indeed awaken deep prayer for more reapers for white harvest fields. These do not show that the church is losing ground. That question will be studied under church membership, where it will be seen that church membership is rapidly gaining on the population. These figures do show that the church is using less men in proportion to its membership for preachers than forty years ago. They do show that there are less preachers for the population than forty years ago and that each preacher is now responsible for nearly a thousand more of the population than he was at that time. They do show that the cry of too many ministers is cowardly, false, and selfish. That it is the cry of ignorance is proven by the

facts given above. The falsity of the cry should be given the widest publicity to enable truth to catch up with error.

It is only fitting that the increased duties of the minister should also be noted. In the old days the senior and junior preacher started out the year with a dozen sermons each, preaching once a month at each church on his circuit the same sermon, using up the dozen in a year. He was called upon for little else save to preach and hold the revival and baptize the children who were brought to him in the church or on the camp ground.

To-day a modern church is one of the most complicated organizations in existence, and the successful pastor must know every detail. The modern Sunday school, with all of its complicated departments, is a greater tax on a preacher to-day than a whole circuit was a century ago, when they had no Sunday schools. Added to this is the Epworth League, with a half dozen departments and a half dozen divisions in each. The Ladies' Aid, the temperance society, the sewing circle, the reading club, the ushers' union, the athletic association, the Boy Scouts, etc., along with tenfold greater demands from the people as a pastor, make the modern preacher wish for a year of the good old times when preachers had time to think. The number of preachers for each decade has been:

1800..... 287	1840.....2,263	1880.....11,972
1810..... 616	1850.....4,129	1890.....12,471
1820..... 904	1860.....6,967	1900.....15,384
1830.....1,900	1870.....9,094	1910.....17,773

MEMBERSHIP

Is the membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church growing faster than the population? The pessimist says, "No." The optimist says, "Yes." Let us note the facts. Like a study of our ministers, comparison should be made for decades after the Methodist Protestant Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, withdrew and organized separate branches, in the first half of the last century. Notwithstanding the great losses by the withdrawal of these branches, the growth of the Methodist Episcopal Church by decades shows a great and steady increase. As compared with population we note:

	Members	Population
1800	64,894	5,305,962
1810	174,576	7,239,814
1820	256,881	9,638,131
1830	476,153	12,886,920
1840	580,098	17,063,353
1850	689,182	23,191,876
1860	858,249	31,279,853
1870	1,222,067	38,558,371
1880	1,537,546	50,155,783
1890	2,014,294	62,622,250
1900	2,549,021	75,994,575
1910	3,010,066	91,972,266

The above figures show in 1850, after the withdrawal of the other branches of Methodism, one church member for every thirty-four persons

in the population. In 1880 they show one member for every thirty-two in population, and in 1910 one for every thirty in population. Of course these figures do not include any of the sixteen smaller branches of Methodism. When it is remembered that immigrants, chiefly from Catholic countries, have been increasing the population in recent years at the rate of a million a year, it is great encouragement to know that in spite of this fact this single branch of the Christian church has been gaining on the population at the rate of nearly one for each decade, and the rate of gain seems to have been steady. It is still more encouraging when it is remembered that all branches of a united Methodism in 1800 had only one member for every eighty-two persons in the census population, while the main body alone has one member for each 30 in population to-day. If we take the communicant members of all branches as given in the year 1913, forming a total membership of 6,905,095 we will find one communicant member for every thirteen in population as compared with one member for every eighty-two in the census population of 1800.

These figures do not include the Methodist adherents. It is estimated that there are about four adherents who are baptized, married, and buried by the church for every communicant. This number would give a total Methodist population of about thirty millions. It is not my purpose to reenter into these details. My object has been to show the comparative growth of Methodist bishops, district superintendents, ministers, and membership as compared with each other and with the census population by decades since 1800, or in the good old days of Asbury, Lee, Garrettson, Whatcoat, and the Father of Methodism. The pessimist who cries, "Things are not like they used to be!" should get his facts straight, become an optimist, and sing the double doxology. At least he should be discreetly silent in the face of the above facts.

From these brief studies it will be seen that (1) we have about two thirds as many bishops in proportion to our membership as in 1800; (2) that we have only about one half as many district superintendents in proportion to our membership as at that time, and that the increase in their number was great from that time till 1870 and small after 1870; that the increase in number of the bishops was small in the time between 1800 and 1870 and largest since the latter date; (3) that all branches of Methodism show nearly six times as many communicant members to-day for each thousand in the population as they had in 1800.

Richardson Park, Del. W. C. Poole.

FARSIGHTEDNESS

Do you hear a great wail rolling in upon us from every side, "Why are rural churches decadent?" I answer, the reason is "Farsightedness." Jesus said to his disciples, "Look around about you, for the fields are already white to the harvest."

Many of the pastors and members of our rural churches are afflicted

with distant vision. They cannot see distinctly the harvest field in the midst of which their church is located. Their training is at fault. They have been taught that sin is rampant in the city, that lack of belief in God's Word and disregard of his teachings is startlingly common in foreign lands. They have looked so long and so earnestly at these conditions that their vision has become distorted and they are afflicted with farsightedness. Jesus did not tell his disciples to look beyond the distant mountains or across the sea, but rather to look "round about" them.

The rural church that would become the power and occupy the place in the community that God intended that his church should, must study its immediate neighborhood, its life, the ideals of its people, their likes and dislikes, and what things appeal to them, and what things do not appeal to them. We must find the men and women who are out of Christ, and having found them we must set ourselves at the problem—how can we reach them?

There are scores of children of whom Jesus said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," within the reach of our rural Sunday schools and churches who know not the name of this same Jesus unless it be used as an oath. Where are our Sunday schools? Are they awake? Let the workers go out into the byways and hedges and compel them to come in. There is no compulsion so effective as the compulsion of love. There is no more effective way of demonstrating this love to them than to study and plan for our Sunday schools that they may be made attractive to and meet the needs of those living within the radius of their activities. "As the twig is bent so will the tree be inclined." It is worth while to bend these twigs toward the church. It can be done if we put the thought and study into the work of the Sunday school, making it of such kind and quality that it will appeal to and meet the needs of their life.

Let us correct our vision so that we may be enabled to see the needs and opportunities which lie around our own church.

Tarkio, Mo. E. L. Spiller.

REFLECTIONS ARISING FROM A REVIEW OF THE REVIEW

[Inserted in the absence and without the knowledge of the Editor.—O. S. Baketel]

I have lately taken it in hand to go over again the volumes of the Review, a prized portion of my library, reaching back very nearly to the beginning of the magazine. I have not attempted, of course, to devour them completely, but have given them all a pretty close survey and have dipped in here and there where there seemed to be good food, finding some very choice bits. These ninety-six volumes make a most valuable and diversified collection of literature. In the early days, to be sure, there being no remuneration to contributors and the church having raised up as yet very few writers, the very editorship indeed being merged with other positions, the contents are meager and often insipid. Mere easy summaries of unimportant books take up too large a portion of the space.

Even in the forties, with Dr. George Peck as editor, we find such mistakes as fifty pages given to an article on "Fourierism"; "Tappan's Logic" reviewed to the extent of 35 pages, almost as much room devoted to "Elements of Algebra," "Landscape Gardening," and similar themes. Mediocrity and the commonplace chiefly rule the hour. But with the advent of Dr. John McClintock, in 1848, things took a decided turn for the better, and they have been improving pretty steadily ever since; although even as late as 1893 Bishop Goodsell opines, in a REVIEW article, that our church "is weak in the number of her authors and timid in the discussion of great matters in the periodicals." He says, "She needs more learning and breadth, greater moral integrity, greater steadiness and fullness of the religious life."

For the last six years a goodly array of the very highest names in Methodism have contributed their best thoughts to the REVIEW. Very many of those who later became Bishops are in the number, particularly Warren, Wiley, Hurst, G. Haven, E. O. Haven, Mallalieu, Foster, Vincent; also Professors W. F. Warren, F. N. Newhall, Hyde, Mercein, Townsend, Terry, Harmon, Miley, Winchell, Winchester, Kuhns, Abel Stevens, Joseph Cummings, Daniel Curry, and many others of like caliber. Professor Hyde has been writing in these pages for nearly fifty years.

It is interesting to note Professor Bowne's very first article, in April, 1874, when he was still a student at Halle, twenty-seven years old. It is a thirty-page review of Strauss, full of keen sarcasm, followed, two years later, by a similarly sharp critique of the "Cosmic Philosophy of Herbert Spencer and John Fiske." These were but the forerunners of a series of contributions—"Some Objections to Theism," "Ethics of Evolution," "The Logic of Religious Belief," "Significance of the Body for Mental Action," "Natural and Supernatural," "Speculative Significance of Freedom," Philosophical Idealism," "Aberrant Moralizers," "Morality and Life," "Jesus or Christ"—which continued at short intervals until his decease to be followed, in 1911, by an article on "The Literary Style of Bowne" from the pen of President Guth.

A student of the times can learn much in looking over these volumes as to the progress of thought, the march of improvement in many ways, and the perils of prognostication. For example, both Dr. E. O. Haven, in 1878, and Dr. Buckley, in 1880, declared with the utmost positiveness that "the doing away with the time limit will destroy the itinerancy," "if the limitation were removed the itinerancy would at once and forever break down." But after fifteen years of the experiment the itinerancy seems to be in full as healthy a condition as it was before and gives no signs of dissolution. Dr. Whedon in 1869 prophesied the disappearance of the Negro from our territory. "The proportion of colored faces to white before our children leave the stage will be one twentieth, and when our whites reach one hundred millions, the sables and tawnies will probably fall below six millions." But they are nearly twice that now. The same astute editor in 1870 denounced what he called "the secession movement" which was starting Boston University, and declared "to divide the strength of New England Methodism between two universities for at

least a century is to destroy our educational position." But that it has not been destroyed or even injured everybody now sees. Dr. Hiram Mattison in 1868 prophesied a religious war between Romanist and Protestant in this country within twenty years. But he was corresponding secretary of the American and Foreign Christian Union, and so was unduly excited over the matter by looking exclusively at one side, as people in such official positions are apt to do. He asserts "that the Papal church is the Man of Sin described by Saint Paul is beyond all controversy," a position which multitudes of the ablest Protestant exegetes consider to have no foundation whatsoever.

Literary tastes and opinions are subject to the widest conceivable variations. In 1833 a poem in twelve books, after the manner of Milton, on "The Messiah's Kingdom," published by The Methodist Book Concern, is highly praised by the editor and cordially recommended to his readers. In 1847 the editorial review of the poems of William W. Lord predicted for him "an honorable rank among our native poets." Dr. Mendenhall, in March, 1889, endeavoring to show that England had no living poets, called Robert Browning "an unread line-writer." This was a few months before Browning's death, when his immortal product was complete and he was read by all who could recognize genuine poetry. The same editor in the same year calls Charles Wesley "the first of Christian poets in the world," thereby putting him above Dante, to say nothing of a multitude of others very much his superior. Absurdity could scarcely go further. With similar obtuseness or prejudice Dr. Whedon in 1880 calls Thomas Carlyle a charlatan and "a mere vociferator," "a determined sensationalist, bent on racketty notoriety," "a stupendous bubble"; his admirers are accounted fools.

Some opinions other than literary which appear in these pages with high indorsement awaken our astonishment now. In 1886 Daniel Curry heartily approves William Taylor's queer theories on mission work, which even then were perceived by more discerning and judicious minds to be baseless, and which a few years demonstrated to be so. Dr. D. D. Lore, in April, 1858, writes, "Why should Methodism turn away from this home field in which she has proved so adaptive, to experiment in untried and unblest fields far away." Why, indeed, except that she felt the call to obey her Lord and give the gospel to the heathen? In 1845 Gaussen's Theopneusty, which taught distinctly that the writers of the Bible were simply amanuenses setting down the words which God dictated to them, was heartily indorsed by the editor. As late as 1904 an article on Mexico, speaking of the rule of Diaz, terms it "an enlightened and progressive despotism," "a power used wisely and benevolently for the good of the many." Recent events have disproved this.

That in those long-ago times conditions were by no means considered ideal and that the days preceding that epoch were as freely appealed to as now those days are is a noteworthy fact. As far back as 1832 the editor referred to "the most lamentable waste of time in the General Conference," preventing in some cases any consideration of important business. In 1848 a writer declares the church is not what it once was,

the preachers are not as pious, not as careful in the examination of character. In 1861 M. Emery Wright accounts the modern camp meeting a failure, secularized by efforts to popularize the proceedings and by the introduction of family tents, degraded to the level of a mammoth picnic, scarcely likely to survive the folly of its friends although it has conquered the hostility of its enemies. In 1862 a layman, R. A. West, Esq., of New York, deplores the distressing fact that "three quarters of the members willfully and habitually neglect attendance at class and yet are not laid aside for breach of our rules."

A few other singularities, a few out of many, may fittingly find room here. The first article in January, 1857, is headed, "Remains of Sir William Hamilton," meaning his literary works. In 1853 choirs, organs, and Gothic churches are held up to reprobation as three stages of religious declension. In 1873 Professor George Prentice has ninety-three pages (in three issues) on Theodore Parker and forty-six pages more on Emerson in 1875. A specimen of the vigor with which Dr. Whedon could express himself is afforded by his remark in an article (July, 1876) reviewing the recent General Conference: "The soft-brained brother who proposes to mutilate the Apostles' Creed by abolishing that grand old word catholic put in his usual quadrennial appearance, illustrating how enduring is the generation of innocents."

Especially pertinent, could they be published at the present time, would be Dr. Albert S. Long's article in 1871 on "The Slavic Races," an article on Illyrian or Slavic Literature, by Professor G. F. Comfort, in 1863, a piece on "Panslavism," by one of our Bulgarian preachers, Thomoff, in 1892, and "The Muscovite and the Teuton," by Professor Wells, of Union College, in 1870. The latter says, "The Germans fear the Russian desire of conquest as much as that of the French; the day may not be far distant when these two countries will join hands to oppress Germany; it would not be the first time." Professor Armstrong's article on Germany, its autocracy and militarism, in September, 1912, finds full confirmation in recent events.

Very prominently in the volumes of the last twenty years stand out the magnificent articles by Bishop Quayle, a marvelous series: "The Gentleman in Literature," "Jean Valjean," "Shakespeare's Men," "The Debt of the Republic to the Preacher," "Preacher and Poet," "The Literature of Devotion," "The Literature of Nature," "Preaching or Preacher," "The Uncommon Commonplace," "Tennyson's Men," "A Poet Chrysostom," "Nec Timeo," "On Reading Beautiful Books," etc. Equally marvelous and magnificent are the unsurpassed editorials of Dr. Kelley, with which he has greatly delighted his readers, embracing such titles as "Trees and Men," "Beside the Sea," "Down the Road," "Foreign Travel," "God's Tenderest Promise," "Humility," "Rewards of Life in the Ministry," "The Bible as a Strain of Music," "Values in Browning," "The Open Fire," "The Double Sky," "The Illumined Face," "R. W. Gilder," "Boss Tweed," "Oscar Wilde," "Walt Whitman," "The Pilgrim of the Infinite." Is there any other church which has among its leaders two such masters of style as Kelley and Quayle? I greatly doubt it. The improvement of the

Review in these later years over what it used to be, over what it was even twenty-five or thirty years ago, is simply amazing.

Available space does not permit further reflections and quotations, although they might be extended almost indefinitely. The lapse of sixty, seventy, eighty years, or even of a smaller number, puts much that was once considered wisdom in a singular light. A single century marks immense differences in many directions. Doubtless our grandchildren will wonder as greatly at some things which now appear all right as we do at some of the positions of our grandfathers.

Malden, Mass. James Mudge.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE PREJUDGMENTS OF THE PUBLIC PRESS

The value of the public press in exposing wrong must be conceded, but it seems to the writer that advance judgments in the public press, sometimes in the editorial columns, of cases that will come up for trial before judicial tribunals of cases expressed by are much to be regretted. During the past few months notorious crimes have been committed which have attracted great attention, and there have been instances where the guilt of the person charged seems clear enough to an editorial writer to warrant such expression. It is the great Magna Charta of our civilization that every supposed criminal should be tried by a jury of his peers, who are assumed to be without favoritism and to express an impartial judgment. The announcement of a prejudgment by a responsible journal cannot fail to do serious damage. The newspapers are widely read, and it is almost incredible that the great majority of intelligent people who are likely to be called as jurors will not be impressed by the influence of an important paper. Because of this it is often difficult to get a jury. If one of the proposed jurors declares on examination that he has never heard of the case there is a presumption that he is not a man of sufficient intelligence to sit in judgment on one of his fellow citizens. If he has read about it, and formed an opinion, he is rejected because of prejudices which he may have attained beforehand. So that to get an impartial jury is exceedingly difficult and the decision of the jurors is often a subject of criticism. This leads many persons to feel that it is impossible to secure justice even by the enlightened method of procedure which it is acknowledged our judicial processes are intended to provide. In a recent important legal case one newspaper gave the names of prominent persons who held the opinion that there was no evidence of guilt of the party accused, and on the other hand another paper cited eminent authority to show that from the evidence it seemed clear that the person was guilty. These papers were widely circulated and served to confuse the public mind, and indirectly, though unintentionally, to prevent the courts from doing justice.

The question will at once arise whether on the whole this form of publicity does not help in the maintenance of justice; but it seems to the writer that an excess of attention is given to such cases and that all the ends of publicity would be secured if the facts were squarely stated without enlargement and without unnecessary repetition. If the case be a sensational one the press sometimes clings to it for weeks and seems to make the most of it for the mere purpose of adding to their circulation. The prejudgments in the public press have a wider application than the administration of legal justice. They affect also questions of public interest both scholastic and practical. Even on questions of criticism prejudgment positively expressed, where the proof is not absolute and complete, is often calculated to do harm. In matters of religion it not unfrequently happens that problems which are in a state of unrest, and concerning which no decisive verdict can be rendered, are treated as if there were no other view than the one which the writer states. This is apt to mislead public sentiment and often to do serious damage to the truth. It is not contended in this paper that men should have no positive convictions, and that the press should not make positive statements. There are fundamental beliefs which each branch of the church should hold on which the church has made pronouncements, and which are recognized as fundamental truths, where the press which represents those views should speak positively and unequivocally, but in doing so the writer should always treat with courtesy those with whom he has occasion to differ. To hold the proper balance between dogmatic statement and brotherly criticism is a thing much to be desired and each should never question the integrity of the other.

The prejudgments of the press are often exhibited in a way which does great injury to individual reputations, a damage which cannot be recalled. To publish as a fact a mere rumor affecting the reputation of individuals seems a trifling thing to the press, but to the person accused in such a broad manner it is of the utmost seriousness. The writer has in mind an instance in which an accusation which had no foundation whatever in fact was brought against a friend of his. When he went to the great newspaper who published it to ask an explanation he was very courteously met and told by the responsible editor that he was very sorry it had been published, and if the person aggrieved would write a statement of the case he would cheerfully put it in the paper; he then added: "Don't you think it would be sooner forgotten if no further reference is made to it?" The damage, however, had been done, and the impression it had made upon the reading public could never be effaced. Would it not have been kinder, and absolutely right, if the editor had verified the rumor before publication? Such verification is due to the honor of the press as well as essential to the safety of the people. We may not multiply instances; the importance of the subject to which we have called attention is evident on every hand. The press is a mighty engine for good or evil. Wisely used, its blessings are boundless; badly used, the injury which it works cannot be told in any language which the writer can employ. Within the recent years this subject has assumed

an importance never previously occupied. All great movements employ the press. Institutions of learning, benevolent enterprises, as well as great business interests, have their press agents, and they serve to control public opinion with respect to the subjects involved. There is great danger of overstatement as well as of understatement. Many eminent men have been very hostile to the press as an instrument of civilization for such reasons as are here stated and for others. They have believed that its influence on the whole was injurious to the welfare of the people and a hindrance to human progress. We cannot accept this view of the case. What it has done for the instruction, for the enlargement of the views of men and women, for morality and for justice, constitutes a proof of its value which cannot be contradicted. The writer is not an expert on the subject of which he has written, but he is confident that valuable as is the press, among the things which should be remedied is its unwise use of prejudgment.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

DR. SANDAY A MODERNIST

THE designation Modernist, though having been used for several years in both Catholic and Protestant churches, especially in the former, is not as easily defined as might appear at first sight. As with many other terms, it would be easier to say what Modernism is not than what it really is. As applied to several men who are classed as Modernist, it will be readily seen that its application is relative and not uniform. In general we may say that a Modernist is a man who has cut loose in a conspicuous manner from his old conservative moorings and is struggling for new light in the tangled maze of speculation, professing to accept the new teachings of a more enlightened and scientific age. In this sense all true scholars are Modernists; just as every earnest student of Holy Writ is a higher critic, using all his critical acumen to decide questions of authorship, age, purpose, and composition of the several books of the Old and New Testaments. But, as with the terms Higher Critic, Rationalist, and Modernist, too, there is something obnoxious to the average Christian. Thus, few orthodox or conservative Bible scholars would care to be classified under any of the above three terms, notwithstanding that all three are *per se* honorable designations and should embrace all up-to-date scholars.

But as there are higher critics and higher critics, there are too Modernists and Modernists. So we shall not attempt an exact definition. We may, however, say, without injustice to any, that a Modernist of the Anglican Church type is one who insists upon a restatement of the creeds, especially such as are becoming more and more convinced that the Christian religion need no longer appeal to the miraculous element in the Bible, and that the creed should have nothing in it to which a scientific

mind could object. Here it might be stated that the Church has always had scores of the greatest scientists, who have humbly accepted the central truths of Christianity. The advanced Modernist, like the advanced historical critic, insists upon eliminating what he calls the unnatural in religion, while talking in a vague and misty way of the supernatural. He boldly declares that the passages in the Bible recording the so-called nature-miracles—for example, feeding of the five thousand—cannot be regarded as historical, but must be classed as legendary, with symbolical, spiritual lessons.

The latest notable addition to the ranks of the Modernists is Dr. William Sanday, professor of New Testament at Oxford and one of the canons of Christ Church of the same city. It is needless to say that the defection of Dr. Sanday has caused exceeding great surprise and deepest concern in the Anglican Church; and well it might, for Dr. Sanday had been regarded for many years as one of the strong pillars in the temple of Anglican conservatism. His reasoning had always been lucid and candid, his conclusions fair and logical, and his arguments so sincere and convincing as to gain the confidence and respect of thoughtful theologians everywhere. There never has been, nor is there to-day, any doubt as to the honesty and sincerity of the man or of the saintliness of his character and life. It is these facts which make it difficult to understand and realize the change which has come over such a scholar at his time of life—for he is past threescore years and ten. And yet his conversion to Modernism has not been exactly gradual or quite complete. He says: "It is only within the last two years—or rather through a process of thought spreading over the last two years—that I have been led to go, or come to feel inclined to go, as far as some of them [Modernists] do. I am not sure that I shall go quite as far." Professor Sanday insists that what has taken place in him is not a change, but a development of thought, and adds that he may have been subconsciously influenced by younger men, like Professor Lake and Mr. J. M. Thompson, both out-and-out Modernists, and this in spite of the fact that in the recent past he has argued against their teachings and still finds much to criticize in their writings. Then he adds significantly, "Still the dart sticks in the sides."

The conservatives, very naturally, are grieved at the loss of such a stanch ally. And yet the fact that a man in his seventy-first year, no matter how scholarly or saintly, should change his views does not necessarily argue for soundness of faith nor logical sanity of mind. Such a change will neither add to nor take away one iota from the eternal verities of the religion of Jesus Christ. He had a perfect right to change his views. But no one can reasonably conclude that Dr. Sanday was in the wrong for the past forty years, and that this change just made was an emergence into the light of day just now. A man may be pious, saintly, sincere, and mentally strong and yet be on the wrong side of an issue. But whatever may be said of this change or development of thought in Professor Sanday, it must be granted that he has had the courage of his convictions, for it requires no small courage for a man of his age and ability to break loose from former ties and pleasant associations. There was no need of his

declaring himself at this time. He was not suspected of any doctrinal irregularities. Nor had he himself expected to declare his conversion as soon as he did, but rather to wait a little longer until a more mature consideration of the questions involved. But a situation arose which made it impossible for him, as he thought, to delay any longer—"a situation in the church which acutely touched him, so that he felt it impossible to keep silence, while those whose opinions he shared—more or less—were under fire, but felt forced to come out to the open at once." To be more precise, the immediate occasion of his declaration was a pamphlet by Dr. Gore, Bishop of Oxford, entitled "The Basis of Anglican Fellowship in Faith and Organization." The bishop contended in this paper "that when a man has come to the conclusion that he does not believe that we have adequate grounds for asserting that our Lord was in fact born of a virgin, or rose again on the third day from the dead, cannot legitimately or with due regard to public sincerity retain his position in a church as an officer which requires of its officers the constant recitations of the creeds." This position of Bishop Gore aroused the indignation of Dr. Sanday and called forth a reply entitled "Bishop Gore's Challenge to Criticism." This brochure of Dr. Sanday is, on the whole, written in excellent spirit, considering that the bishop had touched some rather sore spots and vital points, and had insinuated that those denying certain miracles, and especially the virgin birth and the physical resurrection of our Saviour on the third day, should not be allowed to minister at the altars of the Church of England or preach the Word in the public congregation, and that the bishops should publish a solemn declaration "expressly discountenancing the claim to freedom which these persons have put forward," and contends, further, that such a declaration—a declaration, by the way, which no bishop ever cares to make—would make the ministry of the Church of England impossible for many thinking and instructed men," and might produce a crisis. The Bishop of Oxford is prepared for a "wholesome crisis" and is convinced that the Church of England would enjoy greater prosperity without than with some of these "thinking and instructed men," especially such as are unwilling to be restrained by formulary or creed, and are influenced by a recent tendency of the critical movement among many of the clergy, which expresses itself in an inordinate claim for license of opinion in matters of faith.

Dr. Sanday very naturally and justly, too, resents the charge of insincerity and insists upon more, rather than less, liberty and tolerance than Dr. Gore and his followers are willing to grant. Those who know Dr. Sanday will have no difficulty in believing in his sincerity, whatever may be true of some other Modernists. He contends that a clergyman may even recite the creeds without accepting the literal meaning, and that one may employ the phrase "I believe" without committing himself personally. He tells us that the "I believe," rather than the "We believe" is a mere accident and may be regarded as nothing more than "an act of corporate worship, broad and comprehensive, which should not be made a criterion of the faith of individuals." Both Bishop Gore and Dr. Sanday agree that portions of the Apostles' Creed are symbolical and not literal,

but they differ as to the clauses. Dr. Sanday sees no reason why Bishop Gore should insist upon the literal sense of the phrase "he ascended into heaven" and affirm that this clause is actual history, and refers to an "historical event," namely, "that the body of Jesus Christ, forty days after his resurrection, rose before his disciples' eyes upward from the earth and vanished." Though Westcott, Chase, the great body of Protestant and Catholic divines, hold the same view, Dr. Sanday contends, nevertheless, that "the account of the ascension is just as much pure symbolism as that of the Session," that is, "sitteth at the right hand," etc. He emphasizes this point and believes that there is not sufficient evidence for the "physical elevation of the Lord's body really happening as an external, objective fact." He accepts the gospel narratives, but places his own interpretation upon them. He admits that the early Christians might have believed these narratives as literal history. But what of that? Were they not trained in Old Testament doctrines and believed such stories as the assumptions of Enoch and Elijah?

Dr. Sanday does not stop with the Creeds, Prayer Book, and Ordinals of his Church, but applies the same principle of criticism to the Gospels and, like other Modernists, reduces much of what the average Christian theologian has regarded as literal history to the unhistorical. Thus the so-called nature-miracles must be taken symbolically. Discussing the nature-miracles, he says: "I think that, of the two hypotheses, that they were performed by our Lord exactly as they are described, and they came to be attributed to him in this form by the imagination of the Early Church, the latter is the more probable. I believe that in most of these cases something happened which gave rise to the story, but that the most difficult element in it was probably due to the extension of the original fact, rather than itself original." Coming specifically to the feeding of the five thousand, one of the best attested of all miracles, he admits the historical evidence of every clause except "and they were all filled." The language here is clearly symbolical. This is not criticism, though it proceeds from a critical scholar.

There is in this pamphlet of Dr. Sanday, as in most writers of his school, much that is vague and hazy, and for that reason impossible to grasp clearly. There is a lack of clearness in many of his statements, arising in part, at least, from the fact that he is groping for the light in the twilight dark. The philosopher or the metaphysician is more in evidence than the sober, scientific critic. We cannot see why in a pamphlet of this kind there should be so many Latin phrases. He speaks of the miracles *contra naturam* and *super naturam*. I suppose what he means by these terms is unnatural and supernatural. He says, "I believe most emphatically in his [Christ's] supernatural birth, but I cannot so easily bring myself to think that his birth was (as I should regard it) unnatural. This is just a case where I think that the Gospels use symbolical language." A little farther on he very candidly admits that the birth of Christ is deeply metaphysical and symbolical and carries us into regions where thought is baffled." Then again: "I would ask leave to affirm once more my entire and my strong belief in the central reality of the supernatural birth and

the supernatural resurrection, . . . but I must in all candor add that although I believe emphatically in the supernatural birth and the supernatural resurrection and in all that follows from these beliefs, I know that it is not all that the Church of the past has believed. I must not blink this fact. I hope that I believe all that the Church's faith has stood for; but I could not as at present advised commit myself to a literal fact." He justifies himself for cherishing such a belief on the plea that "the accounts which have come down to us seem too conflicting and confused to prove the actual resuscitation of the dead body of our Lord from the tomb"; then, as if finding it impossible to drop the subject, significantly adds, "Is it not enough for us that the first disciples were convinced of this by signs which they could understand, by signs appropriate to the world of ideas in which they moved?"

The above lengthy quotations from Dr. Sanday will appear a little vague and obscure to our readers. It would have been very easy to have given many other passages of the same character, but those cited will, I hope, fairly show Dr. Sanday's position. He has said too much not to say more, and no doubt he will some day declare himself more clearly. We, as at present advised, cannot understand how Dr. Sanday can believe in the resurrection of our Lord without believing in a literal resuscitation. To say that the risen Lord as Spirit still governed and inspired the early church is not to the point. We can truly say that the spirit of Paul, of Peter, of Luther, Wesley, and Lincoln still influence and inspire men; but who would think of saying that any of these five is risen from the dead?

The thoroughgoing Modernist—Dr. Sanday has not yet gone so far—has two Christs: one, to use the language of one of them, "a certain Palestinian Jew who figured on the stage of contemporary history," and a Christ of faith, purely outside of historical facts, a Christ invented by enthusiastic but none the less deluded disciples some time after the death of the "certain Palestinian Jew" above mentioned.

The Modernists have a great work before them—nothing less than the blending of these two Christs into one person in such a way as to make it possible for the "cultivated modern man to enter the church of Christ with head erect."

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

"POSITIVE" OR "LIBERAL"?

In all the Protestant world, but especially in Germany, there is a growing sense of a deeply grounded opposition between two types of religious thought, the "positive" and the "modern," or "liberal." What is the nature of the difference? Is it a difference of kind, or only one of degree? Some recent events have thrust this question afresh into the foreground. Among these events are the disciplinary processes against Jatho, Traub, and others, the new controversy over the Apostles' Creed,

and finally an interesting discussion concerning the standpoint and policy of a distinguished party leader, Reinhold Seeberg.

Seeberg (born 1859), a pupil of Frank in Erlangen, began his academic career in Dorpat, was called to Erlangen in 1889 and to Berlin in 1898. His call to Berlin came because, as a strong representative of positive theology, he was wanted to counterbalance the liberalizing influence of Harnack and Pfleiderer. Here his ardent temperament, his eloquence, and his great capacity for work have made him a recognized leader among theologians and churchmen of the right wing, not only in Berlin, but also throughout the empire. His influence has been enhanced by his presidency (since the death of Stoecker, 1909) of the Churchly-Social Conference. As scholar and writer Seeberg has shown great productivity, his most important work being the History of Dogma in three large volumes. While his originality is not great, his power of impressing his ideas upon the theological public is quite unusual. During the whole period of his public life he has declared himself to be a "positive" theologian, and until lately the conservatives have generally acknowledged him as one of their genuine representatives. More than a decade ago he raised the watchword, "A modern-positive theology." It was his avowed aim to labor for an adequate modern expression of the positive content of Christianity. But theologians of the left wing have repeatedly asserted that Seeberg had gradually come to occupy the theological standpoint of a liberal, while in his ecclesiastical party relations he still maintained his leadership among the conservatives. The most recent and most significant utterance on this point came a few months ago in Kübel's brochure entitled "Seeberg 'positiv' oder 'liberal'? Ein Beitrag zur kirchenpolitischen Ethik." On the basis of Seeberg's writings and of reports of two series of public lectures Kübel affirms that that theologian is in reality "liberal" rather than "positive"; or if not, then nine tenths of the so-called liberals should be recognized as positive. The inconsistency existing between his church-party relations and his theological standpoint Kübel finds intolerable and holds that it involves a real question of "ecclesiastico-political ethics."

The brochure occasioned a wide discussion and of course forced Seeberg to make reply. The whole controversy is interesting and is in the main instructive. Few readers of these pages would be interested in the personal element therein, but all must be interested in the fundamental question involved, namely, What is the essential difference between a "positive" and a "modern," or "liberal," theology?

Many liberals have continued to assert that it is simply a difference of degree—a difference between a freer, or more progressive, and a more traditional tendency. It is maintained that strict orthodoxy, that is, strict adherence to the historical creeds or standards, is no longer to be found anywhere. Since, then, as all have departed from the standards, it is merely a question of degree, not of kind. This contention is often illustrated by reference to the theory of the inspiration of the Bible and questions of so-called higher criticism. In recent decades the orthodox theory of inspiration has not been maintained by a single representa-

tive German theologian. But even small concessions on this point, they say, mean in reality the yielding of the whole position. Or if one yields anything to modern biblical criticism as over against tradition, that is tantamount to acknowledging the rights of criticism in principle and it demands a readiness to accept its well-accredited results. Accordingly, we call a theologian conservative who strives to maintain as much as possible of the traditional views, and we call another liberal who is more free to yield to newer thought and knowledge. This is perhaps the view of the majority of liberals regarding the issue. In other words, for these there is no real issue. But there are many "moderns" who clearly recognize a far more essential difference.

Theologians of the right wing have offered two kinds of answers to this argument. In the first place, there is a multitude of mere traditionalists, men who blindly regard the acceptance of certain dogmatic opinions and formulas as of the essence of faith, or at least as involved therein. These charge all criticism of ecclesiastical and biblical tradition to the spirit of unbelief. There are, however, others—and these alone among the conservatives grasp the real issue—who, from a persuasion that the difference between a "positive" and a "modern-liberal" theology is essential, seek to point out that difference.

As long ago as 1880, Martin Kaehler, in a paper read before a great General Assembly of the "Friends of the Positive Union" in Berlin, on "The Attitude of the Church toward Modern Theology in Pulpit and Professor's Chair," very clearly pointed out the distinction. Modern theology (he says) in the special sense of the term is not the whole theology of our time in so far as it takes full account of the results of modern thought and research, but it is a particular *Richtung*, or tendency of theology which, rejecting all traditionally recognized criteria of religious and ethical views, makes modern science and philosophy, rather than a positive revelation, the criterion in matters of religion and morals. Since that day the theological situation has altered not a little, but in its larger aspects Kaehler's position—the essay is to be found reprinted in his Dogmatische Zeitfragen, Volume III—meets the present aspects of the problem remarkably well. In the years that have passed since that utterance was given, others have expressed themselves in like tenor. Especially instructive are brochures by Ecke and Theodor Kaftan, the former entitled "Irremovable Landmarks" (now in its fifth edition), the latter the well-known "Modern Theology of the Old Faith." Ecke and Kaftan are thoroughly modern in the best sense of the word, but for both the old faith stands inviolable, and in the eyes of both a certain part of modern theologians have broken away from it. Genuine Christianity implies something more than that Jesus is the "central figure" in the religious thought and life. Where Jesus is simply a revered religious genius we have not yet real Christianity. Theodor Kaftan holds that the difference between the old and the new faith turns on the "Christ question." For the former Christ is the object, for the latter he is the first subject of faith. In other words, the issue is *Jesusverehrung* versus *Christusglaube* (religious reverence for Jesus versus faith in Christ).

The doctrines of the virgin birth and the bodily resurrection of Jesus Kaftan regards as being not strictly fundamental. Recently Kaftan has expressed himself even more strongly. In an article in the Allgemeine Lutherische Kirchenzeitung, entitled "Zwei Religionen?" he seriously asks that some one who says: 'No, not two religions, but two types of the same religion,' should show just what it is that unites in one religion men of so fundamentally opposed views. Rade, in Die Christliche Welt, makes a respectful and temperate reply, but he makes no concealment of his feeling that the very putting of the question is a deep wrong to the theologians of the left wing. "One is profoundly stirred to think it possible such a question should be put! Above all, that it is possible with a man of your position and of your intellect!" Rade appeals not only to the common element in fundamental doctrines, but also and especially to the fruits of the labors of modern theologians, and the whole spirit of their work. In both types "Jesus Christ is the center about which everything turns." Positive theologians, however, insist upon something more than that. A widely accepted formulation of the mark of a "positive" theology found forceful expression by Lütgert in the great (positive) Landeskirchliche Versammlung in Berlin in 1905. Lütgert held that the mark of a positive theology is the confession of the Divine Sonship of Jesus, which he defined in the sense of Messiahship, the uniqueness of the Person, and the fullness of the revelation of God in the Person of Christ.

An interesting utterance on the question at issue is given by Dietrich von Oertzen, a well-known conservative layman and author of the biography of Stoecker, in a pamphlet entitled "'Positiv' und 'Liberal.' Eine kichliche Laienbetrachtung." With respect to the question of biblical criticism and revelation, Von Oertzen adopts the statements of Sellin in his Biblische Urgeschichte: "Not the materials of the tradition are divinely revealed—they developed in a natural, human way—but the ideas and thoughts, the vehicles of which in the Bible they became. Revelation is not the supernatural imparting of information on matters that are the object of natural processes of knowledge, but the imparting of the life of God, of his thoughts, plans, and ways, of his will and nature." Von Oertzen holds that the rightly read and treated Bible affords full and sure ground for a clear and unwavering Christian discipleship, even though one rejects an indefinite number of the statements and ideas of the Bible concerning non-essential matters. With a view to the recovery of a positive and religiously fruitful attitude toward the Scriptures and the faith among intelligent laymen, he proposes the founding of a journal for the untechnical discussion of the vital religious problems of the day. The founding would be easy, but would the laity in Germany read such discussions?

In a brief review of Kübel's brochure, Dunkmann, of Greifswald, maintains that the true and rightful meaning of the term "positive theology" is a theology which recognizes as the foundation of faith not mere "values," "postulates," and "frames of mind" (Stimmungen), but the actual historical truths of the revelation of God. Kübel had made a

considerable point of the statement that all theologians of the present day have forsaken the old orthodoxy. "Measured by the confessions of former times, *all* evangelical theologians to-day lie in the hospital." Dunkmann replies: "Others may be lying in the hospital, but we with our positive theology lie in the Scripture and with it in its revelation of God."

Some significant utterances concerning the spirit and tendency of modern theology are to be found in Stange's brochure, "Das Frömmigkeitsideal der modernen Theologie." He points out that the fundamental difference between the positive Christian and the modern theology is to be found in the idea of God and his relations with men. Modern theology—not the modern-positive—is partly—with some individuals wholly—given over to pantheistic tendencies, in which the certainty of the living God is at best sadly obscured. Hence the determined opposition to biblical supernaturalism. In like manner Schaeder expresses himself in his volume of addresses entitled, "Aus Theologie und Leben," especially in the address on "Wirkliches Christentum" (Real Christianity). "It is a clear, sharp antithesis with which we have to do. Here, on the one side, the Christ, the Reconciler and Redeemer of the world, in the personal power of divine grace; there at best the normal, ideal religious character of Jesus. Here, the revelation of God in Christ, the entrance of God in him into our world unto a reconciling, saving communion, the true, deepest "God with us"; there, the rising and falling sea of the history of religion with many unnormal elements of human nature, and in this sea, as a powerful wave, the religion of Jesus of Nazareth."

It is indeed highly important that we cease to judge the positiveness of Christian theologians by mere matters of historical criticism, or formal agreement with confessional standards. It is "a consummation devoutly to be wished" that a new principle of discriminating between theologians of the right and of the left wing should be recognized. To regard men like Herrmann, Häring, Julius Kaftan, and Loofs as not positive, simply because they are Ritschlian in the type of their theology, means strangely to confuse the issue. Our readers will be able to point out analogous examples in America and Great Britain. We all now see clearly, for example, that Charles A. Briggs, in spite of the modernity of his biblical criticism, was always a positive—yes, even a conservative—theologian. The recent attacks on the theology of Sanday in Oxford reveal a remnant of the old confusion. But there *are* "modern" theologians whom we cannot recognize as positive. And this modern theology that has broken with the principle of positive authority in the biblical revelation we ought clearly to recognize and firmly to oppose. Our brethren, however, who confess the Sonship of Jesus, the fullness and finality of the revelation of God in him, together with the biblical testimony as the authoritative means to the appropriation of that revelation, these we must recognize as representatives of a positive faith and a positive theology.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

A Grammar of the Greek New Testament in the Light of Historical Research. By A. T. Robertson, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Professor of Interpretation of the New Testament in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $5.

What the Greek Testament of Erasmus did for Bible study four hundred years ago (1516) the new discoveries of Greek papyri during the last twenty years seem to be doing for Bible study now. Without the new Greek learning of the sixteenth century the Reformation could not have been accomplished. Since that era until now there has never been a revival of Greek study equal to that which is stirring the whole world at the present moment, and the influence of these studies has been to produce an eager enthusiasm over the New Testament text such as has never before been known since the publication of that first Greek Testament. Within eight years at least eight notable Greek Grammars (besides a number of translations) have been published, five of these having to do with the New Testament language directly, the others with the grammar of the papyri, and with the modern Greek and the Septuagint in the light of the modern discoveries. When Professor J. H. Moulton published, in 1906, his Prolegomena, Vol. I, of a Grammar of New Testament Greek, written in sparkling style and making voluminous use of the new papyri, it looked as if high-water mark had been reached in this study, for here was a grammar thrilling in its new revelations, thorough in its generalizations, and most popular in its style. But it is not too much to say that this book looks now like a primer when laid by the side of Robertson's great Grammar of the Greek New Testament in the Light of Historical Research. This is a grammar of grammars, containing thirteen hundred pages, embodying everything of importance connected with the history of New Testament grammar, and seemingly omitting nothing in this field down to the last new discovery made from the rich, *afsh* deposits of Egypt during the present year. Professor Robertson is a native American, who twenty-six years ago started to publish a revised edition of Winer, but becoming convinced that the method of Winer could be improved, he began to work independently. In 1908 he published A Short Grammar of the Greek New Testament (third edition 1912), which was immediately translated by European scholars into French, Italian, German, and Dutch. The praise bestowed upon the learning and new pedagogical method of this work was unstinted. The present production, although exhaustive in its scholarly information, retains the fascinating and familiar style which made the smaller book such a godsend to teachers and students and on every page in the midst of voluminous footnotes in every language may be seen marks of the classroom work where vivid statements of general principles with pithy illustrations are as necessary as accurate knowledge. The frankness and

modesty of this great American scholar may be seen from his self-characterization in the preface: "I am a linguist by profession and by love also, but I am not a specialist in the Semitic tongues, though I have a working knowledge of Hebrew and Aramaic, but not of Syriac and Arabic. The Coptic and the Sanskrit I can use. The Latin and the Greek, the French and German and Anglo-Saxon complete my modest linguistic equipment. I have besides a smattering of Assyrian, Dutch, Gothic, and Italian" (VIII). The exceeding honesty of the man is seen by the generous way in which he gives perhaps too constant and voluminous credit to other scholars for even their smallest contributions. His accuracy is minute. The writer has noticed a few blemishes in the English, but the Greek references are astonishingly free from these, owing partially, no doubt, to the fact that at least six or eight Greek experts read the manuscripts or proof sheets. While Professor Robertson rests largely upon the work of Deissmann, Mayser, Moulton, and Radermacher so far as the grammar of the papyri is concerned, and upon Thumb and Jannaris in Modern Greek, he is yet able to add original contributions even here and occasionally to correct these experts. Blass is used constantly and given great praise, yet an independent judgment is sometimes registered against him (for example, pp. 302, 422, 531, 681, 808, 1000, 1064, 1200, 1203). Professor Robertson accepts Deissmann's general position that the New Testament documents are written in the Koina, or common, vernacular of the first century, yet acknowledges a larger degree of Semitic influence than Deissmann would allow (pages 88, 91-97, 481, 588, 648, 651, 1043, 1180). He is more conservative also in his decisions concerning the literary style of the New Testament writers. He constantly insists that the spoken Greek in the first century was good Greek. This spoken Greek, which was a world speech being used, as the papyri prove, in Asia, Greece, Italy, Sicily, etc., as well as Egypt, differed somewhat according to the culture of the speaker. Peter and John, who are particularly marked in the New Testament as "ignorant and unlearned men," use language most resembling that found in the uncultured papyri. Luke, Paul (especially in Romans and Ephesians), and the author of the Hebrews, while having close kinship with the papyri, yet use the common language in a more cultured way. "We must not let the papyri make us swing so far away from the old 'Biblical' Greek idea as to imagine that we can find in the vernacular κοινή all that Christianity has to offer. The Christian spirit put a new flavor into this vernacular and lifted it to a new elevation of thought and dignity of style that unify and glorify the language. This new and victorious spirit which seized the best in Jew and Greek knew how to use the Greek language with freedom and power. If the beauty of the New Testament writings is different from the ancient standard there is none the less undoubted charm. . . . In Christianity Hellenism becomes really cosmopolitan. If Christianity had merely used the Greek language and had been entirely alien to Hellenism, the New Testament would not have belonged to literature, but this sympathy with the best in the world must not be overworked. . . . It is the language of life, not of the

study nor the cloister. It is not the language of a bygone age, but the speech of the men of the time. 'The Book of the people has become in the course of the centuries the Book of all mankind' " (pages 113, 114). Professor Robertson's crisp characterizations of the style of the various New Testament writers is in itself worth more than the price of the book (which it may be remembered is sold below cost) to any student. Omitting footnotes and references, we offer a few paragraphs: "There are very few Hebraisms in the Epistle of James, though the tone is distinctly Jewish. . . . The writer uses asyndeton very often and many crisp aphorisms. Just as the Synoptic Gospels preserve the local color of the countryside, so the Epistle of James is best understood in the open air of the harvest field. . . . His sentences, though short, are rhythmical; he is crisp, vivid, energetic; there is little in the forms or the syntax to mark it off from the current *κοινή* or the New Testament representatives of it, though his idiomatic use of the pronouns is worth mentioning, as is also that of *ἄγε*, as an interjection, the gnomic aorist, the possible nominative *μεστή* in apposition with *γλῶσσαν* (3. 8). But it is in the vocabulary that James shows his individuality, for in this short epistle there are seventy-three (nine doubtful) words not appearing elsewhere in the New Testament, some of which are found in the LXX, like *πάραλλαγή*. The use of *συναγωγή* (2.2) of a Christian assembly is noteworthy (compare *ἐκκλησία* in 5. 14 and *ἐπισυναγωγή* in Heb. 10. 25). He has many compound words like *ἀδιάκριτος*, bookish words like *ἄμφιτος*, philosophical terms like *ὕλη*, picturesque words like *ὁλολύζω*, some of a technical nature like *πηδάλιον*, some strictly classical like *ἔοικε*, *χρή* (pages 123, 124)." There is not space to give here Professor Robertson's keen analysis of Paul's style. Perhaps a few quotations might give a hint of the richness of these paragraphs: "He disclaims classic elegance and calls himself *ἰδιώτης τῷ λόγῳ* (2 Cor. 11. 6), yet this was in contrast with the false taste of the Corinthians. But Deissmann (Saint Paul, page 6) goes too far in making Paul a mere tentmaker devoid of culture. He is abrupt, paradoxical, bold, antithetical, now like a torrent, now like a summer brook. But it is passion, not ignorance nor carelessness. . . . Paul's style is unhellenic in arrangement, but in Rom. 8 and 1 Cor. 13 he reaches the elevation and dignity of Plato. . . . He shows some knowledge of Roman legal terms and uses arguments calling for educated minds of a high order. The grammar shows little Semetic influence. He uses many rhetorical figures . . . some thirty kinds occurring in his writing. Farrar suggests that Paul had a teacher of rhetoric in Tarsus. He is noted for his varied use of the particles and writes with freedom and accuracy, though his anacolutha are numerous, as in Gal. 2. 6-9. He uses prepositions with great frequency and discrimination. The genetive is employed by Paul with every variety of application. The participle appears with great luxuriance and in all sorts of ways as imperative or indicative or genitive absolute, articular, anarthus, etc. . . . But even in a riot of language his thought is clear, and Paul often draws a fine point on the turn of a word or a tense or a case. . . . He thinks in Greek and it is the vernacular *κοινή* of a brilliant and well-educated man in touch

with the Greek culture of his time, though remaining thoroughly Jewish in his mental fiber" (pages 128-131). "Luke was not an artificial rhetorician nor was Paul a mere bungler. When Paul's heart was all ablaze with passion, as in 2 Corinthians, he did pile up participles like bowlders on the mountainside, a sort of volcanic eruption. (Compare 2 Cor. 3. 8-10; 6. 9f.; 9. 11ff.) But there is always a path through these participles. Paul would not let himself be caught in a net of mere grammatical niceties. If necessary he broke the rule and went on (2 Cor. 8. 20)" (page 1136). . . . "The passion of Paul broke through all the traditional forms of speech. He lacked the punctilious refinements of the stoic rhetoricians, but he had the cyclonic power of Demosthenes and the elevation of Plato. . . . Bultmann draws a definite parallel between the style of Paul and the Cynic-Stoic Diatribe and makes his point, but even so one wonders if after all Paul uses question and answer so skillfully by reason of definite study of the subject or because of his dialectical training as a rabbi and his native genius in such matters. Paul used tropes, but he smote hearts with them, and did not merely tickle the fancy of the lovers of sophistry" (1196, 1197). Some of the most remarkable characterizations have to do with Hebrews and the Apocalypse. Concerning the latter he says: "One is slow (despite Moffatt's positiveness in the Expositor's Greek Testament), in the light of Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, to say that John could not have written the Apocalypse, though it be the last of his books. Besides what has been said, one must recall that the Apocalypse was composed on the Isle of Patmos in some excitement and possibly without careful revision, while the Gospel and First Epistle probably had care and the assistance of cultured friends. At any rate, the vernacular κοινή is far more in evidence in the Apocalypse than in the Gospel and Epistles" (page 137). "The papyri have taught us to be charry about charging John with being ungrammatical in πλήρης χάριτος (John 1. 14). These matters simply show that the New Testament writers used a live language and were not automata" (page 1204). "Language with these men is not an end in itself. They do not say 'pretty' things and toy with them" (page 1206). The chief value of this book consists in the fact that its author brings the student to adopt the Greek point of view in his study of grammar and does not permit conjectural translations into English with a later syntactical discussion of the propriety of the translation. In discussing tense, mode, prepositions, particles, etc., he at once brings the reader to an apprehension of the historical root meaning of each form, and having caught this fundamental conception, it is carried through all its variations produced by development. Instead of the constant list of "exceptions" found in almost all grammars, one learns here that what seems to be an exception is really a natural historical development and that it is a clear absurdity to talk of using one tense for another or one mode for another. The systematic and thorough discussion of the New Testament syntax (pages 379-1208) has probably never been equaled. Delbrück, justly recognized as the great authority on syntax, furnishes his foundation here, but the development is independent and practical.

One of the most brilliant discussions is that concerning the Cases, which starts out by exploding the common superstition that "prepositions govern cases." He gives a hundred pages to the discussion of the Cases, believing that "the subject is second to none in importance in Greek syntax." Nowhere has comparative philology shed more light than in the explanation according to historical science of the growth and meaning of the Greek Cases. The discussion of the genitive alone, with the exegetical light which it casts upon Bible interpretations, is worth whole libraries on the subject. For the first time we here find the adverb treated adequately and an illuminating discussion of the preposition, which is, of course, "only an adverb specialized to define a case usage." They do not govern cases, but cases govern and give meaning to the preposition. In a series of striking and luminous statements the meaning of each preposition in its various connections is given sometimes with brilliant illustrations most frequently from the papyri and the New Testament. I would especially mention the value of the discussion concerning *εἰς* in its relation to *ἐν* and *ἀπό* as compared with *ἐκ*. The most difficult and obscure New Testament passages become in the light of this instruction full of a new and beautiful meaning. We append a paragraph which we do not think by any means the best, but which has at the moment special popular interest concerning *ὑπέρ* with the Ablative. We must not make the mistake of thinking that *ὑπέρ* of itself literally means 'in behalf of'; it means 'over' . . . There are a few other passages where *ὑπέρ* has the resultant notion of 'instead,' and only violence to the context can get rid of it. One of these is Gal. 3. 13. In verse 10 Paul has said that those under the law were under a curse (*ὑπό κατάραν*). In verse 13 he carries on the same image. Christ bought us 'out from under' the curse (*ἐκ τῆς κατάρας τοῦ νόμου*) of the law by becoming a curse 'over' us (*γενόμενος ὑπέρ ἡμῶν κατάρα*). In a word, we were *under* the curse; Christ took the curse on himself and thus *over* us (between the suspended curse and us), and thus rescued us *out from under* the curse. We went free while he was considered accursed (verse 13). It is not a point here as to whether one agrees with Paul's theology or not, but what is his meaning. In this passage *ὑπέρ* has the resultant meaning of 'instead.' . . . One may note *ἐγραχα ὑπέραὐτοο μὴ ἰδότος γράμματα* P. Oxy. 275 (A. D. 66), where the meaning is obviously 'instead of him since he does not know letters'" (page 631). In discussing the numerals one of the most striking points is the lately proved use of *εἰς*. rather than *πρῶτος* (page 671). Although Professor Robertson does not suggest it, this, I suppose, would point out Judas to be "chief," "the one," of the twelve in the ordinary Greek text of Mark 14. 10. In the treatment of the article (pages 754-796) an enormous number of most interesting interpretations are suggested, but perhaps the greatest discussion of the book is that which has reference to tenses (821-910). A dozen sermons of intense interest might be drawn from the distinctions in tense which the Greek compels but which our English translation does not suggest, for example, in John 20. 17, where Jesus indicates that Mary must cease clinging to him, and in Rom. 6. 13, where a pointed distinction in the

tenses is drawn in the command that you must not yield your members as instruments of unrighteousness (the *habit* of sin being forbidden) but yield yourselves unto God (the *instant surrender* to God being enjoined) etc., etc. While some who have noticed in the papyri many confusions of tense due to ignorance insist that this must be expected in the New Testament too, Professor Robertson will not accept such confusion in the New Testament even in the Apocalypse (902). The Mode is far and away the most difficult theme in Greek syntax and the New Testament idiom, as the papyri differs from the classic Greek idiom more here than even in Tense. About 140 pages are devoted to this section, giving one a clear grip on the original intent and historical development of each Mode, striking off the distinction in vivid, accurate phrases. Occasionally the suggestions made seem a little too primary for the advanced students for which the book is adapted (for example, 1065), but ordinarily the profundity and comprehensiveness of the statements equal their clearness. We dare not add a further quotation because of lack of space, though we must mention that the chapters on particles (pages 1142-1193) and on figures of speech (pages 1194-1208) are among the most interesting in the book. It may be many a generation before this exhaustive treatise can be superseded. America now leads the world in this grammar of New Testament Greek. How fascinating the book is as a whole can be seen from the fact that the writer, who is by no means a shark at Greek, began to read it in the middle of the afternoon and wakened from his trance at nine o'clock at night, having missed his dinner through his absorption.

Personal Christianity. By FRANCIS J. MCCONNELL, One of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. 12mo. Price, $1.25, net. Fleming H. Revell Company.

PERSONAL CHRISTIANITY, by Bishop Francis J. McConnell, is the last of the Cole Lectures delivered at Vanderbilt University. We have learned to expect two things in a book by Bishop McConnell: first, that it will handle an important theme; second, that its treatment will be clear and concrete while profound. This last volume is his best. The simple thesis of the volume is that the personal alone is sacred in God's kingdom and that all else is but instrumental to this end. It is easy to state such a principle. It is not hard to show that this was really the position of Jesus, that his supreme interest was simply men and the life for men. Bishop McConnell proves how deep-reaching, and even revolutionary, this principle is when it is really applied. His first chapter shows us "The Personal in Christianity." "The facts lying at the base of Christianity are personal facts." Here is the fact of Christ first of all. There is a danger that we shall make it "a thread on which to string abstract 'divinity' and abstract 'humanity.'" We may forget the person Christ while busy discussing the person *of* Christ. Instead, our discussion "must be begun, continued, and ended with Jesus the Person in mind." The foundation of Christianity is not a theory, but is this great personal fact. "Similarly with the cross of Christ. . . . We may use terms like substitutional, and governmental, and moral influence wisely if we keep in mind their instrumental nature. But

Gethsemane and Calvary were personal. . . . There is no suggestion that impersonal necessities of any sort were driving the Master on, or that he was meeting his death for the sake of general considerations. . . . The realm is that of personal relations. . . . Whatever the prime significance of Calvary, it is not a struggle with impersonal necessities or even with abstract sin. It is, so far as Christ is concerned, an inner personal experience so profound as to reveal the heart of the Father himself; and so far as men are concerned, it is a manifestation of holy love so compelling as to touch right-minded men with a sense of personal appeal. And the love is not in the abstract. It is not for humanity or for mankind, but for men." What we have here is really an interpretation of what the Christian religion is. It is life in personal relations—man and God, man and man. There have been two great tendencies in the history of the church which have obscured this truth. The first tendency was intellectual, the second institutional. Both receive their correction in this work. The intellectual tendency inclines to see the essence of Christianity in the statement of its truths or doctrines. The doctrinal statements, our author would say, are simply efforts to set forth the truth of this life. They can never be as big as the life itself. Our christologies have never set forth the full meaning of Christ. In the last analysis, creeds and doctrines are the instruments of Christianity, not its ends. That is why they are so often dry and lifeless, instead of being life-giving. They have been separated from the life and made ends and values in themselves, instead of keeping close to the actual life of religion. The chapter on "Making Morality Human" points this lesson with especial force. It applies to theology as well as ethics. The life of both consists in keeping close to the concrete, the vital, the human. The author's principle is especially illuminating when applied to the institutional. In the broad sense of the word institution the church and the Bible and the creeds are the three institutions which the Christian community has brought forth, and in the order named. All three have been made ends in themselves, the emphasis differing in the various parts of the church. These three institutions are all instruments, great and valued, and yet not the end in themselves, but the means. The Scriptures are foremost among the means of grace. All recognize this in principle. In practice men often argue as though there was a sacredness here which was an end in itself. The great need is to see the spiritual usefulness of the Scriptures. They are, on the one hand, the expression of the divine life among men in the past; on the other, they are the great instrument for revealing God and imparting that life to-day. Leaving extremists aside, men who care more about the instruments of their study than about the writings themselves, modern Bible study has made the Bible more full of meaning and more useful. The church is the instrument that has been most often mistaken as an end. It is an end in one aspect, "as a body of persons actually knit together in sympathy," as the persons themselves bound together to do the will of God. But in all matters of organization, in laws and rules and officers, the church is an instrument. In Methodism, for example, "Our only question as to the episcopacy is as to its success as an instrument. . . . The welfare of the persons of the kingdom has the

right of way over all offices whatsoever." The same principle must justify our denominations if they are to be justified. The author uses in illustration Napoleon's phrase in speaking of army divisions, "Separate for the march." The real test for our denominations lies in the great general's other word, "Unite for the battle." The last two chapters are a study of the social problem and the world-field problem of the church from this standpoint. They are equally fresh and suggestive. This is not a text-book on theology, but its point of view is that which theology will more and more take. The work is full of suggestion and stimulus for preacher and thoughtful reader of any class.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Among Famous Books. By JOHN KELMAN, D.D. Crown 8vo, pp. 324. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

THE general theme of these ten chapters is the age-long struggle between paganism and idealism, the battle between the flesh and the spirit; and the author's survey extends all the way from the gods of Greece to Gilbert K. Chesterton and Francis Thompson. No review of this book would possibly give a more correct or more comprehensive idea of its contents than is found in the introductory part of the closing lecture, which we here present, as follows, without quotation marks. In bringing to a close these studies of the long battle between paganism and idealism—between the life which is lived under the attraction of this world and which seeks its satisfaction there, and that wistful life of the spirit which has far thoughts and cannot settle down to the green and homely earth—it is natural that we should look for some literary work which will describe the decisive issue of the whole conflict. Such a work is Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven," which is certainly one of the most remarkable poems that have been published in England for many years. To estimate its full significance it is necessary in a few words to recapitulate the course of thought which has been followed in the preceding chapters. We began with the ancient Greeks and distinguished the high idealism of their religious conceptions from the paganism into which these declined. The sense of the sacredness of beauty, forced upon the Greek spirit by the earth itself, was a high idealism, without which no conception of life or of the universe can be anything but a maimed and incomplete expression of their meaning. Yet, for lack of some sufficiently powerful element of restraint and some sufficiently daring faith in spiritual reality, Hellenism sank back upon the mere earth, and its dying fires lit up a world too sordid for their sacred flame. In Marius the Epicurean the one thing lacking was supplied by the faith of early Christianity. The Greek idealism of beauty was not only conserved, but enriched, and the human spirit was revived by that heroic faith which endured as seeing the invisible. The two Fausts revealed the struggle at later stages of the development of Christianity. Marlowe's showed it under the light

of mediæval theology and Goethe's under that of modern humanism, with the curious result that in the former tragedy the man is the pagan and the devil the idealist, while in the latter this order is reversed. Omar Khayyám and Fiona Macleod introduce the Oriental and the Celtic strains. In both there is the cry of the senses and the strong desire and allurement of the green earth; but in Fiona Macleod there is the dominant undertone of the eternal and the spiritual, never silent and finally overwhelming. The next two lectures, in a cross-section of the seventeenth century, showed John Bunyan keenly alive to the literature and the life of the world of Charles the Second's time, yet burning straight flame of spiritual idealism with these for fuel. Over against him stood Samuel Pepys, lusty and most amusing, declaring in every page of his Diary the lengths to which unblushing paganism can go. Representative of modern literature, Carlyle comes first with his Sartor Resartus. At the ominous and uncertain beginning of our modern thought he stood, blowing loud upon his iron trumpet a great blast of harsh but grand idealism, before which the walls of the pagan Jericho fell down in many places. Yet such an inspiring challenge as his was bound to produce reactions, and we have them in many forms. Matthew Arnold presses upon his time, in clear and unimpassioned voice, the claim of neglected Hellenism. Rossetti, with heavy, half-closed eyes, hardly distinguishes the body from the soul. Mr. Thomas Hardy, the Titan of the modern world, whose heart is sore with disillusion and the bitterness of the earth, and yet blind to the light of heaven that still shines upon it, has lived into the generation which is reading Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw. These appear to be outside of all such distinctions as pagan and idealist; but their influence is strongly on the pagan side. Mr. Chesterton appears, with his quest of human nature, and he finds it not on earth but in heaven. He is the David of Christian faith, come to fight against the heretic Goliaths of his day; and, so far as his style and literary manner go, he continues the ancient role, smiting Goliath with his own sword. Francis Thompson's Hound of Heaven is for many reasons a fitting close and climax to these studies. He is as much akin to Shelley and Swinburne as Mr. Chesterton is akin to Mr. Bernard Shaw. From them he has gathered not a little of his style and diction. He is with them, too, in his passionate love of beauty, without which no idealist can possibly be a fair judge of paganism. "With many," he tells us in that Essay on Shelley which Mr. Wyndham pronounces the most important contribution to English letters during the last twenty years—"with many the religion of beauty must always be a passion and a power, and it is evil only when divorced from the worship of the Primal Beauty." In this confession we are brought back to the point where we began. The gods of Greece were ideals of earthly beauty, and by them, while their worship remained spiritual, men were exalted far above paganism. And now, as we are drawing to a close, it is fitting that we should again remind ourselves that religious idealism must recover "the Christ beautiful" if it is to retain its hold upon humanity. In this respect religion has greatly and disastrously failed, and he who can redeem that failure for us will, indeed, be a benefactor to his race. Religion should lead us not merely to in-

quire in God's holy place, but to behold the beauty of the Lord; and to behold it in all places of the earth until they become holy places for us. Christ, the Man of Sorrows, has taught the world that wild joy of which Mr. Chesterton speaks such exciting things. It remains for Thompson to remind us that he whose visage was more marred than any man yet holds that secret of surpassing beauty after which the poet's hearts are seeking so wistfully. Besides all this, we shall find here something which has not as yet been hinted at in our long quest. The sound of the age-long battle dies away. Here is a man who does not fight for any flag, but simply tells us the mysterious story of his own soul and ours. It is a quiet and a fitting close for our long tale of excursions and alarums. But into the quiet ending there enters a very wonderful and exciting new element. We have been watching successive men following after the ideal, which, like some receding star, traveled before its pilgrims through the night. Here the ideal is no longer passive, a thing to be pursued. It halts for its pilgrims—"the star which chose to stoop and stay for us." Nay, more, it turns upon them and pursues them. The ideal is alive and aware —a real and living force among the great forces of the universe. It is out after men, and in this great poem we are to watch it hunting a soul down. The whole process of idealism is now suddenly reversed, and the would-be captors of celestial beauty are become its captives. As has been already stated, we must be in sympathetic understanding with the pagan heart in order to be of any account as advocates of idealism. No reader of Thompson's poetry can doubt for a moment his fitness here. From the days of Pindar there has been a brilliant succession of singers and worshipers of the sun, culminating in the matchless song of Shelley. In Francis Thompson's poems of the sun, the succession is taken up again in a fashion which is not unworthy of the splendors of paganism at its very highest.

> And the sun comes with power amid the clouds of heaven,
> Before his way
> Went forth the trumpet of the March
> Before his way, before his way,
> Dances the pennon of the May!
> O Earth, unchilded, widowed Earth, so long
> Lifting in patient pine and ivy-tree
> Mournful belief and steadfast prophecy,
> Behold how all things are made true!
> Behold your bridegroom cometh in to you
> Exceeding glad and strong!

The great song takes us back to the days of Mithra and the *sol invictus* of Aurelian. That outburst of sunshine in the evening of the Roman empire, rekindling the fires of Apollo's ancient altars for men who loved the sunshine and felt the wonder of it, is repeated with almost added glory in Thompson's marvelous poems. Yet for Francis Thompson all this glory of the sun is but a symbol. The world where his spirit dwells is beyond the sun, and in nature it displays itself to man but

brokenly. In the bloody fires of sunset, in the exquisite white artistry of the snowflake, this supernatural world is but showing us a few of its miracles, by which the miracles of Christian faith are daily and hourly matched for sheer wonder and beauty. The idealist claims as his inheritance all those things in which the pagan finds his gods, and views them as the revelations of the Master Spirit. It is difficult to write about Thompson's poetry without writing mainly about himself. In "The Hound of Heaven," as in much else that he has written, there is abundance of his own experience, and indeed his poems often remind us of the sorrows of Teufelsdröckh. That, however, is not the purpose of this lecture; and, beyond a few notes of a general kind, we shall leave him to reveal himself. Except for Mr. Meynell's illuminative and all too short introduction to his volume of Thompson's Selected Poems, there are as yet only scattered articles in magazines to tell his strange and most pathetic story. His writings are few, comprising three short books of poetry, his prose Essay on Shelley, and a Life of Saint Ignatius, which is full of interest and almost overloaded with information, but which may be discounted from the list of his permanent contributions to literature or to thought. Yet that small output is enough to establish him among the supreme poets of our land. Apart from its poetic power and spiritual vision, his was an acute and vivid mind. On things political and social he could express himself in little casual flashes whose shrewd and trenchant incisiveness challenge comparison with Mr. Chesterton's own asides. His acquaintance with science seems to have been extensive, and at times he surprises us with allusions and metaphors of an unusually technical kind, which he somehow renders intelligible even to the nonscientific reader. These are doubly illuminative, casting spiritual life on the material world and strengthening with material fact the tenuous thoughts of the spiritual. The words which he used of Shelley are, in this respect, applicable to himself. "To Shelley's ethereal vision the most rarefied mental or spiritual music traced its beautiful corresponding forms on the sand of outward things." His style and choice of words are an achievement in themselves, as distinctive as those of Thomas Carlyle. They, and the attitude of mind with which they are congruous, have already set a fashion in our poetry, and some of its results are excellent. In "Rose and Vine," and in other poems of Mrs. Rachel Annand Taylor, we have the same blend of power and beauty, the same wildness in the use of words, and the same languor and strangeness as if we had entered some foreign and wonderfully colored world. In "Ignatius" the style and diction are quite simple, ordinary, and straightforward, but that biography is decidedly the least effective of his works. It would seem that here, as elsewhere, among really great writings the style is the natural and necessary expression of the individual mind and imagination. The "Life of Shelley," which is certainly one of the masterpieces of English prose, has found for its expression a style quite unique and distinctive, in which there are constant reminders of other stylists, yet no imitation of any. The poetry is drugged, and as we read his poems through in the order of their publication, we feel the power of the poppy more and more. At last the hand

seems to lose its power and the will its control, though in flashes of sheer flame the imagination shows wild and beautiful as ever. His gorgeousness is beyond that of the Orient. The eccentric and arresting words that constantly amaze the ear bring with them a sense of things occult yet dazzling, as if we were assisting at some mystic rite, in a ritual which demanded language choice and strange. Something of this may be due to narcotics and to the depressing tragedy of his life. More of it is due to Shelley, Keats, and Swinburne. But these do not explain the style nor the thoughts which clothed themselves in it. Both style and thoughts are native to the man. What he borrows he first makes his own, and thus establishes his right to borrow—a right very rarely to be conceded. Much that he has learned from Shelley he passes on to his readers, but before they receive it it has become not Shelley's, but Francis Thompson's. To stick a lotos-flower in our buttonhole—harris-cloth or broadcloth, it does not matter—is an impertinent folly that makes a guy of the wearer. But this man's raiment is his own, not that of other men, and Shelley himself would willingly have put his own flowers there. Those who stumble at the prodigality and license of his style, and the unchartered daring of his imagination, will find a most curious and brilliant discussion of the whole subject in his Essay on Shelley, which may be summed up in the injunction that "in poetry, as in the kingdom of God, we should not take thought too greatly wherewith we shall be clothed, but seek first—seek *first*, not seek *only*—the spirit, and all these things will be added unto us." He discusses his own style with an unexpected frankness. His view of the use of imagination is expressed in the suggestive and extraordinary words, "To sport with the tangles of Neæra's hair may be trivial idleness or caressing tenderness, exactly as your relation to Neræa is that of heartless gallantry or of love. So you may toy with imagery in mere intellectual ingenuity, and then you might as well go write acrostics; or you may toy with it in raptures, and then you may write a Sensitive Plant." If a man is passionate, and passion is choosing her own language in his work, he may be forgiven much. If he chooses strange words deliberately and in cold blood, there is no reason why we should forgive him anything. So much has been necessary as an introduction, but our subject is neither the man Francis Thompson nor his poetry in general, but the one poem which is at once the most characteristic expression of his personality and of his poetic genius. "The Hound of Heaven" has for its idea the chase of man by the celestial huntsman. God is out after the soul, pursuing it up and down the universe. God—but God incarnate in Jesus Christ, whose love and death are here the embodiment and revelation of the whole ideal world. The hunted one flees, as men so constantly flee from the Highest, and seeks refuge in every possible form of earthly experience—at least in every clean and noble form, for there is nothing suggestive of low covert or the mire. It is simply the second-best as a refuge from the best that is depicted here—the earth at its pagan finest, in whose charm or homeliness the soul would fain hide itself from the spiritual pursuit. And the Great Huntsman is remorseless in his determination to win the soul for the very best of all. The soul longs for

beauty, for interest, for comfort; and in the beautiful, various, comfortable life of the earth she finds them. The inner voice still tells of a nobler heritage; but she understands and loves these earthly things, and would fain linger among them, shy of the further flight. The whole conception of the poem is the counterpart of Browning's "Easter Day," where the soul chooses and is allowed to choose the same regions of the lesser good and beauty for its home. In that poem the soul is permitted to devote itself for ever to the finest things that earth can give—life, literature, scientific knowledge, love. The permission sends it wild with joy, and having chosen, it settles down for ever to the earth-bound life. But eternity is too long for the earth and all that is upon it. It wears time out, and all the desire of our mortality ages and grows weary. The spirit, made for immortal thoughts and loves and life, finds itself the ghastly prisoner of that which is inevitably decaying; but its immortality postpones the decent and appropriate end to an eternal mockery and doom. At last, in the tremendous close, it wakens to the unspeakable blessedness of *not* being satisfied with anything that earth can give, and so proves itself adequate for its own inheritance of immortality. In Thompson's poem the soul is never allowed, even in dream, to rest in lower things until satiety brings disillusion. The higher destiny is swift at her heels; and ever, just as she would nestle in some new covert, she is torn from it by the imperious Best of All that claims her for its own. There is no obvious sequence of the phases of the poem, nor any logical order connecting them into a unity of experience. They may or may not be a rescript of Thompson's own inner life, but every detail might be placed in another order without the slightest loss to the meaning or the truth. The only guiding and unifying element is a purely artistic one—that of the Hound in full cry, and the unity of the poem is but that of a day's hunting. One would like to know what remote origin it is to which we owe the figure. Thompson was a Greek scholar, and some such legend as that of Actæon may well have been in his mind. But the chase of dogs was a common horror in the Middle Ages, and many of the mediæval fiends are dog-faced. In those days, when conscience had as yet received none of our modern soporifics, and men believed in hell, many a guilty sinner knew well the baying of the hell-hounds, masterless and bloody-fanged, that chased the souls of even good men up to the very gates of heaven. Conscience and remorse ran wild, and the Hound of Hell was a characteristic part of the machinery that made the tragedy of life so terrific in those old days. But here, by a *tour de force* in which is summed up the entire transformation from ancient to modern thought, the hell-hounds are transformed into the "Hound of Heaven." That something or some one is out after the souls of men, no man who has understood his inner life can question for a moment. But here the great doctrine is proclaimed, that the Huntsman of the soul is Love and not Hate, eternal Good and not Evil. No matter what cries may freeze the soul with horror in the night, what echoes of the deep-voiced dogs upon the trail of memory and of conscience, it is God, and not the devil, that is pursuing.

Crowds. By G. S. Lee. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 12mo, pp. 595. Price, $1.35 net.

We call attention to this piquant and suggestive book, with the following specimen of its style and quality written in New York on a Christmas morning. "The country belfries have their Christmas, a very pretty, well-enough Christmas, holly wreaths, and carols and sleighrides, and stockings, and Santa Claus. But I want a Christmas that goes with New York. Why should Christmas—that stern imperious moment in the world when with a child's cry and a woman's smile God turned the earth over and began all in a minute a new human race—why should Christmas be tucked away in men's minds as a feebly pretty country sentiment, a woman's holiday, a baby's frolic—the sublimest event on earth thrust playfully into the bottom of a stocking? The challenge goes out from a world of men to the churches. We want a men's Christmas, a Christmas that goes with the Singer Tower, with the ring of the subways under New York, with the mighty railway stations, with the Imperator, with Hell Gate Bridge—all those stern and splendid prayers in steel and stone, of men. We seek a Christ who grapples with the things and the men we see about us every day, with the shrewd hopes, the sublime risks, the visions and desires of the deep-hearted city. A Christmas that is afraid of us and suspicious of democracy or crowds, tremulous about great cities; that does not dare tackle a big, serious, actual, social human fact like a skyscraper, with its religion; a Christmas that in its secret heart longs for dells to be good in, prefers village-greens for God, and all those dear old gentle, crossroad altars—we will not be put off with. I have been looking at Vander Weyde's pictures of great cities at night. They give one the sudden sense of seeing the city as it really is. How New York stirs one while one looks!—like some mighty host, like a battle. And when I look upon New York in this way, look upon that stupendous fighting spirit in it, fighting against the air, against the sea, that huge conquering will toward Nature, toward human nature, iron, copper, radium, icebergs, trusts. . . . New York struggling like some dim, splendid god with chemistry, geology, astronomy, hitching up the clouds, melting down the earth, and butting up into the sky—I feel very lonely about what is supposed to do for a Christmas for New York. Hanging a stocking on the corner of the Metropolitan Tower does not strike me as a Christmas for New York. Neither does a mere mantelpiece Christmas, or giving dolls to children who ought to have playgrounds, caramels when they need air, cards with 'Jesus' on them when they need milk, beef, schools, and religion—religion—something happy and real and serious to believe about New York while they live in it. And when I go into a chapel and look about me at what is supposed to be a Saviour for New York, and when I hear the good people about me singing a hymn, 'Knocking, knocking, who is there?' and when I find that they are presenting this kind of a Saviour, gravely, sadly, wearily, as a Saviour for New York, an innocent, helpless Saviour for the great city, I am filled with sorrow—and then with a glad, sudden anger! I find myself saying: 'I will not have a mere country Saviour! I will not worship or try to get others to worship a Saviour who says,

"Please," to New York; an ineffectual, plaintive person, a lovely outsider, clinging and teasing for souls, pulling and nagging faintly at the mighty city, fearing it cannot be good. I will not have my New Testament turned into a kind of back-to-the-soil argument, faint and full of suspicion and weariness toward cities and toward crowds.' Perhaps the reason that boys are getting out of the Sunday schools and churches as quickly as they can is that a clinging, ladylike religion does not interest them. Perhaps the reason that Christmas, except as a kind of annual little heaven for department stores, does not interest grown men in New York, is that these same men daily, hourly, are believing, and acting as if they believed, big, faithful, and daring things for New York, and they do not want to be interrupted by a Christmas that feels afraid of business or of splendid, manful, iron-hearted cities. The people in New York to-day who are really having a Christmas, who are really worshiping and confessing Christ in it, are the people in it, inside the churches or out, who are believing the biggest things for New York, who have staked New York off for Christ, who have assailed the city with the Golden Rule, with big motives, with high service, and who are taking it for granted in private business, in public affairs, that men and religion, Christ and New York, belong together. These men may be exceptional men, but they have the only Christmas that is big enough or that has gusto enough to claim for its own a great, ringing book like the New Testament. So here is the Christmas challenge of the men of New York! To the men and women of sterner stuff who have the authority over this world that comes of believing in it, who sway cities because they glory in them—to the men who are fearless and expectant before crowds, who are uncowed by steel and glass, and humble only before God, we appeal from the churches to *you* for a Christ that goes with New York! To your churches, Catholic and Protestant, visible and invisible; to your banks, trade unions, Socialists, poets, and priests; to your young men thronging through the great schools; to your teachers, fathers, your young mothers; to the little boys playing in the streets—we send out this Christmas challenge for a Christ that goes with New York! To editors who hold the great gates to the people; to reporters who trace the first faint footsteps of God down the city streets; to cartoonists; to novelists, movie men, humorists, and prophets—New York, with all its chimneys and crosses, its bells and boy choirs, sends out this Christmas challenge to You, that you shall search out for it, shall place and keep on high before it where all may watch across a nation, our men of vision, our statesmen or Crowd-Men in business, our city-inventors, our God-engineers, our men who shall give us the news about ourselves, who shall organize the visions of the people, gather up the wills of crowds, and move Christ in from the country. The latest news to-day is that men are trying to be good in crowds."

John Addington Symonds. A Biographical Study. By VAN WYCK BROOKS. 12mo, pp. 234. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. Price, cloth, with portrait, $1.50, net.

TWENTY years have passed since the death of Symonds, of whom William Sharp wrote, "In our time there has been no mind more sensitive

to beauty—beauty in all the arts, in nature to an exceptional degree, and in human nature and human life to a degree still rarer"; and Frederic Harrison said, "Symonds had a wider and more erudite familiarity with the whole field of modern literature and art than had Ruskin or Matthew Arnold, though he had not the literary charm of either of them." Psychologically the case of Symonds resembles that of Amiel. Both were neurotic, hypersensitive, dreamy, and religious. Symonds was the nervous child of a nervous mother, who died when he was four. His first eleven years were in a gloomy old house, under the depressing shadow of a grim old grandmother, of whom we have this picture: "By nature distant and aristocratic, she had been converted to an evangelical sect, and being a person of substance and quality, she became the acquiescent prey of a swarm of ill-conditioned gospelers. She delighted in the Lamentations of Jeremiah, the minatory chapters of the Prophets and the Apocalypse. In a deep, sonorous voice, starting with a groan and rising to a quaver, she used to chant forth those lugubrious verses, which began or ended with, 'Thus saith the Lord.' I remembered hearing nothing of the gospel, or the love of Christ for the whole human race. . . . She concentrated her attention on the message to the chosen people, with a tacit assumption that all who lived outside the Plymouth fold were children of wrath. . . . Heavy teas, like those described by Dickens, were of frequent occurrence, after which the Chadband of the evening discoursed at a considerable length. Then followed prayers, in the course of which a particularly repulsive pharmaceutical chemist from Broad Mead uplifted his nasal voice in petition to the Almighty, which too often, alas, degenerated into glorifications of the Plymouth sect at Bristol, and objurgations on the perversity of other religious bodies. My grandmother came in for her due share of fulsome flattery, under the attributes of Deborah or Dorcas. My father was compared to Naaman, who refused to bathe in Jordan—Jordan being Bethesda, or the meetinghouse of the Plymouth Brethren." Of his grandfather, Dr. John Symonds, pharmacopula to the University of Oxford, who in his old age retired to Clifton and taught the boy his first Latin, Symonds says: "Remaining a Dissenter, he became in mature life what may best be described as a Christian Stoic. He was a good Latin scholar, and wrote voluminous diaries and meditations in the style of Seneca. . . . A severe uncompromising sense of duty, a grim incapability of any transactions with the world, marked my grandfather out as the lineal and loyal descendant of his Puritan ancestors. These moral qualities were transmitted to my father. In my father they became transfigured and spiritualized. The advanced ground reached by my father was the soil in which I grew up. These three generations of men—by grandfather, my father, and myself—correspond to the succession of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, or to the transition from early pointed Gothic, through Decorated, to Flamboyant architecture. How immeasurably superior my father was to me—as a man, as a character, as a social being, as a mind—I feel, but I cannot express. By my father's influence I grew up in an atmosphere of moral tension, and came to regard work as the imperative duty imposed on human beings." His father also taught him the all-

importance of veracity—the duty and utility of standing on a common ground of fact with average men and women in affairs of life. Yet the father never guessed the emotional and passionate nature of his boy. This shy, sensitive, visionary boy, with character still nebulous, flaccid, irresolute, experienced one of his awakenings when he began to read Homer, and became enamored of that Greek ideal of beauty which pursued him through life. Here is his own account of that discovery: "With Mr. Knight I read a large part of the Iliad. When we came to the last books I found a passage which made me weep bitterly. It was the description of Hermes going to meet Priam, disguised as a mortal. . . . The Greek in me awoke to that simple, and yet so splendid, vision of young manhood, 'In the first budding of the down on lip and chin, when youth is at its loveliest.' The phrase had all Greek sculpture in it. The overpowering magic of masculine adolescence drew my tears forth. I had none to spare for Priam prostrate at the feet of his son's murderer; none for Andromache bidding a last farewell to Hector of the waving plumes. These personages touched my heart, and thrilled a tragic chord. But the disguised Hermes, in his prime and bloom of beauty, unlocked some deeper fountains of eternal longing in my soul." In this early incident of Hermes we see in the boy a passion for ideal beauty deeper than any passion he possessed for sentiment, for human situations, for life. Symonds indeed recognized at once that the Greek spirit has validity for us only as it is capable of what he calls "democratic" uses, "the divine spirit serving and loving in plain ways of pastoral toil." And he composed half-consciously, in daily walks to and from his tutor's house, a kind of endless unwritten poem on the theme of Apollo in exile, humbly tending the stables of Admetus. Another awakening experience was when he first really discovered Plato. In London one evening he had taken the book to bed with him. "It so happened," he says, "that I stumbled on the 'Phædrus.' I read on and on, till I reached the end. Then I began the 'Symposium,' and the sun was shining on the shrubs outside the ground floor in which I slept before I shut the book up. . . . Here in the 'Phædrus' and the 'Symposium' in the 'myth of the soul,' I discovered the revelation I had been waiting for, the consecration of a long-cherished idealism. It was just as though the voice of my own soul spoke to me through Plato. I had touched solid ground. Here was the poetry, the philosophy of my own enthusiasm, expressed with all the magic of unrivaled style. The study of Plato proved decisive for my future." A scientist's interest in the Alps appears in Tyndall's famous remark, "At sunrise we came among the Alps; they were of sandstone, stratified very regularly." His interest was geological. Symonds's feeling toward natural scenery is illustrated in his description of a mountain storm witnessed on his return from Switzerland to England. It illustrates too his early style and his gift for highly colored prose: "Friday, August 2 (1861).—Conington and I walked through Redland to the Sea Walls and home by the observatory. There we watched a great thundercloud, which for majesty of shape, size, and color surpassed the Alps. Its change and progress was like a symphony. Far away, from west to north,

it stretched; above the channel the summits were of the pearliest white; domes and peaks, on which the sunlight rested; its middle was of light ethereal blue, like the base of Monte Rosa, but its feet were indigo, and a tawny fringe of angry red was driven, mixed with wind and tempest, all along the van. First it towered in simple beauty, transfigured with the sunlight that sat upon it, pouring bands of glory down its chasms, and shooting in broad columns on the trees and rocks and downs—ever changing with the changing wind and scudding fleecy sands, fleeces that ran, before the armaments of thunder. Soon this aspect altered; more and more of the blue sky was hidden as the masses rose—the cerulean blue was changed to deepest purple, and the indigo to sullen black. The wind swept furiously, the cloud came onward in a crescent, the sun was darkened, and scarcely flamed upon the topmost edges, and in a breath the gust of wind and rain was dashed upon us. For a moment all was dark and the landscape blurred, the vivid greens and delicately penciled outlines of the hills were gone, the wind howled restlessly. But this again changed. The cloud had broken with its own fury. Like a squadron that rides upon the foeman's guns and sweeps them off, and then returns scattered and decimated to its camp, so this ponderous mass of thundercloud was tattered, rent, and dissipated by the fury of its onset—its domes were ragged, and beneath its feet shone streaks of lurid sky, on which the jagged tops of the firs and beeches trembled. Now came the last movement of the symphony—all the landscape was gray, but clear, and full of watery sunlight. An exhaustion like that of a child fallen asleep from crying seemed to hold the winds and woods and distant plain. All was calm, but the broken clouds went sailing on overhead, dizzy with their own confusion, and, as it were, a ground swell of its passion still rocked the upper air. We turned and went homeward. In this symphony, or sonata, call it which you like, there were three distinct movements—an Adagio, an Allegro, a Presto, and a Minuet. It should have been written in D flat, and no passage should have been free from agitation. But the first part should have most beauty. It should contain the germinal idea of the whole in a tremulous thought constantly recurring, and superinduced upon an air of calm majestic sublimity, which should be the basis of the movement. This agitation should gradually usurp the place of the calm air in the second movement. In the third it should reign supreme—all mere beauty should be lost in the tempestuous passion. In the last the calm air of the first movement should return, but shorn of any superfluous ornament, sad and melancholy, and often troubled by faint echoes of the central spasm." Here is a glimpse of an August morning along the Alps: "At nine this morning the sun shone out. We walked together in the deep snow, which lay thick upon those late autumn flowers. They, poor things, revived immediately beneath the genial warmth and lifted their pretty heads from wells of melting snowwreaths. The whole world seemed to feel returning spring. Birds floated in dense squadrons overhead, whirling and wheeling on the edges of the clouds, which kept rising and dispersing in the eager air above the valley. Far away the mists rolled like sad

thoughts that dissolve in tears." The central tragedy of Symonds's nature was the disproportion and want of cooperation between his power of thinking and his small power of acting. At Oxford his intellect had been rushed far ahead of anything the total man could support. It was ten years before the rest of him could grow up to his precocious ability, before there was any coalescence between brain and nerves. It shook off, even in his last, most human, active period in Switzerland, the burden of satiety that results from such excesses of æsthetic stimulation. His emotional nature was baffled. He was in a state of anarchy. Work, duty, cerebration had not been properly related to his insistent need of self-expression. "I could mention men," he says, "who might have been musicians or painters, but who wasted their time at Oxford in aimless strumming on the piano, or silly sketching, because there was no career of industry provided for them. They served the curriculum badly. Their natural talents found no strengthening exercise. . . . With this latter sort I can class myself. I went philandering around music, heraldry, the fine arts, and literary studies ruled by sentiment. I wrote weak poetry. I dreamed in ante-chapels. I mooned in canoes along the banks of the Cherwell, or among yellow water lilies at Godstow. . . . But in all these things I got no grasp on any serious business." In his diary he notes the "brooding self-analysis without creation" that afflicts him. And in another passage, apropos of Lewes's Life of Goethe, he pictures the exact condition of his mind. "Reading this life teaches me how much of a poet's soul a man may have without being a poet, what high yearnings may plague him without his ever satisfying them, what a vast appreciation and desire may exist where there is no expression or formative will. And in all these cases the *force is wanting*, power is absent, spontaneity is torpid. Susceptibility to beauty, capabilities of acute pain and pleasure, strong æsthetical emotions, these do not constitute a poet, though a poet must have them. . . . Power, all-pervading power, *pushing the soul into activity* beyond receptive susceptibility, covering all deficiency by concentrating itself on the passion of the moment—this makes the difference between the man of genius and the dilettante driveler." The perpetual inward conflict, together with ill health, finally brought on a crisis, and he passed through a kind of insanity about which he afterward wrote: "All the evil humors which were fermenting in my petty state of man, poignant and depressing memories of past troubles, physical maladies of nerve-substance and lung-tissue, decompositions of habitual creeds, sentimental vapors, doubts about the existence of a moral basis to human life, thwarted intellectual activity, ambitions rudely checked by impotence—all these miserable factors of a wretched inner life, masked by appearances, the worse for me for being treated by the outside world as mere accidents of illness in a well-to-do and idle citizen, boiled up in a kind of devil's caldron during those last weeks at Cannes and made existence hell. The last night I spent at Cannes was the worst of my whole life. I lay awake motionless, my soul stagnant, feeling what is meant by spiritual blackness and darkness. If it should last forever? As I lay, a tightening approached my heart. It came nearer, the grasp grew

firmer, I was cold and lifeless in the clutch of a great agony." "Such without doubt," says his biographer, "is the state that in sensational natures precedes conversion." And then faith began to take form in him, fluctuating, vague, unaccountable, but of ever-increasing strength. "No one is happy," he says, "who has not a deep, firm faith in some ideal far beyond this world, in some law of majesty, beauty, goodness, harmony, superior to the apparent meanness, ugliness, evil discord of the present dispensation. . . . Those who are not 'tenoned and mortised' upon something indestructible must be rendered wretched by the changefulness and barrenness of daily life." Mr. Brooks thinks that Symonds in his book on the Greek Poets produced something more like a work of genius than he ever again achieved. The book is vibrant with golden pictures and bright phrases, such as this: "The sweetness of the songs of Phrynichus has reached us like the echo of a bird's voice in a traveler's narrative." It cannot be denied that the style is often overstudied and more often recklessly overblown. But who that loves beauty in words and rebels against our too unstudied and too sable English prose, and prose of scholarship especially, can regret a passage like this on Sappho and her sister poets? "All the luxuries and elegancies of life which that climate and the rich valleys of Lesbos could afford were at their disposal; exquisite gardens, where the rose and hyacinth spread perfume; river beds ablaze with the oleander and wild pomegranate; olive groves and fountains, where the cyclamen and violet flowered with feathery maiden-hair; pine-tree-shadowed coves, where they might bathe in the calm of a tideless sea; fruits such as only the southern sun and sea wind can mature; marble cliffs, starred with jonquil and anemone in spring, aromatic with myrtle and lentisk and samphire and wild rosemary through all the months; nightingales that sang in May; temples dim with dusky gold and bright with ivory; statues and frescoes of heroic forms. In such scenes as these the Lesbian poets lived, and thought of love." As a further illustration of Symonds's style we add this picture of Amalfi: "Over the whole busy scene rise the gray hills, soaring into blueness of air-distance, terreted here and there with ruined castles, capped with particolored campanili and white convents, and tufted through their whole height with the orange and the emerald of the great tree-spurge, and with the live gold of the blossoming broom. It is difficult to say when this picture is most beautiful—whether in the early morning, when the boats are coming back from their night toil upon the sea, and along the headlands in the fresh light lie swathes of fleecy mist, be tokening a still, hot day—or at noontide, when the houses on the hill stand, tinted pink and yellow, shadowless like gems, and the great caruba trees above the tangles of vines and figs are blots upon the steady glare—or at sunset, when violet and rose, reflected from the eastern sky, make all these terraces and peaks translucent with a wondrous glow. The best of all, perhaps, is night, with a full moon hanging high overhead. Who shall describe the silhouettes of boats upon the shore or sleeping on the misty sea? On the horizon lies a dusky film of brownish golden haze, between the moon and the glimmering water; and here and there a lamp or candle

burns with a deep red. Then is the time to take a boat and row upon the bay, or better, to swim out into the waves and trouble the reflections from the steady stars. The mountains, clear and calm, with light-irradiated chasms and hard shadows cast upon the rock, soar up above a city built of alabaster, or sea-foam, or summer clouds. The whole is white and wonderful; no similes suggest an analogue for the luster, solid and transparent, of Amalfi nestling in moonlight between the gray-blue sea and lucid hills. Stars stand on all the peaks, and twinkle, or keep gliding, as the boat moves, down the craggy sides. Stars are mirrored on the marble of the sea, until one knows not whether the oar has struck sparks from a star image or has scattered diamonds of phosphorescent brine. All this reads like a rhapsody, but indeed it is difficult not to be rhapsodical when a May night of Amalfi is in the memory, with the echo of rich baritone voices chanting Neapolitan songs to a mandolin." A book of deep interest is this as a study and exposition of a peculiar type of human nature and experience—the story of a struggling mind and soul.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Problem of Consolation. By H. R. BENDER, D.D. 12mo, pp. 159. New York: Press of the Methodist Book Concern. Price, cloth, with portrait of author, $1.

A THOUGHTFUL, clear, wise, sensible, earnest, and comforting book of ten chapters, covering the ground pretty thoroughly. The preface indicates the author's purpose: "This book has grown out of a pastor's effort to be the bearer of consolation to thinking people in times of distress. To the sufferer it may be a problem of pain, but to the pastor whose aim is to lift him out of suffering it becomes a problem of consolation. There exists so much confusion as to the interpretation of God's relation to life's problems that the principles of God's moral government are often misunderstood or overlooked. Words change their meaning, new facts modify or change the philosophy that molds sentences. Old interpretations that satisfied minds whose thinking was harmonized with former facts by an old philosophy do so no more. Compared with the time when the Scriptures were written, we have a new world and new facts, and with these a new philosophy that demands a new interpretation of our experiences to harmonize Light, Life, and Truth. As Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans, expressed the gospel in Roman terms and Roman modes of thought, so it becomes our duty to do the same for our modern world. In this humble effort I desire to express my indebtedness to Bergson and Eucken for the principles that I have endeavored to work upon." In opening the subject the author says: "Our habit is to attribute the sad experiences of life to God. Typhoid fever enters the home and death claims one or more of the children. We say, 'God did it.' Sudden death carries away a good Christian father at a time when he is most needed for the education of his children, and when his business cannot be made a success without him. For the family, to the sorrows of bereavement are added the sufferings of a financial calamity. We say, 'God did it.'

By a railroad or automobile accident the support of the family is suddenly taken away. In a thousand such ways men, women, and children are stricken everywhere. At their funerals, over their open graves, in presence of heart-broken relatives, we say, 'Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, in his wise providence, to take out of the world the soul of the departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground' (Ritual of Protestant Episcopal and Methodist Episcopal Churches). The assumption that this untimely suffering has 'pleased Almighty God,' and that it is always 'his wise providence,' that causes death, is most shocking to refined and sensitive natures. This utterance strikes us in moments of intense suffering, when we are eagerly looking through our tears for some ray of comfort, or become silent that we may hear the voice of God. But this committal service is repeated at every funeral, until the masses of the people can think nothing else. The belief that God is the author of all our calamities finds expression in conversations, in prayers, in hymns, and in literature. The influence of this popular conviction is to be deplored. To very many reflective minds the tendency is to weaken trust and to destroy faith in God. To them Christianity seems to be of no value. If they must believe that God is 'pleased' in causing the agonies of human suffering, or that God is indifferent to human sorrows, as a calm, cold, emotionless sphinx, or that God must be an abstraction of Force, or merely Natural Law, that grinds the human heart to dust, heedless of our cry of distress or voice of prayer, then must they look in some other direction for those consolations that are necessary supports of the inner man. They converse about the futility of all aspirational effort. This conviction of futility deprives them of vitality, depresses energy, discourages effort, and forbids enterprise. They come to believe that life is not worth living and that religion is a delusion. Society thus trained is being lost to the church and lost to God. To them the world seems to have been surrendered to a 'pestilence that walketh in darkness and to a destruction that wasteth at noonday.' The earthquake at Lisbon, it is said, made multitudes of people atheists (J. Brierly, Ourselves and the Universe, page 11). The massacres of Asia, the barbarities of Africa, the happenings and accidents of any single day in the civilized world, caused Carlyle to say, 'God sits in heaven and does nothing.' Brierly writes, 'The modern mind shows us, in many directions, the bewilderment into which it has fallen.' Henry van Dyke calls this 'An age of doubt.' He says that our fiction is 'gloomy' and our poetry 'despondent.' 'The pessimism that goes hand in hand with skepticism in this century is a cry of suffering. The closely reasoned philosophies of Schopenhauer and Hartman, with their premises of misery and conclusions of despair, are only the scientific statements of a widely diffused sentiment of dissatisfaction and despondency in regard to life. Their spread, like that of some apparently new disease, is due to the fact that they give a name to something from which men have long suffered' (Van Dyke's Age of Doubt, page 24). Can we do nothing in this mental bewilderment but surrender to the drift and abandon all hope of discovering our path to some Promised Land that abounds in consolations? I am persuaded that

we can if we will be only honest enough to look at facts and study the problem anew." This book is the author's effort to lead us in that path; and his work is well done.

The Later Version of the Wycliffite Epistle to the Romans, Compared with the Latin Original. By Emma Curtiss Tucker, Ph.D. Yale Studies in English. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The aim of the author is stated as follows: "It is my purpose to make a small beginning in the study of the Wycliffite versions, with a view to discovering the resources and capacities of the English language in the last quarter of the fourteenth century." The book contains an introduction setting forth "The General Aim of the Study," and embodying "Studies in Vocabulary and Syntax"; "Parallel Texts—Later Wycliffite, Paues Fragment, and Vulgate"; "Table of Abbreviations"; Notes; "Latin-English Glossarial Index"; "English-Latin Word-List"; and "Bibliography." The character of the work is very attractive. As an illustration, the first four verses of the eighth chapter of Romans are here reproduced:

Later Wycliffe Version

Therefor now no thing of dampnacioun is to them that ben in Crist Jhesu, whiche wandren not after the flesch. For the lawe of the spirit of lijf in Crist Jhesu hath delyuerid me fro the lawe of synne and of deth. For that that was vnpossible to the lawe, in what thing it was sijk bi flesch, God sente his Sone into the licknesse of fleisch of synne, and of synne, dampnede synne in fleisch; that the iustefiyng of the lawe were fulfillid in vs, that goen not aftir the fleisch, but aftir the spirit.

Fourteenth Century Version

And therfore ther ne is no thing of dampnacyon to these that be in Iesu Crist, at walke nott after the flesche. For the lawe of the spiryt of lyf in Crist hath delyfered me from the lawe of sunne & of deth. For that that was impossyble to the lawe, in the whuche thing man was ymaad sek thorog the flesche, God sende his Sone in the lykenesse of the flesche of sunne, & of sunne, he dampned sunne in flesche, that the iustifyenge of the lawe were fulfulled in ous, that walketh nott aftur the flesch, bote aftur the spiryt.

Vulgate

Nihil ergo nunc damnationis est iis qui sunt in Christo Jesu, qui non secundum carnem ambulant. Lex enim spiritus vitae in Christo Jesu liberavit me a lege peccati et mortis. Nam quod impossibile erat legi, in quo infirmabatur per carnem, Deus Filium suum mittens in similitudinem carnis peccati, et de peccato, damnavit peccatum in carne; Ut justificatio legis impleretur in nobis, quo non secundum carnem ambulamus, sed secundum spiritum.

The importance of Wycliffe's work in the development of the English language is well known; the author in the "Studies in Vocabulary and Syntax" has made a real contribution to the clear setting forth of this phase of her subject. It is also well known that Wycliffe's Version exerted a great influence on the later translations of the Scriptures into the English tongue. This influence is rendered easy to trace by the "Notes," which include all the variant renderings from the Vulgate in the earlier Wycliffite Version, the later Wycliffite Version, Paues' Fourteenth Century English Bible Version, and the Authorized Version. The book will be read with pleasure and profit not only by students of philology, but also by those interested in the religious history of the English-speaking peoples.

The First Chapter of Genesis. E. Walter Maundes, F.R.A.S. (A paper read before the Victoria Institute.)

One cannot but be pleased with the manifestly high moral purpose of this man of science. Perhaps his long experience in the exact science of astronomy was not a happy preparation for the appreciation of the Oriental imagery of the early chapters of Genesis. The author says: "The basis of all the science of to-day is found in the principle of continuity; that the phenomena perceived to-day follow necessarily and continuously from the phenomena of yesterday. . . . It was not once only, but six times, that God spake, and it was done; and that statement implies not six stages in continuous evolution, but six distinct exertions of creative power." "The fiat of the Almighty, repeated six times over, implies the introduction of a new principle on each occasion, and the commencement of a new continuity, which held from that time forward." "The significance of this fact (that God rested on the seventh day) from a scientific point of view is this: from the time that man came there has been no discontinuity in the natural order; no new energy has been introduced." But the sacred text under discussion is highly poetical, and whatever may be thought of the author's interesting theory of origins, it ought to be remembered that even the sacred Muses cannot do their proper work if held in chains of logic. The address contains a number of fine passages, none finer than this closing one: "Every man, indeed, perceives in his neighbor and must recognize in himself that the image of God which he presents is, at best, blurred, broken, imperfect, and defaced; but if, instead of striving after the divine likeness, he is content to manifest only the likeness of the beast, whether it be in the indulgence of his passions or in the ignorance of God, then there is seen in him not only sin against God, but sin against his own essential Manhood. For Manhood consists in this, that Man show forth God's image and make manifest his likeness."

The Position and Principles of the Criticism of the Old Testament. H. Wace, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. (Victoria Institute, London.)

The author believes that the Documentary Theory of the Pentateuch is incompatible with the logical defense of the Christian religion, though he admits that this consequence is denied by its adherents. He shows that

some of the so-called assured results of critical study are rejected by able scholars; that the "naïve confidence with which the documents were assigned to definite historical periods and then regarded as new products of those periods" has received a heavy blow in recent times, many able scholars maintaining that the materials of all these sources are for the most part much earlier than the dates to which the sources are commonly assigned, and in these things the chief value of his decision lies. He believes that a revolution of thought is in progress against the Four-Source Theory among the scholars of both Germany and America, but the facts which he presents for such a generalization are very meager. One calls to mind a sage remark of Julius Cæsar: "Men readily believe what they want to believe."

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(BIMONTHLY)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

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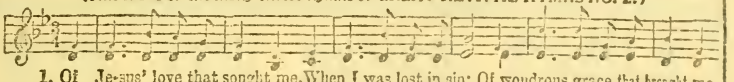

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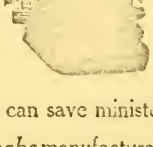

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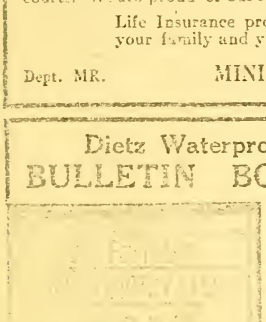

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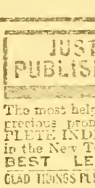

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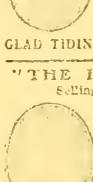

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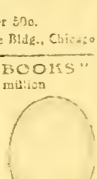

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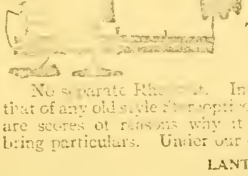

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